with the Key

Robert

THE High-German Doctor,

Book

With many Additions and Alterations.

1756

To which is added, A Large

Explanatory INDEX.

VOL. I.

——— *Ridentem dicere Verum*
Quid vetat? Hor.

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FEB

N° 1.

THE High-German Doctor.

BY

Hermodactyl, Nephew to *Alexander Bendo*.

See Sirs, ſee here,
A Doctor Rare!

Tueſday, May 4. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THE Eminence of my former Practice, and long Familiarity with the moſt Intricate CASES which can poſſibly happen, have, I preſume, ſo well Eſtabliſh'd my Character, (eſpecially the wonderful Cures I have perform'd the Four Years paſt) that I need not Addreſs you in a Suppliant Way to become my Patients.

MEN of narrow Spirits, and cool Hearts, ſet forth with too Humble Thoughts of themſelves; continue wary in their Progreſs, and ingratiate themſelves with Mankind to maintain their Character: But to *Men of*

Fire, *warm Imagination*, and *uncontested Skill*, all this *Diffidence* is Pernicious; therefore your old Friend, Dr. *Hermodactyl*, has not scrupled to appear on the Stage of *Great Britain*, and more particularly in this Famous Metropolis.

THE stinging Reproaches I underwent from the Populace, about Seven Years ago, for a small Error in Practice, might, I confess, have discourag'd a less Sanguine Man than my self, and tempted him to Renounce all Compassion toward such Virulent Natures; but my strong Propension to the Good of the Publick, lifts me above those mean Considerations, and stifles all the Resentments which are apt to rise in the Breasts of Great Genius's. Ye *Britons* are the most Fickle People of the Universe, and therefore no Practitioner ought to be discourag'd at any Errors he commits in his Art, it being your Custom to run down the most Deserving with Vehemence, and restore them to Favour in a Fit of Passion.

WHEN I seriously Reflect upon what slender Grounds so many Popular Clamours were rais'd against me, a few Years since, for hindering (as it was said) the Operation of a certain Purge upon a vigorous old *French-Man*, by Mixing *Astringent Medicines* with the Dose; I pity the Ignorance of Mankind in general, and appeal to the Judicious, Whether it was not possible for my Servant, who always attended in the *Elaboratory*, to dispense those Ingredients without my Privity, or involving his Master in the Scandal; especially since he took the Miscarriage upon himself to the last, and I appear'd Intrepid upon the Charge.

I know it has been a prevailing Objection among some

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ſome People, That I was not bred a *Regular Phyſician*; or even look'd upon as a Man of Penetration: That I have always buſied my ſelf in muſty old Records, Foreign to my Profeſſion; and, conſequently, not capable of Forming a right Judgment of Conſtitutions. Beſides, That I was a meer *Quack*, and after my Diſgrace, little better than a *Bankrupt*. But I could eaſily reply to theſe Calumnies, and let the Detractors know, That our Art, at the beſt, is but Conjectural; and tho' the Methodical Syſtems have obtain'd in the World, to give an Handle to *Crude Diſputations* in the Schools, and *Mechanical Solutions*, yet the *Empirical Practice* is the moſt Antient, and greateſt Cures have been effected that Way, of which I am a Living Witneſs; who, without concerning my ſelf about the Signature of Plants, or conſidering Diſeaſes, either as *Idiopathick*, or *Symptomatical*, have, by Applying Medicines after the Dictates of my own Fancy, (except that I have conſulted my Tumbler *Harry* now and then, in the Fatigue of my Practice) puzzled all the Phyſicians of the preſent Age, made them begin to deſpiſe all former Methodiſts, and ſwear in private, That I am the Luckieſt, of an Illiterate Fellow, that ever trod a Stage: Nay, acknowledge that there is not that great Neceſſity of making ſuch nice Enquiries into the Conſtitutions of the People; but that a Doctor appearing Bold and Daring, and who can Rail fluently at all other Phyſicians, as *Quacks* and *Pretenders* who have been concern'd in the Caſe before he was call'd in, the *Patient may do well*, and a *Conſtitution will help it ſelf*.

AS to that ill-bred Cavil at my former Poverty, I

could let the Slanderers know, that I impair'd my Fortune by some Religious Acts; and, by too much Credulity, ran out a very fine Estate in Endowing a *Meeting-House* for the Edification of the Saints; but it's my Comfort, at the present, that I am at a *Par* with Brother *Rat——ff*, and could purchase the rest of the Faculty, out of one Article of my Honest Gains, *viz. The Cure of an Epidemical consuming Gleet* which had weaken'd a great Part of the Nation.

IF Boasting was my Talent, I could surprize the World with a Present I receiv'd from a generous Foreigner, for Curing him of a *Cachexy*. His Body was Emaciated to the last Degree, his Pulse low, his Blood exhausted, and the Disease preying upon his Vitals: He had made use of a very eminent Doctor for Nine Years, he still kept Bleeding him; a Method no Man would have Prescrib'd, but with an Intent to destroy him; and for which no plausible Reason could be assign'd, but that the Gentleman had been formerly esteem'd *Plethorick*, and full of Blood. After many Struggles for this Patient, and some Disappointments, I was call'd in at last. In Three Months Time, I aver it, the Old Gentleman recover'd to Admiration; and all his Neighbours were astonish'd; for which Miraculous Cure, he gave my Man *Harry*, over and above my Gratuity, a very fine Jewel, as an Acknowledgment of the Service I had done him.

IT would be endless to run over the Vulgar Cures I have perform'd in a few Years: I claim your Attention to nothing but what is Stupendous in its kind. I cur'd a Great Officer in the Army, about two Years since,

ſince, of a large Swelling in his Head, by a very particular Method: There was a great Conſult upon the Caſe; moſt Phyſicians were of Opinion, That the Humour would abate without any Application; that there was no manner of Danger to his Conſtitution, it being *Cutaneous*. I gain'd two or three Cenſors of the *College* of my Side, who ſwore the Matter was lodg'd on the *Pericranium*: Upon this I took Courage, and declar'd my Opinion was for Opening his Head; but that being over-rul'd, as too deſperate an Experiment, I forbad him the Uſe of Superfluities; remov'd him from the Lodgings he was in at St. *James*'s, Judging the Air too keen; and after I had reduc'd him to a low Diet, ſent him to the *Spaw* for his Recovery; for all which, tho' I received no Perſonal Acknowledgment at his Hands, yet there was a *Noble Preſent* ſent me by an unknown Benefactor, who knew the Value of the Cure.

IT may be objected by ſome People, who vainly emulate my ſucceſsful Practice, *That having acquir'd a handſome Competency, it favours ſtrongly of Avarice to covet any more, and that this publick Notice carries an Air of* Quackery. To this I anſwer, That I am no ways influenc'd by Selfiſh Deſires, but only expect prime Coſt for my Medicines, having marry'd my Son *Cochineal* to a great Heireſs, and my Daughter to a Gentleman of *Equivalent* Subſtance; and this publick Notice is ſo far from a *Quack Bill*, that nothing but ſtrain'd Malice can give it any other Denomination than *A Generous Advertiſement to the Diſtreſſed*. It is not my Deſign to appear on the *Publick Stage* but upon ſome extraordi-

nary Call, when ſome difficult Amputation is to be perform'd, or large Excreſcencies to be ſever'd from the Vital Part of the Body.

AND as my Deſign in View is very extenſive; and Capacity great, ſo I ſhall not confine my ſelf entirely to the *Phyſical Part*; but, as Opportunity offers, I ſhall, at my own Dwelling-Houſe, calculate Nativities; tell Fortunes; point out the Lucky and Unlucky Days of a Man's Life; give ſhrewd Conjectures who is likely to die an Untimely Death, who a Natural; read the Soul in the Phiſiognomy; tell the Critical Minute for ſome People's coming over Seas, others for going over; diſcover conceal'd Thefts; and read Diſſertations Monthly on the diſmal Effects of *Cold Tea* and *Syrrup*; with great Variety of other Caſes which may fall in my Way.

N. B. *I Live at a great Houſe, with two Lamps in Front, near the* Star *and* Garter-Tavern; *the Fore-Door for Perſons of Reputation; the Back-Door for People under Suſpicious Habits of Body, about Twilight.*

The

The High-German Doctor. N° 2.

From Tuesday, May 4. *to* Friday, May 7. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

MY Fame enlarging Daily with my Practice since the first Publication of my Advertisements; and having, for the more faithful Preparation of my Medicines, and careful Inspection into all the Branches of my illustrious Art, erected an *Elaboratory*, *Dispensary*, and *Surgery*, within my own Verge, I have found my self oblig'd to take into my Service various Operators in different Capacities, all Persons of extraordinary Qualifications, tho' of no great Figure or Eminence before they came acquainted with my Method of Practice: But true Merit is never rightly understood till confirm'd by a *Series* of happy Events, which I aver they have more Right to boast of already than any of their Predecessors of the Stage.

WITH Submission to the Learned, I think it cannot be expected I should attend every Case, and Cure, in Person, having, besides the infinite Demands made upon me Hourly in the several *Faculties*, so many Experiments of Moment, to the Curious, going on in my private *Elaboratory*, of so nice a Nature, and which require a certain Degree of Heat

that I cannot entruſt them with any *Tyro's* in the Science, for fear of breaking my Glaſſes, and endangering the Operator: Ever ſince my Man *Charly* loſt an Eye in attending a *Sublimation* of *Mercury*, I have been very tender; but he having arriv'd to a great Exactneſs in his Operations, I leave the ſole Inſpection of them to him, who, by his working Brain, ſometimes improves my Experiment.

MY Talent lying chiefly to the *Diagnoſtick*, I take ſome Time to conſider the Caſe; and tho' ſome have, in Ridicule, imputed my *Down-Caſt Look* to a want of *Preſence of Mind*, and *Sufficiency*, yet, be it known to all Men, that I am, at the ſame Time, Examining the Beat of the Pulſe; and when I meet with a proper Vibration, I cure him as expeditiouſly as Brother *R——ff*, with his *Black-Cherry-Water* and *Crabs-Eyes*.

HAVING obſerv'd for ſome Years, that the *Hyp* and *Vapours* are the Reigning Diſtempers of this Climate, I make it a ſtanding Rule with me to chuſe out the merryeſt Fellows in all the *Faculties* which fall within my Cognizance, to place in the ſeveral Claſſes under me, from my *Shell-Grinders* down to my *Zanies* and *Stage-Sweepers*. There is ſomewhat ſo Taking in a Sprightlineſs and Vivacity, that it carries a Meaning where there is none deſign'd: This joyn'd to a Dexterity in Aſking *out of the way Queſtions*, which cannot be well anſwer'd on a ſudden, and then taking the Advantage of that Surprize, by a Clever Sneer, defeats abundance of Impertinencies in Embryo, which, if indulg'd, would grow up to a troubleſome Maturity.

CHARLY

CHARLY is the moſt inſipid of all my Retinue, to outward Appearance, but his Head is turn'd to *Chymiſtry*, having been buſied in Tranſmutation of Metals ever ſince he came to Age. As he was never fix'd in Principles, ſo he is pretty *Chimerical* in his Experiments; and affecting to talk Myſterious in thoſe deep Points of Science, he thereby conceals his Art from the Vulgar. He is very uſeful to me in his Foreign Correſpondence, and in frequent Conſult with a Prieſt of a good *Magical Head*, who are always hard at Work in the *Elaboratory*, attempting, by certain Glaſſes to raiſe a Baſtard Plant out of the Aſhes of a Vegetable; and have lately put ſome Ingredients in Digeſtion in *Balneo Arenæ*, which they perſwade me will raiſe a ſurprizing *Mandrake* in a few Months. I ſmile to my ſelf, but having a Reverence to all Operations of that kind, I acquieſce, tho' I flatter my ſelf with Producing a nobler Experiment out of the *Caput Mortuum* of a certain infirm *Animal* I have every Day under my Hand.

BUT *Harry Gambol* is the ſmarteſt Fellow which belongs to my Stage. He was the prettyeſt *Tumbler* that ever rowl'd over a Carpet; and for a *Rope*, the Young Dog had always a Genius, I believe he will never leave the Smell of it: His Siſter *Nanny* at *Sadlers-Wells* has been diſtanc'd a *Leap* and a *Caper*. I repent the Time that ever I put a *Launcet* into his Hands, and forc'd him out of hir proper Way, he having taken upon him a more Arrogant Air alate: He had the Aſſurance to affirm the other Day (upon a Clamour that was rais'd by ſome of the *Cenſors* of the *College*) about a Caſe in which we were jointly,

concern'd, That he had not been consulted, and that it was *Mala Praxis*. I ask'd him, in a merry Vein, *How he came by that wonderful Skill?* He answer'd me roundly, *As you came by yours*, Dignissime Doctor. However, I like him much for his *Solutions* of any difficult Case before him, and his bold *Amputations*; tho' I must confess I am for leaving on even a Stump, if it can be of any manner of use to the Body; but these different Methods are serviceable. I confine him chiefly to *Surgery*, but have entrusted two *Specifick*s with him, which he has made use of with wonderful Success in some *Chronical Cases*. To Persons of Figure he always gives the *Aurum Potabile pro re natâ*. To those of lower Consideration, a Decoction of *Agrigentina*, *Anglice Silver-Weed*, proves as effectual; and if he does not expel the Malignity, at least he makes a *Palliative Cure* for the present, and makes them easy. He is very Captious if I do not communicate all my *Nostrums* to him; but then I have a certain Method of Taking him into the *Elaboratory*, and putting some Ingredients into the *Crucible*, and Averring, that's the Experiment he long'd for, and he grows tractable: He is a Lusty Young Rogue, pamper'd with four Bottles at Night, and clean Diet, which makes him prone to Carnality. This, to my Grief, I see every Day demonstrated, by the Young Wenches Handing up *Billet Deux* in their Gloves and Handkerchiefs, under Colour of Buying Packets. The Arch Knave costs me a vast Sum every Year for his Frolicks. He rambles sometimes in his *Fool's-Coat*, by way of Disguise, and falls in *Pell Mell*, with the *Stage Waggons*, at the

Crown

Crown near St. *Giles's* Pound, where he makes a terrible Slaughter amongſt the Country Nymphs, for which I am forc'd to make ample Satisfaction. In his Airs, he threatens to print my *Noſtrums* upon me, but having alter'd the Ingredients ſo often ſince he grew malepert, I defy his Malice.

TO be plain, the Young Rogue having a good *firm Tread*, and a *tolerable Manner*, he diverts an Old Lady in my Family, after the Fatigue of the Day, with the ſtale Jeſts he has broke to the Mob, and makes her laugh to ſuch an Exceſs, that if ſhe was any ways *Dropſical*, I ſhould fear a Breach in the *Abdomen*.

I ſhall conclude my Advertiſements with a Diverting Story of *Harry's* Practice: About Two Years ſince, Seven or Eight Foreigners, of different Nations, came to his *Surgery*, Complaining of ſome ill Symptoms they had receiv'd from an *Engliſh* Lady. *Harry* told them, the Symptoms portended no Danger, and advis'd them to ſubmit to a gentle Flux: The Majority agreed, upon Condition I would be reaſonable in my Demands; but an *High-German*, and *Dutchman*, could by no means digeſt the Propoſal. *Harry*, by my Advice, proceeded to Flux the reſt gently: The *Dutchman* finding the reſt laid down, prevail'd upon by my Importunity, came in the ſame Day and ſubmitted, begging *Harry* not to raiſe the Flux too high, for fear of Suffocation. *Harry*, you may be ſure, promis'd fair. All being under the ſame Circumſtance, were put into one large Apartment, and the Flux roſe kindly. The *German* Without-Doors, ſending to know the Fate of

the

the Penitents in the Stew-Pan, and Receiving a favourable Report, encourag'd by that Advice, joyn'd them the next Day. *Harry* reſolv'd to make the *German* and *Dutchman* pay ſeverely for their Stubborneſs: He had no ſooner put on the *German*'s Flannel-Cap and Chin-Stay, but, by the Advice of *Roſelle*, the *French* Surgeon, gives him a Treble Doſe, and heightens the *Dutchman*'s: In a few Days they ſwell'd prodigiouſly, and all their Teeth looſen'd; the reſt went on proſperouſly. My *Black*, whom I lent them, giving me an Account of their State thro' the whole Courſe of their *Salivation*. During this Pennance, *Harry* and *Roſelle* us'd frequently to hide themſelves behind the Hangings, and burſt with Laughter to ſee the *German* ſcrew his Face, and the *Dutchman* ſweat. *D--mn this Dr.* Hermodactyl (ſays the *German*) *I feel Racking Pains all over me, I ſhall loſe half my Limbs in this Hoſpital.* Sacrament (ſays the *Dutchman*) *I feel the Bridge of my Noſe looſe, and a damn'd Pain in my Under-Jaw:* —— *I'll cut* Gambol's *Throat, when I am well.* To be ſhort, the *German* went off with the Loſs of a Limb, Vowing to be reveng'd, but underwent a Scarification by *Roſelle* for a Year after. The *Dutchman*'s Noſe was preſerv'd; but he loſt all the Teeth of his lower Mandible, which he ſupplies with falſe ones for the preſent, how laſting, I know not; but 'twas their Fault in not Submitting.

The

The High-German Doctor. N° 3.

From Friday, May 7. *to* Tuesday, May 11. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THERE are so many *Intricate Cases*, and those *Epidemical*, continually flowing in upon me, from all Quarters of *Great Britain*, which require immediate Dispatch, that I fear I shall be totally employ'd for the future, in Answering the Necessities of Distressed People, and be forc'd to refer the Practical Part to my *Operators* in the several Faculties.

BUT that the Publick may be no Loser by this *Confin'd Practice*, I shall, from Time to Time, commit to Print the History of all remarkable *Cases* which fall under my View; and, by Digesting them into proper Classes, furnish out that so long Expected and Useful *British Ephemeris* of Diseases.

THE generality of my Patients, alate, complain of a violent Disorder in the Head; great Dimness, attended with Deafness; an Obstruction of the Vessels; a constant Throbbing in all the Members of the Body, with a slight Inflamation, a great Chillness of the Bowels, and a Deadness in the Extremity of all the Parts.

THIS I must own a very difficult Case, there being

being a *Contra-Indication*; but I will freely own to the World (as all Ingenuous and Learned in the Faculty ought) That this Obſtruction in the Bowels owes its Riſe, in a great meaſure, to that vaſt Quantity of *Jeſuits-Powder* I gave my Patients a few Years ſince, when they labour'd under an *Intermitting-Feaver*: But I promiſe them, if they will ſubmit, and not aſk ſo many impertinent Queſtions about the Ingredients I put in each Doſe, they ſhall be reliev'd to their Satisfaction in a little Time. But my Province ſure is the hardeſt of all Mankind, to deal with ſo many *Suſpicious People* Without-Doors, and ſome equally *Jealous* Within.

SINCE Buſineſs has crowded in upon me ſo thick alate, I have been adviſ'd, by ſome Friends who conſult my Grandeur more than Tranquility, to keep a *Publick Levee*, which I readily grant would be proper for the Diſpatch of Buſineſs; but then having ſo many Species of Diſtempers falling under my Care, there might, it's poſſible, be ſome *Tender Fronted Patients*, who could not be brought to a Demonſtration: But above all, not being bleſs'd with the moſt Promiſing Look, I am under ſome Apprehenſion it might take off from the Majeſty of my Art.

BUT that no Perſon may be liable to Miſtakes in Applying for Advice, I ſhall name the Practitioners under me, and their reſpective Provinces, Regularity being the Life of Buſineſs.

THE World is ſatisfy'd by this Time, that *Gambol* has the Direction of the *Surgery*, a *keen Launcet*, a Pair of *Probe-Sciſſars*, and a *Saw*, and all *Salves* and

and *Ointments* which fall within the Compaſs of that Art; and whatever *Arteries* and *Tendons* he has prick'd, or *Nerves* he has unſkilfully divided, I have made more than ſufficient Amends for thoſe Miſtakes by my *Weapon-Salve*. But ſince he is an *Operator* of ſome Standing, I hope there will be fewer Complaints.

RUB is a Perſon whom I am oblig'd to ſet pretty high in my Liſt, not for the great Regard I pay to his Merit, but that he claims a Precedence of others, on the Score of his Seniority, and long Experience; and being cover'd with Years, draws in ſome Old Matrons and Grey-Beards now and then, and ſo helps to ſupport the *Stage*. He is not the Man I ſhould recommend for a *Modern Practitioner*, he being ſo obſtinately bent to the *Chymical Practice*; and as moſt People are apt to give into that Advice, which their Neceſſities have made uſeful to them, he is continually Preſcribing *Oleum Guiaci* and *Saſſafras*, and a Maſtication of *Elecampane Root*, or *Maſtich*, for the Breath.

HE is now grown unfaſhionable and indolent, tho' it's neceſſary for me to keep a fair Hand with him, becauſe his *Diploma* is of an older Date than mine, and ſome of the weaker Sort love to ſee him upon the Stage, tho' he is impertinently buſy.

He covets to follow the Stage, tho' he has no manner of Buſineſs there, but to ſpread the *Carpet*, diſpoſe the *Boxes*, and put the *Packets* in Order againſt I mount. Having been a Practitioner of ſome Note in former Days, he ſometimes threatens to make a Figure in Velvet once more, and ſet up for himſelf, if

if I don't raiſe his Vails; but I am under very little Apprehenſion from him, the Method of Practice at this Time being very different from his; but he having ſome Smattering of Poetry, and a great Genius for Motto's, he heads my Bills with ſuch curious Devices, as the *Hand* and *Urinal*, *Apollo* Transfixing the *Python* with an Arrow; and with apt Remnants of Poetry, ſuch as —— *Principiis obſta*; —— *Poſt eſt Occaſio calva* ——

CODICIL has the chief Management of the *Diſpenſary*; having formerly been pretty buſy with Preparations of *Cinnabar*, his Opticks are extreamly weaken'd, tho' his Intellects remain good to this Day. Before he came to my Stage, he was as Indigent as my ſelf, not thro' want of Ability, but he had a Faculty of Gaming away his Patients Fees, without coming to Viſit them after the firſt Preſcription, which render'd him Contemptible; but having a good keen Way of Talking, I took him into my Service to run down a Popular Doctor who rivall'd my Practice: He did it ſo effectually, that, in Reward of his Services, I made him Chief of the *Diſpenſary*, and gave him the Propriety of my *Electuarium Pacificum*, with the Privilege of putting his Seal to it; the Credit of which, I ſolemnly declare, I no ways envy him: A Medicine ſo admirable in its kind, that I never yet heard any Man complain of it, (except that it was a little Overdos'd with *French Tartar*) and ſo noble an *Opiate*, that it locks up all manner of Pain for the preſent, which muſt be a very comfortable Relief to ſuch as have labour'd under *Cholick* Pains for Eight or Nine

Years

Years together; and whom even Dr. *Mirabel* could not remedy.

HE is well ſeen in Titles of Glaſſes and Boxes; and whenever I bring in a Row of new Gally-Pots into the *Diſpenſary*, he Labels them all in Capital Letters.

I purpoſe to leave him in Poſſeſſion of all my Papers at my Death, (tho' I muſt do him the Honour to ſay, He wants no Aſſiſtance from my Manuſcripts) upon Condition he does uot mount a Stage upon *Tower-Hill*, or the Precincts of this Populous City, and takes me in for Partnerſhip, which ſome People, Enemies I believe to us both, would inſinuate he is inclin'd to. But ——

SMUT is the Darling, he is the wittyeſt Knave of my whole Family, and is all the Comfort I have in my Hours of Receſs: I often take him out with me in my *Chaiſe* to *Brentford*, where he and I laugh together half a Day at the Stupidity of ſome topping Doctors, and their deluded Patients. That's the Time I take to give him the Hiſtory of my Practice, and what Diſtempers are under Cure, which he faithfully communicates to the Publick in his Weekly Bills. There we rally the frequent Miſtakes made by the *Regular Practitioners* of this Age, and the imprudent Meaſures they take to reſtore themſelves to Credit when they lie under Popular Prejudices.

WHEN a Clamour is rais'd againſt them, they throw the Blame upon the *Apothecaries* and *Nurſes*, and offer to expoſe every diſtinct Preſcription to Vulgar Eyes. Alas, our Method is much Greater:

First

Firſt we tie our ſelves to no Rule, and therefore are at Liberty to Preſcribe as we pleaſe: But if Patients think that too *Arbitrary*, *Smut* contends for the Goodneſs of the Medicines in general, and lays the Blame on the Vicious Humours of the Body, and ill Texture of the Blood. Others let their Patients know what they take; we think it not only Imprudent but Dangerous to inform them, for fear of Diſordering the Spirits; and then no Phyſick can work amiſs, and a *Vomit* paſſes for a *Purge*, and a *Purge* for a *Vomit*. In ſhort, *Smut* is the moſt reſpectful to me, and his Superiors of the Stage, never Printing a Bill but you ſhall find Dr. *Hermodactyl*'s an *Æſculapius*; *Gambol* a *Paracelſus*. There are but Two Things in his Character which offend; one reflects upon my Reputation, in taking him out of a Garret in diſmal Weeds; the other upon my Conſcience, in Retaining ſuch an Infidel.

ATTY Brogue is very uſeful to me in his low Capacity, tho' I can ſcarce tell in what Claſs to place him: He is of the ſame Uſe to my Stage as a Devil in a Printing-Houſe: He cuts off many Impertinencies in the Courſe of my Practice. When froward Patients come to the *Diſpenſary*, Complaining of the Dearneſs of my Foreign Drugs, *Atty*'s Speech is, *Good People, the* French *Druggiſt, whom I make uſe of, has the Beſt and moſt Palatable Drugs in the* Univerſe; *and tho' you pay double the Price in ready Specie, to what you pay for the ſame Drugs in another Shop; tho' you could have them by way of Exchange of other Commodities, yet I aver them Cheaper and*

and Better. —— *You are convinc'd, I hope.* —— The People, confounded at his Aſſurance, go off; but murmur by the Way, *This* Hermodactyl *has a Set of Clever Fellows;* —— *What Miſchief might they do, if they were Rational?*

The High-German Doctor. [N° 4.

From Tueſday, May 11. *to* Friday, May 14. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THAT the *Fair Sex* may not complain of being neglected in that Generous Proviſion I have made for all the Caſualties incident to the other Species, I have, purſuant to the laudable Method obſerv'd by my Brother, Sir *William* of *Durham-Yard*, retain'd a *Female Practitioner*, that the niceſt Caſes may be reſolv'd without Provoking a Bluſh, ſo natural to the Face, in all Queſtions relating to Love and its Dependencies.

IT amazes me to ſee the Petulancy of ſome Young Wenches of this Age: One came from *Hampſtead*, the other Day, to my Houſe, to have a Dream expounded of her Sweetheart *Harry*'s Untying her Girdle, at ſo unſeaſonable an Hour as Two in the Morning, (whether ſhe had heard of ſome of the

the *Vagaries* of our Family, I know not) but ſhe would not be pacify'd till ſhe had carefully ſearch'd behind the Hangings, for fear of Young *Gambol*'s Lurking in ſome Corner.

AS our She-Patients are of different Complections, and ſome under too nice a Reſtraint, even with their own *Sex*, I always take Care to leave the *Sal Volatile* Bottle out, in Order to invirogate the Spirits of the Baſhful, that we may have the ſtark-naked Truth without Reſerves.

MY Couſin *Poplin* is the Perſon in whom I chiefly confide; ſhe has certainly the greateſt Dexterity, in Managing her Patients, of any Modern Practitioner, and more uſeful to me than any of my *Stage Penſioners*. There are ſo many Eyes upon her in the Neighbourhood, who come to our Houſe under Pretence of Seeing the *Diſpenſary*, or perhaps for the ſake of a rich Cordial, continually puting cramp Queſtions to her about our Oeconomy, beſides thoſe who come on purpoſe to banter her Practice, and railly the Meaneſs of her Education, that it requires great Preſence of Mind, and conſummate Parts, to Anſwer or Evade to ſatisfaction, all Queſtions which fall under demand.

SOME People, who never dive beneath the Surface of Things, imagine all Diſcourſes over a Tea-Table as inſipid as the Liquor they drink: My Couſin *Poplin* is always upon the Guard, whilſt ſhe acts the *Goſſip*, and makes the Advantage of the meaneſt Thought which drops from the Board, and forms ſome uſeful Idea's out of it, to ſuccour our Languiſhing Credit, as I have many a good

good Practical Syſtem out of a Jeſt, and the *Tale of a Tub*, that has been crack'd over a Bottle.

I am now fully convinc'd, That all great Events are owing to a Force of Genius without Art; and good Conduct, with weak People, ſurpaſſes Knowledge. I dare match her in Phyſick with the *Boaſted Maintenon's*, and *Uſſini's* in Politicks: They have ſucceeded in their way by Bold and Maſterly Stroaks; and I do aſſure you her Confidence is no ways inferiour.

I bred her a *Manteau-Maker*, not dreaming at that Juncture, I ſhould ever had Occaſion of Employing her in this Way; but, upon a due Reflection, I find the Tranſition ſo Natural, from Shaping the Body exactly, to a perfect knowledge of the Conſtitution, that I ſhall, for her ſake and my own, hereafter have a meaner Opinion of all *Graduates* in the ſeveral Faculties.

THE Woman who knows the Ornamental Part of Dreſs, and pins up a Tail to Advantage, muſt certainly underſtand the *Mechaniſm* of the Parts; and ſhe that dreſſes an *Head* with a good Air, ſizes the Intellects of the Perſon, and gives a competent Gueſs at the Texture of the Brain ſhe has under her *Embelliſhment*.

HER great Induſtry and Application have very much conduc'd to the Influence ſhe has over a She-Patient of mine; and whenever any ſevere Courſes have been Preſcrib'd by the more knowing of the Faculty, ſhe has ſtill indulg'd to the *Weak Side* of the *Diſtemper'd*, which has given her all the Opportunities of Ingratiating herſelf, which ariſe from

Sympathy

Sympathy, and a tender Regard to the Sufferings of the Diſtreſſed Perſon; and tho' ſome have Faulted that Method of Practice, as Feeding the Paſſions rather than Eradicating the Diſeaſe, yet I muſt, in this Caſe, appear in her Vindication, and declare, When the Spirits are keen, and the Patients froward, eſpecially when they have a Mortal Antipathy to the Medicines preſcrib'd.

ROUGH Phyſick has been diſpens'd for ſome Years paſt, to the great Aſtoniſhment of all ſuch wary Practitioners, and tho' it work'd well upon *Strong* and *Athletick* Bodies, I could never be reconcil'd to it, eſpecially that Searching Preparation of *Engliſh* Steel Tartariz'd, and frequent *Phlebotomies* upon the *French*, for tho' they may throw off a great many *Vicious Recrements*, yet being a fatiguing Courſe, I always find *Laudanum* my ſafeſt Refuge, and whilſt the Patients ſlumber, they are eaſy to all the Spectators, and ſeldom ſo Impertinent to aſk what is doing to them: Thus a Doctor keeps his Patients in Suſpence for ſome Months, and if they happen to Die, ſo there has been no Torturing-Method uſed in the Courſe, he is reckon'd Compaſſionate, and eſcapes without much Clamour.

THIS is what I depend upon, in a great Meaſure, in the Courſe of my Practice, unleſs that I give a few *Alteratives* now and then, more for Oſtentation than real Uſe; ſo that if any ill Symptoms ſhould appear on my Patients hereafter, I flatter my ſelf they will be very much perplex'd, whether to fix the Blame on the Violence of the Diſtemper, or my Phyſick.

But

But now I am upon this Diſſertation of gentle *Courſes*; it brings to Mind an Inſtance of my Couſin *Poplin*'s Practice upon a *She-Patient*, in a late Struggle between her and one *Jenniko*, a Doctreſs of Eminence in her Way, for a Wealthy Lady of the *South* Country, who abounded with groſs Humours, and a deprav'd Stomach. *Jenniko* had been long acquainted with Madam *Fontanelle*'s ill Habit of Body, and a High-ſpirited Woman withall, upon the Score of her ſucceſsful Practice; ſo that whenever ſhe had the leaſt Pain at her Stomach, *Jenniko* inſtantly preſcrib'd the *Bitter Decoction cum Triplo Senna*; a Method ſhe often complain'd of to Couſin *Poplin* in private: *Fontanelle*, its true, took the Decoction as preſcrib'd, but no ſooner was *Jenniko*'s Back turn'd, but all was thrown up again without any Effect: The Doctreſs being ſomewhat Suſpicious, kept a Spy in the Family to give her Intelligence of the Operation: Matters were not carry'd ſo cloſe, but that ſhe came into the Secret, and Reſenting the Slight which was put upon her Advice, told Madam *Fontanelle*, very roundly one Day, *She apprehended there was not that Regularity obſerved in the Courſe as ſhe could wiſh, that tho' the ill Symptoms did not viſibly increaſe, the Vicious Humours kept Floating, and thoſe four Fumes proceeded from an Irregularity in the Courſe.* *Fontanelle* complain'd of the Bitterneſs, and begg'd ſhe would give it her in ſome pleaſanter *Vehicle*. *Madam*, (ſays *Jenniko*, in ſome Warmth) *what Quack has perſwaded you to this Averſion, or to an Alteration in the Doſe, you find thoſe Days you take*

it

it your Stomach's better, your Eyes look more lively, and your Countenance more radiant, all the Parts of the Body look cleaver, and a generous Warmth's diffus'd thro' all the Viſcera.

MY Couſin *Poplin*, at that Time, was not arriv'd to a Size of giving her Advice *ex Profeſſo*, as we Learned term it, but ſtill kept Humouring the Lady; and whenever *Jenniko* took her leave, was ready with a Feather in her Sleeve, to aſſiſt the Diſcharge. As *Fontanelle* complain'd, ſhe found opportunity of heightening the Reſentment; *Lord, Madam*, ſays ſhe one Day, *I cannot imagine what* Jenniko *means; She finds this Phyſick goes againſt you, and what can be her Aim in Torturing you after this manner? Certainly there might be a ſhorter Method found out to make you eaſie. I have, in my ſmall Practice, known, That Palatable Medicines, and leaving the Patient at Diſcretion, to Eat, and Drink, and Live as he pleaſes, have conduc'd more to Health, than all the Rigorous Methods of Art. A* French *Fig which is Sweet and Solutive, taken every Morning, will be much gentler Phyſick, and Purge off that Bitterneſs in your Stomach. My Couſin* Hermodactyl *gave it me as a Specifick in your Caſe, and prefers it to all the* Bitters *of Doctreſs* Jenniko, *and other Pretenders in the Faculty.*

THE Lady yielded to the Advice beyond expectation, and finding it work ſo gently, and that ſhe might take it at pleaſure, without ſo many Enquiries, diſcharg'd *Jenniko* from her Attendance, and gave my Couſin *Poplin* a Retaining Fee for ſo cheap

a

a Cure: She has often thank'd my Cousin for hitting on a Receipt so agreeable to her Palate; and by her good Will, would never have a Fig out of her Mouth.

There is a steady Matron, not a Stranger to *Poplin*'s Practice, who frequently visits *Fontanelle*, and whenever any ill Symptoms appear, she instantly lays the Blame on the Figs. *You will never be well, Madam*, says she, *unless you fall afresh to the* Bitters. Cousin *Poplin*, with great Difficulty, forbears exposing her Quackery; but knowing there is a pretty good Intelligence between them, she only sneers her by calling for *Sweetmeats*, and after she is gone out of the Room, falls into a downright Laughter: Telling *Fontanelle*, There is a Secret in that wise Matron's Commending the *Bitters*, for she has a Fellow-Feeling with the *Druggest's* that sell them.

The High-German Doctor. N° 5.

From Friday, May 14. *to* Tuesday, May 18. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Had no sooner publish'd the Names of my *Operators*, and order'd them to their respective Charges, but an Obscure *Animal*, who, (as I am since inform'd) is a *Stage-Sweeper* at the *Bridge-Foot*, and an Occasional *Zany* to one Dr. *Bungey*, who keeps a Stage within the Precincts of *Holbourn*, came to my House the other Day, disguis'd in a *Band* and *Prunello* Vest, in Order, I presume, to gain the greater Confidence and Respect; and told me, with a very pert Air, 'That from the first Moment I came 'upon the Stage, my Practice had been very Mysterious; that I had aim'd at a Monopoly of the Business; that I had courted every little Pretender of 'the Faculty, who could cry up the Goodness of my 'Packets with strong Lungs; and Dignify'd the 'most Vulgar Medicines I purchas'd at the Hands of 'profligate Quacks, with the Title of *Nostrum's*; 'that I even play'd *Legerdemain* with the People of 'my own Stage, Prescribing one Thing for a Patient 'in the *Dispensary*, and privately Recommending a 'quite different Medicine: In fine, that I kept up a 'secret Correspondence with a *Rival-Stage* in the

'Town, whose *Zanies* and *Andrews* are incessantly 'pursuing me with bitter Execrations, all which, in 'effect, was Calling me *Trickster*, *Impostor*, and *Foul 'Practitioner*.

YOU will readily grant the Patience of a Philosopher scarce sufficient to these Reproaches, but I having, by severe Discipline, reduc'd my Temper to a State of *Indolence*, and form'd to my self a Dexterous Behaviour, and Aptitude of Looks, and Eyes, out of those agreeable Gestures I learn'd from my Parents, when they pronounc'd *the Testimony of a good Conscience:* —— *Thro' much Tribulation*; *the Portion of the Elect*, &c. I put on a Compos'd Countenance, a little bending to *Severity*, and told him, 'I had the Authority of many Years Practice 'to warrant any Liberties I took in the *Physical Ca-'pacity*; and let him know, That whatever Errors I committed, were not Cognizable by such inconsiderable Tools as himself and his Doctor; *that Great Genius's might Err sometimes, thro' an Excess of Spirit, and Ambition for Glory*; *but even those Mistakes were Beauties, compar'd with the utmost Perfection of weak Natures*; *and that, as my Stage was at present Circumstantiated, it was my undoubted Privilege to be accountable neither to the Censors, or any single Member of the College.*

THE Fellow, shock'd with the contemptuous Answer, could not proceed further in his Common-Place Raillery, but threaten'd to acquaint Dr. *Bungey* with the ill-manner'd Treatment he had met at my Hands, which highly reflected on the Doctor, in the Person of one of his chief Operators.

THE next Day I receiv'd a Letter from the aboveſaid Doctor, full of bitter Invectives, and all the uſual Proprieties of his Style; which, for its matchleſs Impudence, I ſhall communicate to the Publick.

For Mr. Hermodactyl.

THE Affront you put on me Yeſterday, in the Perſon of my Ambaſſador, Young *Ferret* at the *Bridge-Foot*, is inſupportable to one who knows what Eſteem is due to the Merit of his paſt Labours; and who, by his fervent Zeal for the Honour and Dignity of the Stage, has not a little contributed to the Figure you make at preſent, and the Riches you ſo unworthily poſſeſs.

YOU may remember the Time when the Complaints ran ſo high againſt you, and me, and other Profeſſors of the Stage, for giving ſtrong *Aloetick* Medicines to our Patients, without any manner of Correction, That the *Regular Phyſicians* combin'd to Cenſure our Practice, and make ſevere Examples of ſome of us.

THE Taſk I ſuſtain'd at that difficult Juncture, in Mounting the Stage, and Appealing to the Populace for the Goodneſs and kind Operation of my Phyſick, whilſt they were rack'd to Death with Griping Pains, and Decrying the Practice of the *Regular Phyſicians*; and likewiſe throwing the Blame on the Poiſonous Drugs they had adminiſter'd for ſome Years, is not to be equal'd in Hiſtory, if we conſider the Authority of the Perſons engag'd againſt us,

us, and the Aſſurance with which I maintain'd it.

AT that Time you could afford me but a ſlender Aſſiſtance, not being throughly clear'd of ſome Errors in Practice you ſtood condemn'd for; and, indeed, we had ſuch a Majority of ſober and thoughtful People againſt us, that it was accounted a Contradiction in Terms for any one to ſpeak in our Behalf, and at the ſame Time own himſelf a Well-Wiſher to the Health of the Publick.

THE Confidence maintain'd, during that Clamour, I own, was in ſome meaſure heighten'd by the Diſſenſions which reign'd amongſt the *Signetur* and *Non-Signetur* Members of the College, and an Aſſurance, that they would rather proſtitute the Honour of the *Faculty*, than condemn a Man by whoſe ill Practice they hop'd to reap conſiderable Fees.

I found a double Advantage by my violent and bold Diſcourſes of the Proceſs, for whilſt the Rabble who crowded about the Stage, applauded my ill Language, and the opprobrious Terms I gave the Faculty, for a becoming Earneſtneſs, and Zeal in Defence of my Medicines, ſome of the *Cenſors* were attempting to acquit me as a Lunatick.

BUT you are ſatisfy'd, theſe Fetches would not have prevail'd, had I not *Diſclaim'd the leaſt Imputation of Reſiſting their Authority*, and Sworn to the Regularity of my former Practice, how unguarded ſoever the laſt Doſe might appear, that fell under their Examination, which ſome had the Weakneſs to believe, tho' I was Preparing Poiſon under their Noſe. But ſee how Doctors differ ——

THAT I came off, beyond your, and my own Expectation, is a Truth not to be deny'd, and that you could never have pretended to mount a Stage afresh, but under my Protection, is equally manifest, tho' you run away with the Reputation of the Management, and I with the *Infamy* of being your Tool.

I tell you plainly, you are an *Encroaching Monster*, *a Cormorant*, *an Hypocrite*, *a Stage-Malignant*, *and an Heterodox Practitioner*, and if you go on to Provoke me, in Assuming so much to your self, and Detracting from the Honour of my Stage, I will not only Declaim in Person against you, but let all my *Zanies* loose at a proper Crisis.

I know the slender Stock of Medicines you first set forth with, as well as your self; Natural Parts you have none, the Acquir'd are all borrow'd from your *Zanies* and *Shell-Grinders*: All your Testaceous Medicines are Coarse and full of Lumps, whilst you hire Fellows to swear, They are *Impalpable Powders*. The *Yellow Salve* you make use of in all Green Wounds, was given you by a *French* Surgeon. The *Eye-Water* you boast of so much, was stolen from me. And the Secret of the *Catholick Pill*, which you cover with Leaf-Gold, was communicated to you by a *Castilian*.

THO' you fancy your self at present so much elevated above your Brothers of the Stage, and having gained a considerable Fortune by Irregular Practice, think to commence *Regular Physician*, by procuring a *Diploma* from the University of *Leyden*, yet I can tell you, to your Mortification, That you will have none

none granted from thence: For tho' they beſtow them frequently upon *Empiricks*, yet, being well inform'd how contemptibly you have ſpoken of *Sylvius*, their Great Profeſſor, and his *Alkali*'s, they will not diſhonour the Faculty by your Admiſſion.

WE plainly perceive every Day, how inclinable you are to fall into the *Methodical Practice*, in oppoſition to your declar'd Principles; but if you will take my Sentiments, all the *Regular Phyſicians* deſpiſe you, and you ſink every Day in the Eſteem of we *Lineraats* of the Stage. You may do what you pleaſe, I have found my Account in Staging it; and ſince I have brav'd the *Cenſors* of the College, I'll ſtick to my *Packets* and my *Andrew*, till the Stage comes about my Ears, and then I hope to get off by the favour of the Crowd.

Your Offended Friend,

From my Diſpenſary.

Pontæus, of *Holbourn*.

THE Impudence of this Fellow, certainly can only be exceeded by the Ingratitude of him: The Stage he now Acts upon was given him by my Intereſt; he was a common Strowler about the Country three or four Years ago, and had like to have ſuffer'd the Correction of the Beadle, for coming into Towns on Market-days, with his *Fidlers*, *Buffoons*, and *Tumblers*, hiring looſe People to ring the Bells backwards at Midnight.

HE firſt founded his Intereſt with the Rabble, by Diſpenſing muſty Drugs to them, that had not ſeen

the Light in Twenty Years, which he had the Impudence to call, *The Grand Catholicon*; and in the height of his Reputation, you could not meet a *Green-Sickneſs* Wench without the *Doctor's* Packet in her Hand, which he, compaſſionate Man, ſold for a Penny. I ſhall not enter the Liſt with him about *Graduateſhip*, ſince a purchas'd *Degree* in *one* Univerſity is no ways equivalent to the many *Diploma's* I have from *Padua*, *Montpelier*, *Paris*, &c. except he values himſelf for going out *ad eundem* at *St. Omers*.

I would not have that *Medicaſter* value himſelf too much upon his acquir'd Credit, leaſt I publiſh to the World, how he came by all his *Arcana's*, and that the Baſis of all his Compoſitions is *Roman Treacle*.

The

The High-German Doctor. N° 6.

From Tueſday, May 18. *to* Friday, May 21. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

AS we have Generouſly invited both the *Diſtreſſed* and the *Curious* to communicate their ſeveral Exigencies, and promis'd a Diſpatch ſuitable to the *Importance* of each Caſe, we find our ſelves under a Neceſſity of Publiſhing two very remarkable, in their Kind, at this Juncture.

THE Preference, I own, ought to be given to the moſt Calamitous Caſes, in right of Compaſſion, but I cannot, with Juſtice, exclude the *Ludicrous* and *Comical*, becauſe every extraordinary Incident has a Title to a Place in this Paper, of whatſoever *Species* it happens to be.

AND ſince the *Hyp*, as I obſerv'd ſome Time before, is the moſt Epidemical Diſtemper now reigning, it ſeems to me equally uſeful to rectify the Imaginations of People which are apt to be diſorder'd on the ſlighteſt Occaſions, and correct that Ruffle upon the Spirits, as relieve the *Acuteſt Pains*.

THE Patients I am concern'd with at preſent are *Hans Skipper*, a *Dutch-Man*, and *Lodowick Tonaire*, a *Gaſcoon*, two ſuch Patients no Man alive would encounter with but my ſelf: One, by his good Will,

would take no Phyſick at my Hands without knowing the Ingredients I put in each Doſe: The other Swears he will be no longer concern'd with me, unleſs he has an Hand in the Preparation of each Doſe: Thus I am half Diſtracted between the *Jealouſy* of *Hans*, and the *Sufficiency* of the *Gaſcoon*.

THE long Correſpondence we had together, in ſome Meaſure juſtifies the Liberties they take with me; but I make a wide Diſtinction between them, for I am ſomewhat *Magiſterial* in my Way to *Hans*, when he is too buſy in his Enquiries, and for *Analyſing* each Doſe I give him: But *Lodowick* having went a private Courſe of *Chymiſtry* with me, excluſive of the *Dutch-Man*, wherein we mutually communicated the *Arcana*'s of the Art to each other, his Freedoms are better warranted.

I muſt deſcribe the Complections of each, to make you ſenſible by what Paſſions they are actuated, to give a better Light to the Infirmities they are ſubject to, and the different Methods of Practice I am oblig'd to take with them.

HANS, to give him his Due, talks very rationally of his Caſe in the Intervals; ſtates the Original of his Diſtemper with great Acuracy; and having been under ſo many Phyſicians Hands of his familiar Acquaintance, who were too free in Communicating the Secrets of our Art, is become a competent Judge of what is proper for his Diſtemper.

HE is ſomewhat Corpulent, of a good Habit of Body, a little over-charg'd with Phlegm, but the Texture of his Brain is Faulty; *Roſelle* the *French* Surgeon, ſome few Years ſince, gave him a bitter Pill,

and

and ſomething more, which he Fancies is ſtill Fretting in his Bowels, and flies up into his Head at certain Seaſons. Whenever I give him any Searching Medicines, he Swears, There's the Taſte of the *Coloquintida* in them, and I am in League with the *Gaſcoon* to deſtroy him.

I ſooth him in my Ambiguous Way of Talking; (for I ſhall never ſo far depreciate the Art, as to make any Patient acquainted with my *Compoſitions*) and aſſure him they are entirely *Engliſh Simples: Plague on you*, (ſays he, in ſome Heat) *did not I ſee* Lodowick *in your Diſpenſary Yeſterday? And I am ſure he has an Hand in this Preparation.* His Family, he tells me, has ſuffer'd extreamly under *French* Executioners, as he, in his Raving Fits, calls thoſe Dextrous *Operators*, and if I permit the *Gaſcoon* to be ſo buſy in the *Diſpenſary*, he will ſuffer the Diſtemper to take its Courſe, and truſt to Providence. I take all this to be owing, in a great Meaſure, to the ſtrong Impreſſions fix'd on his Brain, from his Friends Decrying the *French* Method of Practice: This joyn'd to the Doſe he took himſelf, works upon his Imagination, and makes that frequent Diſorder in the Animal Spirits.

I am not willing to let him go out of my Hand, becauſe he may fall in with ſome Captious Phyſicians, who, from the little Good I have done upon him, may infer, I treated him wrong; and out of the Knowledge he has of his own Caſe, and my Medicines, think me no more than a Celebrated Quack, or a Splendid Trifler. He cannot well leave me till he has taken out his full Doſes, and I ſhall con-

trive to repeat ſo many in the Interim, that he may think it more expedient to remain under my Care, than call in another, and be forc'd to pay the Charge of my Bill.

When his Brain is in Diſorder, he Fancies every one in my ſeveral Offices Conſpiring againſt him: If he chances to ſee any *Blacks* about my Houſe, as I keep a great many in conſtant Pay to do the Drudgery in the *Elaboratory*, and *Diſpenſary*, and carry out the Packets to the Stage, he roars out, *Thunder! and Lightning; they are Devils;* —— *Chain them down, or they will raiſe a Tempeſt in the Air.*

IF *Gambol* does but handle a Pen to take a Memorandum of his *Patients*, he Swears it's a *Recipe* againſt him.

IF *Smut*, in his Bills of the Week, cries up the *French* Practice as the Neateſt, and the moſt Expeditious, he complains of that Syſtem as pernicious, and is ſure he can receive no Benefit from a Method which is ſo much his Averſion.

I own, where there is ſuch an *Antipathy* fix'd, no great Succeſs can be expected from a *Phyſician's* Endeavours; but when I have gain'd ſo great a Reputation by that Method, and found my private Account in it, I am not oblig'd to humour a Fanciful Patient, or exchange it for one leſs Beneficial, or leſs Glorious to my Name.

IF I was diſpos'd to humour him, and give into the weak Side of his Complaints, I ſhould have ſo many Caſes put to me, that I, with all my deep Study, and long Experience, ſhould not be able to anſwer,

for

for he often tells me, *He knows his Conſtitution much better than I do my own:* So that I always take Care to ſhorten the Diſcourſe, telling him, abruptly, —— *Theſe Things muſt be left to the Doctor.*

IT's a Myſtery to ſome, how I gain'd that Confidence with ſo Suſpicious a Temper, as to let me preſcribe for him; but I'll unfold the Secret, Dr. *Bungey* and I contriv'd to run down his *Phyſicians* in every Quarter of our Acquaintance; and when we had ſtripp'd them of their Popular Character, I mounted the Stage, and being the moſt famous *Empirick* of the Town, Neceſſity, in a manner, threw him upon me, I ſtill *Proteſting* the ſame Method ſhould be continu'd, but only that my Drugs were a little Freſher than theirs; —— But *Hans* came to his Taſte too ſoon.

Lodowick Tonaire, the *Gaſcoon*, is one of a very different Complection, abounding with Choler, of eager Spirits, ſubject to Paſſion, and troubled with a Canine Appetite, which prompts him to devour every thing that comes in his Way: He had gorg'd for many Years, even to a Surfeit, and yet his Digeſtion prov'd as good as his Appetite. There was a very uncommon Method taken, ſome Time ſince, to Cure him by a Preparation of *Steel*, and a certain *Black Powder*, and it ſeems that Courſe ſucceeded to Admiration; but then his *Phyſician* having found out the Specifick in that Caſe, kept Doſing him till he had render'd him perfectly Languid: He was diſmiſs'd, and you may be ſure, he thank'd his Stars for ſuch a Deliverance. When I came, I propos'd a *Medium* between the Extremes of Indulging his Appetite,

Appetite, and ſevere Doſing him: The Minute I took him in Hand, he inſiſted not only upon knowing the Ingredients of each Doſe, but would be likewiſe concern'd in the *Preparation* himſelf; I could not reſiſt him, upon the Score of our former intimacy: The ſevere Remedies being once abandon'd, his Appetite ſoon increas'd to a greater Degree than the Vulgar muſt imagine: I have endeavour'd to bring him to a certain Allowance of Food, which he promis'd to be content with, but I find his Stomach more Ravenous every Day, and he begins to tell me he will eat at Diſcretition.

I am afraid to let *Hans* come near him, when his Appetite is keen, having ſo often threatned to bite a Piece out of the *Duchman's* Shoulders. I ſtill interpoſe to prevent its taking Air, but I find it altogether impracticable.

The High-German Doctor. Nº. 7.

From Friday, May 21. *to* Tuesday, May 25. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THO' my Cousin *Poplin* is entrusted with the Nicest and most Delicate Cases, which are peculiar to the *Fair Sex*, yet I have not so far laid my self under an *Exemption*, as to resign up my *Art* entirely to her Discretion, but claim a right of being Consulted whenever there is a Complication of *Incidents*, or the Question may be Sollicited without offence to the Reserves of the Sex, or my Venerable Character.

THERE is a Gentlewoman of no vast Capacity, whose Glory it has been to go under several Courses of *Physick*, ever since she came to Years of Maturity: She has, perhaps swallow'd more than any of her Sex, and, divided between two different Methods of Practice, has been so tortur'd, that she seldom reap'd any Benefit from either. And so long as any Person remains in doubt, either about his Case, or the Ability of his Physicians, I dare affirm, in *Verbo Medici*, he will never receive any Benefit from the *Prescription*.

THIS Lady, after many Complaints to my Cousin *Poplin*, and not being fully satisfy'd with her Answers,

Anſwers, would needs be introduc'd to my *Diſpenſary*, to have the *Ultimate* Reſolve of the *Doctor*.

In all *Fanciful Diſtreſſes* relating to the *Fair Sex*, my Couſin and I conſult before hand, becauſe the Anſwer I am oblig'd to give, in Right of her Credit, and the Female's Neceſſities, muſt bear an Analogy, and juſt Correſpondence to the Leading Queſtions of my *Dear Couſin*, and the Weakneſs of the Patient.

As the Lady was uſher'd into my Apartment, I obſerv'd ſuch *Social Geſtures* between her and my Couſin, ariſing from a kind Debate about the *Sal Volatile* Bottle, that I was fully perſwaded there remain'd very little upon my Hand to diſpatch, and they were well agreed upon the Meaſures of the Conſultation.

However, I was oblig'd to carry it with all the Solemnity of a *Great Practitioner*, tho' I cannot help Confeſſing, My Couſin and I have privately ſneer'd all Caſes of this Nature: The Generality we have been troubled with alate, relating either to Inſufficiency, Frowardneſs, or Falſe Grandeur.

AFTER the neceſſary Pauſes, and giving Time to the Lady to recollect her ſelf, by ſome looſe Queſtions I let fly, ſhe told me, with a Penſive Air, *She had, for a long Time, found ſomething lie very much at her Heart; that the Load had been very Oppreſſive, and notwithſtanding all her Endeavours to relieve it by Gay Company, Chearful Gloſſes, and all the Diverting Stories her Nurſes, and other Good Officious People had put in her Head, ſhe found it return.*

YOU

YOU muſt underſtand, I make large Allowances for the Weakneſs of my Patients, and diſpenſe with a great many Improprieties they are apt to run into, in ſtating their Caſe. This a *Phyſician* muſt do, in order to gain a Confidence with his *Patients*, and a Perſwaſion that he is Intereſted in their *Follies* as well as their *Diſtempers*.

AFTER having humour'd her Story in the moſt indulgent Way I could think of, the Lady melted into Tears, and told me, *She had been Deluded with vain Hopes by her former Phyſicians, and I was the Man appointed by Providence to Reſtore her.*

WHEN I ſaw thoſe Comfortable Drops fall from her Eyes, I knew I had more than three Parts of her in my Cuſtody, and flatter'd my ſelf, That nothing more was wanting than good Management to perfect the Cure, or at leaſt afford a Satisfactory Relief.

IN this Critical Juncture, I frankly told her, *Whatever Deluſions might have paſs'd upon her for ſome Years paſt, it was my Opinion, She had nothing* ay at her Heart; *but it's poſſible upon any violent Ruffle of the Spirits, ſhe might find a Palpitation of he Heart, which could be eaſily accounted for from ome outward Accidents: That moſt Ladies indulg'd few Complaints, on purpoſe to render themſelves he Objects of Pity, or to be us'd more tenderly by the ther Species, and her's was a Modiſh Diſtemper.*

I added moreover, That *Palpitation* was a word ery agreeable to the *Formation* of the Mouth, and hen a Lady pronounc'd that, it was without any violent

violent Diſtorſion of the Muſcles, and the Lips play'd with a becoming Grace.

THE Lady finding me ſomewhat Merry with her Caſe, reply'd, in a warmth divided between Reſentment of my free Uſage, and a Conciouſneſs of her own Weakneſs, *And have I nothing lies at my Heart? The Phyſicians I Conſulted before agreed that was my Infirmity; and whenever I talk'd my Caſe, and us'd the ſame Term, they never faulted the Expreſſion, but rather encourag'd me in it as a Propriety.*

I was inſtantly upon my Guard, finding ſhe was not to be Trifled with any longer, and ſnatching the *Sal Volatile* Bottle out of my Couſin's Hands, told her, *That with a few* Specifick Drops *under my cuſtody, mix'd with a few of my Couſin's, I would immediately ſet her at Eaſe.*

SHE Drank copiouſly; and after it had taken place, found her ſelf Reliev'd beyond expectation, crying out in ſome Rapture, *Lord! Doctor, You are the moſt Judicious Man of the Univerſe,* —— *The Drops I had from my Late Phyſicians never work'd half ſo kindly.*

The *Opinion* of the *Phyſician*, you know, is the better part of the Cure, and therefore I Grafted upon that *Conceit.* I having *Succeeded* according to my wiſh, had ſomething more in my Head, than to make a *Single Preſcription*, but kept Doſing her with my Couſin's *Sal Volatile* Bottle, and my *Specifick Drops*, till the Oppreſſion was reliev'd.

BEING ſo Lucky in my advice, I fail'd not to Applaud *my own Practice*, and Decry her *former Phyſicians as Quacks, and their Ingredients worſe than*

Arſenick.

Arſenick. Madam, ſaid I, *It was their Intereſt to keep up this Load at your Heart, in order to tie you down to their Preſcriptions for Life.* —— *It is with Horrour I think of their Practice!*

MY Myſterious Way of Deſcanting upon the Caſe, between Serious and Comical, gave me the Preference of all the *Regular Phyſicians*. The leaſt Relief in *Chronical Diſeaſes*, giving the height of Reputation to the Practitioner concern'd.

AT this ſhe opened with a Frankneſs peculiar to ſuch Complections in their Intervals, and told me, *That Load at her Heart had ſeiz'd her within theſe few Years*; and ventur'd to ſay, in my Preſence, *She knew ſo much of Phyſick, that the Pain would have hang'd looſe about her thro' the whole courſe of her Life, but that her* Phyſicians *had, by ſtrong* Revulſions, *drawn the Humour from the Extream Parts, and fix'd it upon her Heart.*

LORD! ſays I, *Madam*, with a *Sympathetick* Concern, *when I conſider how long thoſe Pretenders to the Faculty have kept that Humour hovering about your Heart,* —— *It's God's Mercy it has not flown up into your Head, and affected your Brain.*

I had no ſooner deliver'd my ſelf in this Compaſſionate Manner, but I found a *Pleaſant Emotion* in the Eyes of the Lady, and advancing to a ſtronger Confidence, *Doctor* Hermodactyl, ſays ſhe, *I ſhall, for the Future, reſign my ſelf up entirely to your Conduct, and as I have ſeen ſeveral of your Receipts privately, before I gave you a Fee, ſo I ſhall take your Preſcriptions implicitely for the Future: You have in ſo conſpicuous a manner diſcover'd the Origin*

and

and Progreſs of my Diſtemper, and Railly'd me ſo handſomely upon it, that I ſhall never wear it hereafter but in a Modiſh Way: *I only beg that your Couſin* Poplin *may always attend me in my Languiſhing Fits; and your Man* Gambol *be ready with his* Launcet, *in Caſes of Neceſſity.*

HAVING work'd the Lady up to ſuch an *Affiance*, I adviſ'd her to affect this *Palpitation* in all *Publick Companies*, becauſe if ſhe ſhould once give up ſuch a *Faſhionable Diſtemper*, ſhe would find her Viſits narrow'd, and loſe the Pleaſure of being Condol'd.

The

The High-German Doctor. N°. 8.

From Tueſday, May 25. *to* Friday, May 28. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Flatter'd my ſelf at firſt ſetting forth, with having brought the *Stage* under ſuch a *Regulation*, that I ſhould be capable of Attending the *Momentous* Concerns of my Patients, without the leaſt interruption, and being chief *Itinerant Profeſſor*, I thought the Authority of my Name might have ſilenc'd all the Straggling *Pretenders* to *Phyſick*, and laid a Check both upon their Tongues and Pens.

BUT I find the niceſt Precautions eluded by Spleen, and Jealouſy of my Practice, and having been bred a *Galeniſt*, they will not allow my Operations in *Chymiſtry* to be ſo exact as thoſe who have ſweated in the Elaboratory for many Years.

I could pardon all the Degrading Whiſpers I hear, concerning my *Æthiops Mineral*, which the World fancies conſiſts but of Equal Parts of *Sulphur* and *Mercury*, tho', if I was a Man of Oſtentation, I could convince them there is a third Ingredient in that Compoſition, which is a Secret to theſe *Pretenders*, and which, perhaps, they may find one Day to their coſt.

I paſs over other Attempts made to undermine me in

in my Practice, and unſettle me in the beſt Family I am at preſent concern'd; but I think my *Specifick Drops* have obtain'd a Character even beyond the Famous *Elixir Stomachicum*, and having the Secret in my own Cuſtody, I deſire any one to ſupplant me by a *Spurious Mixture*.

DOCTOR *Bungey*, who, by an *Unprecedented Arrogance*, Stiles himſelf *Pontæus* of *Holbourn*, I find amongſt the Number of thoſe who Emulate my Succeſsful Progreſs in the World, and becauſe I will not let him into the Secret of my Preparations, would render them as vile as his own Practice, which he endeavours to propagate among the Vulgar, by the aſſiſtance of one *Wittal*, a Quack in the Hundreds of *White-Chappel*.

THIS *Wittal*, it ſeems, at firſt held the Ladder at the Foot of the Stage when *Bungey* mounted, but ſince has been permitted to ſet up a *Confederate Stage*, which goes under his Name, with a Proviſo he ſhall vend no *Drugs* but of *Bungey*'s Examination. To hear that Fellow harangue the *Marrow Bone Order* after a plentiful Draught of Sack, and a Yolk of an Egg, and rail by the Hour at all Practitioners who can either write or read, is the beſt low Comedy in the World, and yet, to the everlaſting Reproach of the Faculty, this Fellow is call'd a Doctor as well as my ſelf, and ſells his Trumpery every Stage-Day, which he buys from the Rails in *Moor-Fields*, made up in Penny Packets to his Hands, which he calls *Orvietans*, to expell Poyſon, which has mix'd with the Blood for Ten Years, and to reſiſt Encroaching Conſumptions.

THE

THE poor innocent Rabble hearing the Terrible Names of Conſumption, and a Ferment in the Bowels, ſwallow his Packets, without conſi dering he is Diſpenſing Poiſon at the ſame Time, but then the Subtle Knave makes them ſome Allowance for Taking them off by Wholeſale, and ſtays from Quarter to Quarter for the Payment.

THESE indirect Practices I juſt hint at, becauſe my tender concern for the Publick, will not ſuffer me to be an idle Spectator of the Miſeries People bring themſelves under, by their fond Credulity, and let no Man think I am Skreening my ſelf, whilſt I am Condemning my Brethren of the Stage, for I will own ingenuouſly, I think one Quack is ſufficient in this City, and whatever Foundation I began upon, my Medicines having been ſo often applauded as *Salutary*, I look upon my ſelf confirm'd Regular by Preſcription.

ONE Thing, I confeſs, makes me very merry when I think on it: To ſee theſe Young Novices fall into the ſame *Oeconomy* with my ſelf, becauſe I keep a Fellow or two to Publiſh my *Weekly Bills*, or any remarkable Caſe Foreign or Domeſtick, they muſt likewiſe be Faſhionable: This, I muſt own, is Paying a great deference to my Stage, and makes all their little *Invectives* of no Weight with Mankind, becauſe they are oblig'd to form themſelves upon my Model.

BUT the Inſtruments they employ are very different; *Smut* is a Fellow of the vaſteſt Capacity in Nature: This joyn'd to his long Experience, and cloſe

close Familiarity with all the *Stage-Masters* for many Years, renders him capable of Writing a Case Off-Hand which never was in Being, and Talking as solemnly to it, with the help of some Figures, as moves Pity and Sympathy in People who never heard of the Patient. Nay, *Smut* is arriv'd to that Dexterity and Presence of Mind, as to tell a Man, with a good firm Air, *He is desperately ill*, and makes him believe it, tho he Eats, Drinks, and Sleeps well, and performs all the Functions of Life Regularly. When the Patient stares, and his Muscels begin to dilate into a broad Laugh, *Smut* chops him short, and tells, him, *There is a Fault in the six Non-Naturals.* He can't stand One who is conversant with Forms of Physick, and knows his *Constitution*; but there being so many govern'd entirely by hard Terms, he, with a very little Skill, and much Sophistry, has brought most Things to bear which I have entrusted him with. When there is a very puzzling Word they desire to be explain'd, and *Smut* is at a Loss, he tells them, it is a *Chinese* Original, and refers them to me the Doctor.

THE pleasantest Jest in the whole course of *Smut's* Dispensations, is, That the more unintelligibly he writes, the better he is esteem'd: Some People take him for a *Seventh Son*; some say, *He is a Conjurer*, and others, *That he deals with the Devil.* I smile to my self, knowing where he has his Intelligence, but the Knave having been a little Profane, I give into the popular Notion.

BUT this Creature, whom *Bungey*, and his Confederate *Quacks*, have lately set up in opposition to my

my Laudable *Practice*, is not to be plac'd on the ſame Line with my Friend *Smut*: There is as much difference between them, as a *Terræ Filius* and a *Merry Andrew*. *Bungey* on purpoſe to thwart my Practice, will not let him paſs under the obvious Term of a Publiſher of the *Weekly Bills* of the Stage, but Dignifies him with a damn'd Magiſterial Title, *viz.* The Monitor of the Week, cleanlily writ, and likely to ſubſiſt by it's peculiar Rhetorick. I'll excuſe every thing he ſays, upon condition he keeps up his Talent, and engage he ſhall be as Harmleſs as he is Buſy. To give the Fellow his due, he ſets out with a good fluent Impudence, and Copys well. I am ſorry when he was in the vein of Good Language, he did not ſpin the Thread of his Compliment ſomewhat longer, and call me *French Mountebank*: But even theſe Fools underſtand the Grand Law of Self Preſervation; and, as Stupid as he is in every thing elſe, ſpar'd me to conceal himſelf.

TRANSMIGRATION of Hard Names, from the Doctor to his Pupil, is ſo well adjuſted, that I begin to be in pain for *Bungey*, and think him almoſt upon the point of Departure, having convey'd all his Graceful *Proprieties* over to this Heir apparent of his, but ſtill, I hope, with a power of *Revocation*.

I find this Fellow not much converſant with the World, becauſe he does not conform himſelf to the Dreſs of Language now in uſe: *Rogue*, *Raſcal*, and *Quack*, were ſomewhat faſhionable a few Years ſince, when the Regular Phyſicians were to be Branded, and the Stage ſupported; I remember *Bungey*, in that

Specimen which he gave us of his *Grand Catholicon*, crowded it with ſo many hard Terms, that a Man could not well diſcern the Preſcriptions from the Scurrility, but I think now they are perfectly Foreign, and no Man, at preſent underſtands any other Meaning by them, but an *Holbourn* or *High-German Practitioner*.

I cannot, without Indignation, think of *Bungey*'s Sheltring this *Obſcure Fellow* under my Wing, and tho' I affirm, they are in a Separate Intereſt from my Stage, yet all claim a Dependance upon Dr. *Hermodactyl*.

I have ſeen ſo much Folly in Retaining *Tools*, that I ſhall be very jealous, for the Future, of thoſe I take into my Service; a *Tool*, when he has done his Work, and is paid, ſhould not be Impertinent. *Gambol*, and others, are uſeful to me at preſent, to make up my Complement, and keep up the Port of a great Practitioner, but I ſhall thin my Stage as I find Occaſion.

I own I employ'd ſome of theſe looſe Fellows formerly to Cry up my Practice, and drop'd a looſe Guinea or two to ſome promiſing Looks, after having ſounded the Tone of their Voice, prov'd the Strength of their *Lungs*, and a *Large Cheſt*, but it would eat up all the Profits of the Stage to maintain them any longer in my Service.

I was vex'd at my Soul to think this ſilly Stage-Sweeper ſet forth with no better Inſtructions, but I charitably place moſt of this Error to his Ignorance of the *Materia Medica*: This Fellow muſt needs aſſume a *Noſtrum*, and venture to ſwear, That an

Electuary

Electuary of *French Lillies* was preferable to our true *Engliſh Walden Saffron*, againſt the receiv'd Opinion of moſt Popular Practitioners.

THIS bold Declaration may affect my Stage, as well as th oſe of the moſt *Abandon'd Empiricks*, and therefore it's Time to draw off my Countenance from them, in Order to ſecure my ſelf: For the Devil is in it, when People once take that pernicious Notion in their Heads, if ſome Regular Phyſicians don't ſtep in, and tell them, the *Lilly* is the moſt Baneful of all *Bulbous Roots* in Chronical Caſes, and make them ſenſible that true *Engliſh Saffron* revives the Heart, and throws off any Plague or Malignity from the Vitals.

WHATEVER Deference I pay to that Opinion in private, it can never be conſiſtent with my Intereſt, to countenance ſuch a ſtrange Medicine, ſpecially ſince I have ſo many *Arcana's* will anſwer the purpoſe. I ſhould not have wonder'd if *Roſelle* had propos'd it, but for an Inſolent Fellow to prefer a Foreign Drug to one Nobler of his own Growth, does not a little Perplex me: I do aſſure this Tribe of Empiricks for the Future, that if they make uſe of my Authority to Countenance this Practice, I'll remove my Stage, or Hire ſome of my Zanies to pull down theirs, and if I but looſen a Pin, all their Tackle and Packets will come about their Ears.

The High-German Doctor. N° 9.

From Friday, May 28. *to* Tueſday, June 1. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THO' it does not reflect much Honour upon a Phyſician to be making frequent Complaints of his own Indiſpoſition, yet being ſatisfy'd how willing the Curious are to know how a *Great Practitioner* Governs himſelf under any Diſorder, I ſhall not ſcruple Communicating my Caſe to the Publick, and likewiſe the Method I take with my ſelf.

BECAUSE I look ſo well in the Face, and wear no viſible Symptoms of Decay about me, my Patients conclude all well at Heart; and their Judgment ſeldom reaching beyond the Surface, it is no hard Matter, with forc'd Airs, and Affecting a Briſkneſs of Behaviour, to paſs with them for a Man of the Soundeſt Conſtitution.

BUT I have labour'd under an *Intermitting Fever* for ſome Time, with a very irregular Pulſe, and frequent Return of the Fits, and find my ſelf waſte inwardly, as the Vulgar term it, tho' it has been a Secret to all the Perſons concern'd with me.

YOU will eaſily believe I have run thro' the whole Body of Phyſick, tortur'd the Race of Vegetables with Fire, and let nothing in all the Mineral Kingdom

Kingdom escape my Hands, in order to a Cure; and after all the pompous Train of Prescriptions, I am fallen, at last, upon a very Common Medicine.

I drink a large Glass of *Brunswick Mum* every Morning Fasting, obliging my self to take nothing for Two Hours after it: I have often thought of drinking it with a Toast, but being very lately brought to palate the Liquor, I content my self, at present, with the Simple Draught.

I shall scarce find Credit with my Patients, when I tell them I am in such a Course, because when any of them put the Question to me about Drinking *Mum*, as an indifferent Thing, I have always exprest a particular Dislike to it.

MY Aversion to all Liquors of that kind, joyn'd to the Nauseousness of the Draught, had laid me under almost incurable Prejudices; and the first three Mornings I took it, I held my Breath, that I might not perceive the Taste of it, and wash'd it off with something else. I that had always been us'd to the Best of *French* Wines, could not very kindly digest a Liquor so opposite at first; the One giving me a Vivacity beyond expression, and urging me to say a tolerable good Thing now and then; the other Clogging my Stomach, and Oppressing my Brain to the last Degree of Dullness.

THE first Morning I enter'd upon the *Mum* Course, *Gambol* came into my Room, and seeing a large Flint Glass standing full upon the Table, took upon him to be very merry at such an unexpected Scene, *What Doctor*, says he, *fallen off from glorious* French *Wine to Nauseous Syrups? This, I presume,*

is deſign'd only to regale Waſps and Flies; What Sick of Claret? I'll warrant ſomething lies heavy upon your Stomach, and ſo you are taking a little Solutive Syrup of Roſes to carry it off.

I knew the Young Rogue's Averſion to the Liquor, and had a great Mind to put his Mouth out of Reliſh for ſome Time: *I am in mighty want of a Taſter,* ſays I, *Prithee palate it for me, dear* Harry. The Quickneſs of his Scent fail'd him, and he took a Mouthful of it.

HE little Dreaming to ſee any *Mum* in my Houſe, could not Credit his Taſte; *It's a damn'd Mawkiſh Liquor,* ſays he, *and glues up my Mouth: What the Devil can it be?* Mum, *as I live! Well, Doctor, I perceive you have taken Leave of all your Friends, and are haſtning to end your Days by a Potion: I thought Dr.* Hermodactyl *knew a gentiler Way of diſpatching himſelf, than by Taking a* Doſe of Mum: *How long has this Fit been upon you?*

BUT pray, Doctor, *be ſerious with me! Do you really drink it? No, no; I am ſure you can never be reconcil'd to it, and it ſtands here only for Show, or to amuſe ſome of your Patients. I have heard you Railly that Liquor for a whole Night, and now and then ſay a ſmart Thing, after Four Bottles of* French, *about the pernicious Conſequences of* Drinking *that foggy Juice: If you drink it, I know you'll throw it up again: I have taken a Mouthful of it, but I would not have let it gone down into my Stomach for the whole Profits of the Stage: Exeat* Mum, *with a Kick. What, an Old* Claret-Drinker, *and have ſuch an unfaſhionable Liquor in his Houſe!*

I

I would not have ſome of your Old Bottle Friends know you drank a Glaſs of Mum, *for I am confident if they did, they would renounce your Society.*

THERE are a Thouſand good Effects from *French* Wine, it raiſes the Spirits, fills the Imagination with Sprightly Idæa's, dilates the Heart, and what is a main Article, it comes pretty cheap to you Doctor; I never ſee you Extravagantly Merry, but over a Bottle of *French* Wine. But *Mum* has all the ill Qualities imaginable; it clogs the Stomach, clouds the Brain, diſpoſes to Melancholly, and cauſes Palpitations of the Heart. I had a Glaſs once *forc'd down my Throat*, by a Company I was Cautious of Diſobliging, but my Antipathy was ſo ſtrong againſt it, that I fancy it is always Fermenting within me.

HARRY would have went on Declaiming a full Hour, againſt the pernicious Effects of *Mum*, if I had not interrupted him in his Courſe: *Well*, Gambol, ſays I, *without half theſe Invectives, I could have believ'd you: We know you are a Youth of a Bella Air; You are a great admirer of* French *Wine, and* French *Practice, and ſo am I, and you may be ſure I never drink* Mum *but Phyſically, the* French *Wine rakes me too much, and tho' I look with a good Inſolent Countenance, yet I find an Inward Decay; I have conceal'd it for ſome time, but I am come to an abſolute Neceſſity of going thro' this heavy Courſe every Morning, tho' I ſhall never be brought to abandon my* Claret *at Night, with a Select Company. I muſt own, that I have found my ſelf Eaſier ſince I went this ſmall Courſe, and that's what I chiefly aim at. The* Oily Parts *of the* Mum *ſheath the* Pungent

Particles *of the* French Tartar, *and as long as they ſuit ſo well with the Conſtitution, I ſhall purſue the Method I am in.*

I order'd one of my Men to write for ſome of the Choiceſt *Mum* that could be procur'd; it has been coming ſo long that I almoſt diſpair of ſeeing it: I fancy, by this delay, I am impos'd on, or he thought that I order'd him only in Jeſt, and ſo never writ about it, knowing me to be ſo great a lover of *French* Wine: If the ſmall quantity I have by me will ſerve my turn, I ſhall not be in much pain about the arrival of the other.

THO' I make uſe of this Medicine my ſelf, I never was ſo hardy as to Preſcribe it to any of my Patients; and I reckon my old Friends of the Bottle Railly me heartily, for going through ſo Nauſeous a Courſe. If you, honeſt *Hal*, would take a little with me, by way of Countenance, it would go down the better; and it may be as Neceſſary for your Conſtitution to take a Glaſs now and then, to qualify the Eagerneſs of the *French* Wine, as for my own.

YOU are apt to be tranſported into Paſſions of all kinds, which proceed from the Keenneſs of your Spirits, urg'd on and ſtimulated by the ſharpneſs of the Wine; and if you would try a Glaſs of this Balſamick ſometimes, it might temper your Blood, and make you tolerably Sober.

I might have as well influenc'd Marble, as made any Impreſſion upon *Harry*; he plainly ſaw I had a mind to decoy him into the Courſe purely for Company ſake, and not from any Opinion I had of the Liquor my ſelf.

'None

'None of your Baits, dear Doctor, (ſays he) you, 'as the chief Proprietor of your own Carcaſs, may 'do what you pleaſe with it, and try as many Con- 'cluſions as you think fit; but I ſhall never ſtuff up 'my Chinks with your damn'd nauſeous *Brunſwick* 'Treacle: I can't tell what Neceſſity may compel 'me to, but in the preſent Frame of Spirit, I fancy 'I ſhould ſooner be reconcil'd to a Rope: I have 'been ſo long accuſtom'd to *French* Wine, that one 'Glaſs of *Mum* would ſwell me up to a Tun, and 'make ſuch a Confuſion in my Bowels, that all your 'Carminatives could not expel. All the Eloquence 'your Profundity can diſplay on the Vertues of it, 'will never make it a Sociable Liquor: I will drink 'French in *puris Naturalibus*; you *French* Wine 'and Treacle. Take care to ſettle your Stomach 'perfectly well, for if the two Liquors ſhould jarr, 'and preſent themſelves to View, you would, with 'Submiſſion to your Honour and Dignity, paſs either 'for a bungling Practitioner, or a confounded Hy-- 'pocrite, after you have cry'd up *French* Wine to 'the Skies, to ſee *Mum* and *Claret* diſcharg'd in a 'Qualm together.

The High-German Doctor. N° 10.

From Tueſday, June 1. *to* Friday, June 4. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

RUNNING over my Correſpondence of the laſt Week, I met with a very remarkable Caſe in the Foreign Packet, which after I had examin'd with due Attention, ſeem'd to me, for its great Variety, capable of Furniſhing out more Speculation to the Curious in the Faculty, than any which has fallen under my View for ſome Time.

MY ſingular Humanity to Foreigners, in Treating them up to their Character, has been acknowledg'd on ſo many Occaſions, that I would not forfeit it by any Miſtake: This makes me keep up a nice Punctuality in my Anſwers, and give ſo immediate a Diſpatch to the Caſe before me.

THIS Letter comes from a *French* Gentleman, in Behalf of a Perſon he has under his Tuition, who is afflicted with an uncommon Caſe: He ſeems ſo paſſionately Intereſted in his Welfare, that he ventures to tell me, *He would ſtake half his Fortune for his Recovery*, and begs immediate Relief at my Hands: The Medicines he has taken hitherto do not reach his Diſtemper; and therefore conjures me to think

think of a proper Courſe: Take the Particulars of the Caſe in his own Dialect.

Au Monſieur le Dr. Hermodactyl.

SIEUR,

THE Greatneſs of your Capacity, and peculiar Way of Treating Diſtempers, encourage me to appeal from all the Practitioners of *Europe* to your Judgment, as the laſt Reſort: Your Travelling ſo much at Home, gives you larger Opportunities of Informing your ſelf of the ſeveral Conſtitutions of People, and ſeeing more variety of Caſes than thoſe who are ty'd down to a particular Spot.

I have a Youth under my Direction, Once of vaſt Hopes, of a Promiſing Aſpect, and a pretty enterprizing Genius, who, in his general Deportment, behaves himſelf with great Exactneſs; but at the Full of the Moon, his Opticks glare, his Eye-Balls rowl round in his Head, he ſtalks croſs the Room with a Majeſtick Gate, and affects Privacy at that Seaſon.

AT ſuch Times I keep a double Guard upon him, being warn'd of the approaching Fits by theſe Indications, but order them to pay all poſſible Reſpect to him, and humour his Romantick Vein of Talking.

HE is no ſooner got into a gentle Slumber, but he wakes in all the Confuſion imaginable, and Starting from the Bed, cries out, ——— *Who waits there?* ——— *Guards, Seize the Rebels.* ——— *Born of Royal Race.* ——— *Chain the Slaves.* ——— Then Stretching himſelf upon the Floo[r], murmurs

murmurs to himself, *Lie there, thou Shadow of an Emperour.*

DURING the Fit, he will receive nothing from his Attendants but upon the Bended Knee: They, according to Direction, keep up the Pageantry; and after his Spirits are throughly fatigu'd, he grows as Paſſive as a Lamb.

I have conſulted the Colleges of *Montpelier*, *Padua*, &c. They all agree, it's a *Nervous Caſe*; but then perplex me ſo with their Philoſophical Cant, of *Images convey'd to the Brain*, and fixing Impreſſions ſuitable to their ſeveral Textures, with a Train of *Globuli* at the End of them, that I take my ſelf to be in a Conjurer's Cell.

THIS, however has furniſhed me with an Hint, which may be improv'd to my Pupil's Advantage in ſuch diſtinguiſhing Hands as yours. I well remember whilſt he was a Boy, he had a very *Theatrical Brain*; and whenever there were any Plays acted at School, he would contend for the Sublime Part in the Tragedy, ſtill Affecting to act the *King*, the *Hero*, or an *Uſurper*.

I have often heard him damn *Tamerlane* for an Oppreſſor; cry up *Bajazet*'s Lenity, and ſwear his Cage was too narrow a Territory for ſo Great a Prince. The Greateſt of *Alexander*'s Acts was his Diſpatching the Faithful *Clitus* in a Debauch. *Julius* was too tame in his Prerogative. *Nero* he has commended for his Favourite Hero amongſt the Antients; *Caſar Borgia* amongſt the Moderns.

THESE I took for Juvenile Sallies, and the Effects of a warm Imagination, fir'd with the Grandeur

of

of the ſeveral Parts he had acted, but now I am perſwaded he thinks himſelf a Prince in Earneſt, whilſt the Fits are upon him.

I am at a loſs to account for theſe Ambitious Thoughts any other way, without ſome idle Nurſes have inſinuated a Notion into his Head before he came under my Care. I am ſure he could never form this Conceit from his Martial Exploits, for he has made but *Half a Campaign* in his whole Life-Time, and that not much to his Honour.

THIS, Sir, you'll grant is an unhappy Circumſtance to one of ſo little Fortune, and who being of an Expenſive Humour, is oblig'd to me for his Neceſſaries. The Medicines I have paid for already, ſwell to an immenſe Sum, and I cannot ſtrain myſelf much further, unleſs you give me Hopes of *Reſtoring* him.

I have ſent him ſome Leagues from my *own Seat*, to try what Change of Air might do; but I hear from all Hands, the Frenzy encreaſes, and he Domineers over my Friend's Family where I have plac'd him, when the Fit is upon him.

SOME tell me the Air of *Italy* is proper for him, there being ſeveral Infirmaries in thoſe Parts, which, with a *Spare Diet*, and Reſtraining him from the Pompous Show of the World, might be of great Service to him under this Misfortune.

IF you give me any Encouragement to hope for a Cure, I would very willingly be at the Expence of his Voyage, and Lodge him in your Houſe. *Roſelle*, the Surgeon, is my particular Friend, and will anſwer for any Charge and Trouble you are at.

I am ſtrongly poſſeſs'd it is in your Power to ſerve him; the ſucceſsful Boldneſs of your Practice has reach'd theſe Parts; and, I aſſure you, your Name is mention'd with a particular Regard: I queſtion whether you have more Reputation in your own Country: Every one allows your Skill to be Univerſal, but more particularly happy in the Cure of *Conſumptions*; and, to be ingenuous with you, all the Complaint I ever heard made uſe of againſt you, is, *That you are a little Exorbitant in your Fees.*

I beg this Freedom may not be interpreted as if I had any Intention of Leſſening your Demands, for I ſhould think the Half of my Fortune well laid out in his *Recovery.*

Yours,

Le Grand Petit.

I own this to be a very intricate Caſe, and what has rarely fallen within my Practice: I have three or four Caſes in my *Ephemeris* of Diſeaſes, which bear a very near Reſemblance to it, and I propoſe to govern my ſelf by the Methods preſcrib'd there, *Mutatis Mutandis.* This Frenzy I am perſwaded is too violent to laſt long, and it's much eaſier to Cure a poor Diſtemper'd Creature that imagines himſelf a *Prince*, than one who fancies himſelf a *Wit*, or a *Handſome Fellow.* I have aſk'd all the *Operators* in my Service round, *Whether any ſuch Caſe has fallen in their Way?*

RU

RUB says, He would by no means have me take it in Hand, for he judges it *Chronical*, and not to be eradicated; and advises me to sit down easy with the Credit I have gain'd by my Practice, without bringing my self under farther Blemishes from the Emulous Stages about Town.

CODICIL is of Opinion, That a gentle *Purge*, or *Emetick*, just for Show, may be given, but is positively against Bleeding him in the Jugular Vein; for seeing a Launcet advanc'd so near his Neck, he may fancy one is coming to cut his Throat, if he should happen to be in one of his Princely Airs.

HARRY, who turns every Distemper of this kind into Ridicule, and has been a *Prince* and a *Small-Coal-Man* by Changes, in Masquerade, bids me indulge the Frenzy, and if the Young Fellow has a Mind to be a *Prince*, let him take his Humour, for he is sure nothing in my Dispensary can Cure him; and as to the *Bleeding Part*, which is his Province, he will not be concern'd in it.

I'Gad I am under some Apprehensions, if I should send for this *Mad Patient* over, *Harry* and he will run a Frolicking together, and play the Counterpart of the King of *Bantam*, Demolishing Young Wenches, and Breaking Conick Lamps.

You must know, I ask the Opinion of my several *Operators* meerly out of Formality, and after I had dispatch'd them, I sat down and writ this short Answer.

Au Monſieur Le Grand Petit.

THE Concern you expreſs for the Fanciful Young Gentleman, affects me in the moſt ſenſible Part: You ſtate his Caſe with great Accuracy, and I take it as rightly as if I ſaw him: I will ſend over my Advice and Medicines by the Packet from Time to Time, but cannot think it proper for him to make ſo ſudden a Change of Air; he may depend upon it, when he's in a little cooler Temper, my Apartment ſhall be at his Service; for if he ſhould aſſume his Princely Airs, People that do not know his Diſtemper might knock him down. A Man of ſome Faſhion that wants to know my Courſes in the Elaboratory, *has given Earneſt for an Apartment, but I don't care to be over-look'd: However, Sir, I hear ſo much of your Generoſity, that if he is in my Houſe, I ſhall privately make Room for your Pupil.*

Yours,

Hermodactyl.

The

The High-German Doctor. N° 11.

From Friday, June 4. *to* Tuesday, June 8. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Once thought of making my Credit *Immortal*, by the Train of Succeſs which conſtantly attended my Practice, but ſince my *Pacifick Electuary*, which had ſo Univerſally obtain'd, and ſtrengthen'd its Character in moſt Parts of *Europe*, has fallen under ſuch *Invidious Reflections* at Home, I find there is no Truſting to a Current of Reputation, and that the Greateſt Practitioner, after he has arriv'd to a certain Criſis, muſt decline in Glory.

I could not imagine ſo noble a *Specifick*, prepar'd with the utmoſt Skill, and deſign'd more for the Good of the *Publick* than private Advantage, could ever have lain open to ſo many Jealous and Perplexing Queries: That the Goodneſs of the *Ingredients* could have been cenſur'd by the Judicious in the Faculty; or, in fine, that a Preparation of ſuch Efficacy (the Secret of which paſs'd ſo few Hands) could be branded with ſo many Popular Reproaches.

IT's ſome Alleviation that I am not the firſt Great Genius attack'd in ſuch a Defamatory Manner, and that it generally fares thus with Men of Select

Select Capacities, who ſtep out of the beaten Road of Life to render themſelves Beneficent to Mankind.

ALL this I could eaſily place to the common Vein of Detraction which wanders ſo Arbitrarily thro' the World, if I did not perceive my ſelf wounded in ſo Tender a Part as my Sufficiency, and by Oblique Stroaks, charg'd with an *Incapacity* of Forming ſo Rich a Compoſition out of my own Brain.

THOSE who queſtion'd my Knowledge in the Theory of Diſeaſes, would never, I thought, have been ſo petulant as to arraign my Preparations of any kind, having been ſo famous, ever ſince my firſt Entrance upon the Stage, for Mixtures, or, as my Rivals term it, *Confounding of all* Ingredients.

IT's hard to account for the *Inconſiſtencies* of ſome People, who give out boldly, That I was not capable of Preparing ſuch a Medicine, and yet at the ſame Time villify the Compoſition; but this, in my Apprehenſion, carries a double Deſign with it, not only to damn the Effects of it upon Peoples Conſtitution, but to expoſe my ignorance.

TO this End I find it inſinuated, That *Lovidicus*, a *Pariſian Chymiſt*, gave me the Secret, and that when I propos'd to add ſome Simples of our own Growth to make it more agreeable to the Complections of this Climate, he ſhould tell me in a SNEER, *My Dear, Truſty, and Well-beloved* Hermodactyl, *I know the Size of thy Talents perfectly well: As you ſet forth a bold* Empirick *at firſt, keep to that Character, and don't pretend to commence Doctor by Inſpiration: You have always been happy in the Choice of* Operators, *and gain'd a tolerable Reputation by their Aſ-*

ſiſtance;

ſiſtance; but, alaſs, how ſhould you, that never underſtood the Occult Qualities *of Minerals, or Plants, know what Analogy they bear to the Diſeaſes of Human Bodies. I remember the Time when the People of your Climate confin'd themſelves to a* plain, ſimple Diet, *and generally knew what they Eat; but now their* Juices *are Vitiated with ſo many Foreign* Oglio's, *with* French Ragouſts, *and unnatural Mixtures, that you have nothing of your own Growth ſtrong or ſearching enough to work upon Radicated Diſtempers. With this, they tell you, I acquieſc'd, and took the* Compoſition *upon his* Single Credit.

SINCE the Enemies of my Stage have fram'd ſo plauſible a Story from the Intimacy between me and the *French* Chymiſt, I ſhall ſet this Popular Rumour in a true Light.

AS I have a ſtock of Reputation that can never be exhauſted, ſo I ſcorn to detract from the meaneſt Operator about me: There is one *Mat. Rummer*, an Obſcure Fellow, belongs to my *Elaboratory*, who tends the Fires, ſome call him *Lungs*, others the *Stoker*, with whom I conferr'd firſt about this Preparation. Says I to him one Day, in a jocular manner, *Honeſt* Mat. *thou haſt ever had a lucky Hand in* Mixing, *others ſay* Daſhing, *it's hard, if out of ſo large a Field of Ingredients, You and I cannot make a Compoſition which ſhall turn to more Advantage than all the Profits of the* Stage Itinerant. *Shall I be free with you, Doctor?* ſays *Mat.* I granted: Then *Mat.* laying aſide all Reſtraints, *I'Gad,* ſays he, *I have been upon a Project of this Nature once already, before I enter'd my ſelf into your Ser-*

vice;

vice; *but the* Electuary *I prepar'd at that Time, happen'd to be ſo over-charg'd with* Syrrups, *that it was continually Fermenting, and did not keep* Good *above* Three Years. *Now, Doctor,* ſays he, *to be frank with you, I am afraid you and I are a going about much ſuch a fooliſh Preparation again. I have a* French *Chymiſt of my Acquaintance, in very low Circumſtances at preſent, whom I am confident you may Chain to your Intereſt, by the leaſt Countenance you give him. He has almoſt Ruin'd himſelf by aiming at the* Philoſophers Stone, *but was once upon the Point of gaining the Secret, when one Doctor* John *came into the* Elaboratory *and broke his* Glaſſes *and* Crucibles. *If you give me any Encouragement, I'll talk to him about it, and engage the Credit ſhall be yours.*

THE *Chymiſt* joyfully embrac'd the Propoſal, and fell to work; but the *Ingredients*, which were Seven in Number, were ſo *Ill-mix'd* ſo *Nauſeous*, and *Unpalatable*, that I could not prevail upon any but my old Patients to take off a ſingle Gally-Pot.

I was almoſt angry with *Mat* for reſigning me up ſo entirely to his Judgment, and had like to have loſt my Credit, even with ſome who wiſh'd well to my Stage. In the Second Preparation I corrected the Acids of it in ſome Meaſure; put in ſome Leaf Gold to make it more Specious, and Comfortable, and then came forth this Famous *Specifick*.

I muſt do *Mat* the Juſtice to ſay, he had the care of mixing the *Ingredients*, and if the Powders in it happen'd not to be well Grinded, let him anſwer for that Neglect.

AFTER

AFTER all this Clamour, I think I may, without Vanity, lay Claim to a ſhare of the Preparation; for tho' it was not my Original Thought, yet, as I have conſiderably Improv'd it, in Conſult with the *Chymiſt*, you muſt grant, he and I acted in *Alliance*, to bring it to this Perfection.

I am ſenſible ſome *Regular Phyſicians* have been lately *Analyſing* this *Compoſition*, but I defy them to make any thing of it. Some have Objected, That there are as many *Contrarieties* in it as *Venice Treacle*. I ſhall not Inform any one what the *Baſis* of the *Compoſition* is, but I will venture to ſay, it has this in common with *Venice Treacle*, That no Man yet ever took the Quantity of a *Nutmeg* of it, but it made him *Sweat Profuſely*.

The

The High-German Doctor. N° 12.

From Tuesday, June 8. *to* Friday, June 11. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Should never have enter'd the Lists with that Notorious Impostor, *Pontæus* of *Holbourn*, if I had not been assur'd from Authentick Hands, That he taking Advantage of a little Mistake in the first Preparation of my *Pacifick Electuary*, committed thro' the Inconsiderateness of *Mat. Rummer*, chim'd in with the Enemies of our Stage, to calumniate my Practice; and after his heavy Way of Bantering, made himself very Merry with my Character.

HERMODACTYL, says he, the other Day, to one of my Retinue, *makes up his Packets of* Jalap *and* Gambouge *neat enough, and tops them upon the Populace with a tolerable good Grace; but for a* Specifick, ——— *commend me to an experienc'd* Farrier, *or* Corn-Cutter. —— *All the* Regular Physicians *of the Town have laugh'd at this* Electuary, *as if they had been bitten by a* Tarantula. *He is one of the worst Brewers of Physick that I know of; his Medicines never settle, but are always fretting upon the Stomach.*

AT the same time he is Lessening my *Compositions* in the Esteem of the World, he takes Care to *Surfeit*

Surfeit the Audience with a large Encomium on his *Eye-Water*, which he prepar'd Four Years ſince, perplexing that ſimple Title with a String of ſuch unintelligible Epithets, that ſome People have judg'd it as proper for the *Corns* as the *Eyes*.

HERE, ſays he, *is my Wonderful* Deterſive, Rariſying *and* Defecating Opthalmick, *a Bottle of which Cures* Cataracts *without* Couching, Gutta Serena's, Specks, Films, *or* Dimneſs: *Nay, whoſe Quality is ſo Searching, and Penetrates with ſuch Subtilty, that it throws off* Scales *from the* Eyes, *as big as a* Barnacle *in a Minute. All this I promiſe, if you have Faith enough in* Verbo Bungey.

THIS he delivers with an affected Gravity, and ſeeming Zeal for the Relief of Diſtreſſed People, that he has gain'd ſome Patients of good Rank to a Confidence in the Preparation: Others he has kept in Hand for ſome Years, and tho' they are as Blind as at the Minute he took them under his Care, yet they will not be prevail'd upon to change this profligate *Quack*.

YOU will readily believe, when *Bungey* firſt ſet forth with this wonderful Preparation, and proclaim'd it openly upon the Stage, all the Judicious of the Faculty were aſtoniſh'd; ſome taking it for a *Charm*; others, for a down-right *Legend*; a third, for a Banter of hard Names; and moſt for the *warmeſt Piece of Stage-Impudence*: But he, no ways diſcouraged at theſe *Cenſures*, applies himſelf to the Populace, and finding them deeply affected by the Wideneſs of their Mouths, and wonderfully pleas'd with what they knew nothing of, graſts upon their Weakneſs,

Weakneſs, telling them, *That he, by his great Sagacity, had perceiv'd thick* Films *growing upon the People's Eyes for ſome Time; that Blindneſs was become, in a manner* Epidemical; *that there was not one of the Spectators which crowded about the Stage, but had at leaſt a Miſt before his Eyes; that this Dimneſs would come to a total Eclipſe:* And then privately Ordering ſome of the *Stage-Sweepers* to raiſe a great Duſt, *Do you ſee?* ſays the Doctor. The *Rabble* not being apprehenſive of the *Trick*, confeſs'd their Eyes were very much out of Order.

A Man of leſs Penetration than *Bungey*, could not but ſee it a proper Opportunity to lay hold on their Paſſions, and improve their Credulity to his Advantage: And having gain'd their Weak Side, told them, *That the Infirmities of the Eye, which ſo many labour'd under, had put him upon ſeveral Experiments, in Order to reſtore them, and, at laſt, Providence had thrown this in his Way*, tho', it ſeems, he had try'd this very *Eye-Water* upon ſeveral Peoples in other Parts of the Kingdom, as at *Derby*, *Oxford*, &c. where it did not anſwer his Expectation; but whether the Seaſon was not ſo favourable, or their Bodies had not been rightly prepar'd, I cannot determine. He added, *That his Compaſſion would not permit him to ſit down tamely under that Blindneſs of his Fellow-Creatures; that he had Impudence and Impropri-ties enough to defend that Preparation againſt all Op-poſers; that he would not have them backward in Aſking his Advice, for he was always ready with his*

Eye-Water *Bottle, and if he neglected them, they should Cry aloud, and spare not.*

THERE are, says he, *many* False Brothers *of the* Stage, *who, with their* Collyrium's, Powder of Tutty, *&c. have frequently daub'd your Eyes, Fouling the* Chrystallin Humour, *and Damping the* Sight; *nay, so wretchedly have they impos'd upon that noble Sense, as to perswade you your Eyes were broad open, whilst you were Groping your Way in the Dark.* —— *Here,* —— *Take this*, cries the Doctor, and sprinkles them all over with his *Opthalmick.*

THE Rabble, strongly possess'd, fancy'd they had Scales drop'd from their Eyes, and beg'd some more of the *Eye-Water* to confirm their Sight.

THIS Fellow was so much elated with Working upon the Imagination of the Vulgar, that it had been no difficult matter to have perswaded him, That he was well skill'd in Opticks; nay, his Brother, Sir *William* of *Durham-Yard*, and the Famous *Grant*, were forc'd to have their Patients come very privately at that Juncture, for fear of Offending this Great Oculist.

SOME Things were very pleasant in his Directions, that during the whole Course, they should avoid any strong Light; keep their Eyes fix'd upon Black; and that no Pretender to Opticks should, under Colour of Restoring them, tamper with their Eyes; or they suffer any Operation to be made, but in the Doctor's Presence.

SOME of these Patients strictly follow'd his Orders, expecting every Day to be Second-Sighted People; and *Bungey* feather'd their Eyes once a

Week himself. If they could but see the Doctor, it was a sufficient Proof that their Eyes were Mending.

BUT that this insolent Quack may be mortify'd with the rest of his Brothers of the Stage, I am oblig'd to let him know, I have met with Thousands alate with thick Films on their Eyes, and others with Scalding Defluxions, all Owing to his Celebrated *Eye-Water*, and sage Directions.

BUT since he has poyson'd and corrupted so many Eyes with his *Water*, I would advise him, for his own sake, to keep them continually Blind, for if ever they should gain the least Beam of Light, I fancy the Worshipful Doctor will be seen to a great Disadvantage.

IT was certainly one of the most impudent Titles ever given to a Composition, working just the contrary of what is promis'd; and the Poison in it must needs be of the rankest sort, to work such terrible Effects upon some of the strongest Opticks in the Kingdom.

I may venture to say, from Credible Authority, that no Antidote, ever since the Age of *Hyppocrates*, has been Sold for half the Profits this Poisonous *Eye-Water* has brought into *Bungey*'s Coffers; if his *Zanies* don't stretch in their Account, we are told he receiv'd 500 l. for the first Parcel he prepar'd, besides what he got by the Publication of his Bill.

AS his She-Patients were many, I am often in Dispute with my self, whether they apply'd to him purely for the *Eye-Water*, he having often boasted over his Cups, That he has another *Nostrum* which he calls his *Weapon-Salve*, that cures all Flesh

Fleſh-Wound by the firſt Intention, tho' I am inform'd he has but little of that left, the Demands for it being ſo frequent, and he look'd upon Prodigal enough in Diſpenſing it.

I can give a near Gueſs at the Compoſition, which is more than he can ſay of my *Pacifick Electuary*, I could almoſt ſwear the chief Ingredient in it is the Juice of *Monks-Hood*, the moſt Baneful of Vegetables, and pernicious to the Conſtitutions of our Climate.

IF I know any Thing of the Nature of it, the Corroſive Parts will very hardly be cleans'd out of the Eyes, tho' I am told, that ſome *Regular Phyſicians* about Town have reſtor'd ſeveral of his Patients to their former Sight, and are pretty Confident of Recovering the reſt, unleſs the Poiſonous Qualities have inſinuated themſelves into the Brain.

HE has one particular Honour reſerv'd to himſelf, that no Man ever yet queſtion'd his being the Contriver of it, and only upon the account of its not having one good Quality to recommend it.

HE charg'd me with having made uſe of his Secret, and Building my *Pacifick Electuary* upon the Baſis of his *Eye-Water:* I will frankly own, that whilſt he was intent upon Blinding the People, I had Leiſure to make ſome uſeful Experiments for the Aggrandizing of my own Stage: And I hope that will not ſtain my Character, if I took the Advantage of his ill Practice to make my own appear the better.

I cannot deny, but that his confident Way of Supporting a Preparation ſo much decry'd by the College, gave the whole Fraternity of *Empiricks* an Op-

portunity of enlarging their Credit, and put us, in a manner, upon the Level with the *Regular Phyſicians*: When I found the *Eye-Water* had paſs'd with ſo ſlight a Cenſure, and *Bungey* went on applying it as boldly as ever, I began to think that one might ſafely preſcribe *Arſenick* to thoſe Conſtitutions whoſe Eyes could bear his Water.

THE Temperaments of People are different, in my Opinion, from what they were formerly: The leaſt jarring quality in a Preſcription would offend the Stomach heretofore; now they are able to ſwallow Poiſon, with a very little Correction. I find no manner of Diſtinction in my Practice between Crude and Prepar'd Phyſick; and it's ſcarce to be Credited, what Quantities of *Bungey*'s *Eye-Water* are bought up Daily both for Land and Sea.

THE kind Digeſtion of every Thing that is given to our Patients promiſcuouſly in the whole Body of Phyſick, makes our Practice partake leſs of Solliciude. A *Squeamiſh Stomach* and a *Vapoury Brain* are my Abhorrence: They are ſo Jealous of what they take, ſo Impertinent in their Queries, and, what I mortally hate in nice Caſes, ſo preſſing for a Conſult, where a Man muſt account for every bold Step in his Practice, that I am reſolv'd hereafter to ſtand upon my own Bottom, and by that means evade all Enquiries.

The

The High-German Doctor. N°. 13.

From Friday, June 11. *to* Tuesday, June 15. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Am fully convinc'd how Circumspect a Great Practitioner ought to be in Delivering his Sentiments upon any Physical Point, or giving into a particular Method of Practice: Every Word which falls from a Publick Man being stamp'd on the Minds of the Audience, and standing upon Record, to be enviously appeal'd to, upon the least Variation from the Rule he has either prescrib'd, or applauded.

I know 'tis a receiv'd Tradition, That I was bred a Rigid *Galenist*, and possess'd with such an *Hereditary Aversion* to *Paracelsus*'s Method, that I made a Scruple, for some Time, of even setting my Foot within the Door of an *Elaboratory:* Nay, that within these few Years I could not be prevail'd upon to enter, before my Stoker assur'd me, That the offensive Steam was gone off in the first Digestion, and that I came in when half the Operation was over.

AS it is not in my Power to stem the Torrent of Reports, and, perhaps, might gain but little Credit if I should attempt to purge my self, I shall leave the matter undecided: But one Thing I will grant, be-

cauſe it has been charged upon me, without much Deviation from Truth, that I ſhould, in my unexperienc'd Days, pronounce, with a Degree of Warmth, That *I would inviolably maintain the* Galenical Practice.

THIS, I confeſs, lies ſomewhat heavy on my Reputation, tho' I cannot ſay it burthens my Conſcience, for at that Time I ſpoke indiſcreetly, not having duly weigh'd of what Continuance the Credit of the *Galeniſts* might be, or the Advantages Accruing from the different Methods of Practice, which is of the greateſt Importance to us *Latitudinarians* in the Art, and byaſſes our firſt Principles.

HOWEVER, from this unguarded Expreſſion of mine, I find the Rivals of my Stage take an Opportunity of Examining my Preparations with greater Curioſity, and whenever I give a Searching Chymical Medicine, which puts all the Humours of the Body afloat, a *Galeniſt* inſtantly cries out, *P——x on this* Hermodactyl's *Dodging Practice: Is this a* Bona Fide Galenical *Preparation?*

IT raiſes a Smile in me frequently, to ſee how far weak People may be prejudic'd by well-contriv'd Rumours: Whilſt I had the Character of being a ſtrict *Galeniſt*, every one of my Patients took my Preparations without examining the Ingredients, tho' I made uſe of many Chymical Medicines, thro' the whole Courſe of my *Galenical Practice*, which I receiv'd privately from *Lovidicus*, the *Pariſian Chymiſt*; but ſeeing no Retorts or Crucibles about me, they had no ſuſpicion.

THESE

THESE nice Animadverters upon my Method, never conſider the Exigencies a Great Practitioner is reduc'd to in his Commerce with the Diſtemper'd. People are ſo Fanciful, that, within my Knowledge, they have varied in their Opinion of Medicines Six ſeveral Times. I have known a *Galeniſt* laid under an *Incapacity* from the *College*, and the *Paracelſians* triumph in every Quarter of the Town, giving out, *That they were the* Elder Brothers *of the Stage*. The *Galeniſts*, in their turn, have carry'd all the Practice before them, and cry'd down the *Paracelſians*, as a *Hot, Ungovernable Race of Poyſon-Mixers*, and obtain'd amongſt the Judicious for ſome Years.

I T was not altogether for the Gain I propos'd to my ſelf, that I fell off from my *Galenical* Practice, but finding the *Paracelſians* a Clamorous Body, and Exploding the other Method, even to a Degree of Rancour, after I had once declar'd my ſelf in their Favour, I could not take up my former Practice with Safety.

I own the *Galenical* Medicines the moſt Natural, moſt adapted to the Conſtitutions of our Climate, Preſerving all the Balſamick Parts, and Eſſential Salts of the Vegetable entire; Working with more Certainty, both upon the *Fluids* and *Solids* of the Body, and keeping the whole Maſs in a juſt Temperament, refreſhing all the Members, ſtill with a reſpect to the Head and Brain.

THE Chymical Preparations admit of more Diſputes in their Effects: They are generally violent in the firſt Operation, harſh in their Progreſs, Diſordering the Bowels, under a Notion of Strengthening

the Head. The Profeſſors that Way, I am ſenſible, boaſt much of their *Sublimations*, and raiſing their Preparations to a great Height, and Separating the pure from the droſſy and feculent Parts; but then it muſt be conſider'd, they torture every Thing which falls under their Hands with Fire, to ſuch a Degree, that all the Medicinal Part is deſtroy'd by the Heat.

BUNGEY's Operations in this kind are too flagrant to be conceal'd, and his Experiments ſo fatal to many Conſtitutions, as not to admit of the leaſt Juſtification: To theſe we may add thoſe of Dr. *Bull-Neck*, the *Iriſh Quack*, *Wittall*, the Corn-Cutter of *White-Chappel*, and thoſe of the famous Dr. *Canſtick*, an Hedge-Operator in *Hoxton*, with the reſt of the Furnace-Breed.

IT was once my Intention to keep up a Mediety between the *Galenical* and *Chymical Practice*, but the *Galeniſts* having obſerv'd ſo many of thoſe Fire-Men about my *Elaboratory*, will not be induc'd to think I can diſpenſe any plain and ſimple Phyſick, and are gone into an Opinion, That I have abandon'd my firſt Principles, and am taking the ſhorteſt Way with the *Galeniſts*.

HAD they approv'd of my *Pacifick Electuary*, I do not know what Terms of *Phyſical Communion* I might have admitted them to, but now the Breach is ſo widen'd by their Jealouſy of my Practice, that I cannot, with any Honour, fall back into my old Method: Nay, if I ſhould but mention ſo much as an *Healing Syrup*, a *Vulnerary Decoction*, or *Fomentation* of *Emollient Herbs*, I might be in danger of looſing the Preheminence of the Stage. I muſt not conceal one

Diverting

Diverting Inſtance of my Management, with reſpect to the *Galeniſts:* Finding my ſelf upon the point of looſing their good Opinion, and reſolving to gratify my Paſſion, I contriv'd, by the help of ſome *Paracelſians*, with whom I had contracted an Intimacy, to looſen the Pins of two or three of their Stages in the Night, and gave *Harry* his Kue to expoſe them in his *Circumforaneous Oration*, as *Separatiſts* from the *Primitive Practice* of the Stage. *Harry* Signaliz'd himſelf upon this Occaſion, and having artfully mix'd ſome of the Furnace-Breed with the Rabble, fir'd them to ſuch a Degree, that they crowded in great Numbers about the *Galenical* Stage, and in their violent Motions overſet it.

THEIR Rage being pacify'd with a few Bone-fires and hard Names, all things return'd to their former Courſe. It was a difficult Taſk, I aſſure you, for me to put on a ſuitable Diſguiſe in that Conjuncture: I had been noted, for ſome time, as a *Revolter* from the *Galenical Practice*. My Privity to this Outrage was acknowledg'd on all Hands, if not Encouragement; and how to Ingratiate my ſelf with the *Galenical* Doctors, was the Point. Well —— Depending upon Study'd Looks and a Riggling Behaviour, I begg'd them to give me a Meeting. I accoſted them with all the Social Airs, and Terms of Endearment; and having, in a true *Galenical* Cant, aſſur'd them of my deep Reſentment of the ill Uſage ſhown them, I added, *As I was a Brother of the Stage, tho' ſuſpected for a Revolter from my firſt Method of Practice, yet I could not ſhake off my Regards and Sympathy for the Fellow-Labourers*

in that way; and offer'd to make them ample Reparation for the Damages ſuſtain'd, out of a Collection I propos'd to raiſe.

THE Chief of theſe *Galeniſts* was a Man of Penetration, and looking ſtedfaſtly on me, told me, *Thoſe wry Faces and moiſt Eyes might once have paſs'd for Symptoms of Remorſe and Compaſſion; but that I had gain'd ſuch an Habit of Whining alate, that I could out-do any Knave in a Three-Corner'd Cap.* And ſo quitted me abruptly.

THIS, you muſt imagine, has ſowred me in a great Meaſure, and made me give way to ſome ſevere Invectives againſt the *Galeniſts*, but I never yet could be prevail'd on to publiſh a Bill in Favour of the *Paracelſians*, tho' I keep generally to their Formula's and Preſcriptions.

HARRY knowing of what Authority ſo Great a Practitioner's Judgment as mine would be in the Debate, upon theſe different Methods of Practice, makes my Couſin *Poplin* ſollicit me inceſſantly for an open Proteſt againſt the *Galenical* Method, but I keep my ſelf upon the Reſerve, and attend how the Majority are inclin'd; for Numbers ſhall always weigh with me againſt my Reaſon.

The High-German Doctor. N°. 14.

From Tueſday, June 15. *to* Friday, June 18. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THO' my Phyſical Talents are chiefly exercis'd on the Conſtitutions of People, and finding out proper Specificks for every *Symptom* which ariſes in the *Microcoſm*; yet I find my ſelf and Operators loaded with freſh Calumnies, and the *Regular Phyſicians*, whom I, in the Name and Behalf of all the Empiricks of the Stage, declare a very Diſſatisfy'd Race, are conſtantly Propagating a Belief amongſt my unſettled Patients, how improbable it is, that one who never paſs'd a Courſe of *Anatomy*, could be capable of accounting for the Operation of his Phyſick upon ſuch and ſuch determinate Parts of the Body, and wonder at my Aſſurance in Preſcribing without Controul.

FREQUENT Diſſections of Human Bodies, ſay they, *contribute largely to our Knowledge of each Minute Part of the Structure, and directs us to make proper Applications. The Vitals may be attack'd in different Shapes and Diſguiſes, and unleſs a Practitioner knows the Seat and Nature of the Offenſive Matter, and traces it thro' all its Receſſes and Windings*

ings, he muſt commit many Fatal Errors in his Diſpenſations.

HARRY, who mixes ſometimes with this malignant Tribe, hearing the Credit of the Stage affected by theſe Inſinuations, came to me, the other Day, fluſh'd with Complaints, telling me, This Popular Rumour might have ſome unlucky Conſequences, and beg'd me, for our Honour and Dignity, to erect an Anatomical Theatre, and go ſome Regular Courſes, meerly for Show and Pageantry, and tho' they brought no Profit to the Stage, yet they might ſerve as a Counter-Project to thoſe who valued themſelves ſo much upon their Penetration, and Knowledge of the diſtemper'd Parts.

SUCH a Propoſal from *Gambol* muſt fill your Imaginations with the ſame merry Sentiments I entertain'd: I who had been well acquainted with the Capacity of the Man from his firſt Entrance into my Service, that knew his ſeveral Gradations of Skill, from the Agility of a Tumbler to that of a Surgeon extraordinary, could not imagine the Tendency of his Motion, but having recollected how often I had paid for many of his Natural Diſſections, could not but think he was Propoſing to bring a Set of Good-Natur'd Creatures into my Family, and that I ſhould have the Charge of Maintaining them, and he only have the Trouble of keeping his *Inſtruments* clean for *Inciſion*.

HOWEVER, to carry on the Solemnity of the Banter, I told him, 'The Project was very happy, 'and all the Inconvenience I found in it, was, That 'I ſhould be oblig'd to load my Stage with freſh 'Numbers,

'Numbers, and leſſen the reſpective Profits of it, by 'a large Salary to the *Anatomical Operators.*

I was ſatisfy'd I had pinn'd him faſt down on the Score of his own Inſufficiency, and thought the Project would have ended in Ridicule, as he generally carries off the moſt ſerious Things with a Wanton Air.

BUT the *Young Varlet*, with a true *Stage-Impudence*, turn'd ſhort upon me, telling me, 'He thought 'himſelf equal to the Work that he had often been '*Intus & in Cute*, and tho' moſt of the Bodies which 'had fallen under his Diſſection hitherto had been 'prepar'd to his Hand, yet he did not queſtion his 'own Ability of going thro' the whole Courſe, from 'the *Scarf-Skin* to the moſt remote *Viſcera*, without 'Direction.

WELL, Harry, ſays I, *upon the Confidence you ſeem poſſeſs'd with, ſuppoſe I ſhould permit you to mangle the Dead as well as the Living, the Courſe muſt be carry'd on very privately; you are ſenſible that moſt of the* Galeniſts *are Men of* Great Sagacity, Clean Operators; *know every Minute Gland in the whole Body: Let us preſume you ſhould call an* Artery *a* Muſcle, *a* Cartilage *a* Nerve, *and Swear the Vital Parts are ſound, when they are under the moſt loathſome Contagion, have you Dexterity enough to clear your ſelf of theſe Miſtakes, or turn the Tables upon your Adverſaries in the Methanical Part?*

HARRY, at theſe Conſcious Queries, diſcover'd an unpleaſant Emotion; and with a contracted Brow, told me, *I ought to have known long before, that none of my Retinue wanted that precious Gift of Aſſurance:*

ſurance: That he built his Confidence chiefly upon the Run of my Succeſs: That People had been almoſt Laugh'd out of the Proper Names and Signification of Things: That a Man might be cry'd down as a Quack, or a Stage Impoſtor, by ſome jealous People, but for all that, he could Obſerve, a PRETENDER *was no Invidious Name, and he had found ſo many inclinable to be Impos'd on, with their full Senſes about them, that he ſhould not deſpair. Let me ſuppoſe, in my turn,* ſays he, *That I give any Part an improper Term, I can Swear the envious* Galeniſts *have ſo alter'd the Propriety of Anatomical Terms within theſe Few Years, that they are the very Reverſe of what is meant; and if I ſhould be Charg'd with pronouncing a Liver Sound, that is full of Stains and Specks, I can aver, it's only* Luſus Naturæ, *and that ſhe delights in ſuch Frolickſome Impreſſions. —— This, you know, will be kindly receiv'd from my Mouth, becauſe every one is prepar'd to hear an Arch Thing from me upon the Profoundeſt Debates.*

BUT there is one thing yet remains, my Friend *Harry,* I reply'd, *which I fear will be an Unmaſterable Difficulty, and that is Reading a Lecture upon the Uſes and Aptitudes of each Part. The Oeconomy of the Body, I preſume, you deſign to Explain by the Regimen of your own;* but that I fear will give little ſatisfaction to moſt Conſtitutions.

HARRY, impatient of hearing ſo many Difficulties ſtarted, conjur'd me to be ſilent, and acquieſce in his Management, That he would undertake, with the Aſſiſtance of *Smut*, to go thro' the Courſe with Reputation

Reputation to himſelf, and Reſcue my Stage from the Scandal of *Inſufficiency*.

YOU will believe, without Conſtraint, the *Solicitude* of the Town, to hear *Gambol* explain thoſe Parts of the Body he was never acquainted with. He had no ſooner taken his *Diſſecting-Knife* in his Hand, but, after his Irregular Way, cuts out a great lump of Fleſh, and holds it up to the Spectators.

I was in ſufficient pain for my Stage, when I found him ſet out in ſuch a Bungling Method, and mangle the Body. But *Harry* no ways Diſpirited at the broad Laugh of the Crowd, began thus,

'THIS, Moſt Learned Auditors, is a *Muſcle*: '——— Here he paus'd a while. —— This *Muſcle* 'is one of the pleaſanteſt *Shell-Fleſh* —— 'S Death 'and Torments, *ſays I, treading on his Toe*, What are 'you doing? You are explaining the Parts of Human 'Body, and whilſt you talk of *Fleſh*, you are in the 'ſame Breath Commending *Shell-Fiſh*. Is the Devil in 'you to make ſuch an Onſet! I'Gad I'll e'en quit the 'Stage, and leave you to the Mercy of the *Galeniſts*: 'They will pull my Paper-Building about my Ears, 'for putting a Knife in ſuch a Madman's Hands. 'Sure they cannot ſwallow ſuch palpable Abſur-'dities.

SMUT ſtepp'd in to ſuccour him, and recover his Miſtake: *Harry* kept his Temper to an Exactneſs, which I fooliſhly imputed to a Thunder-ſtroke: And after I had ſweated by the Quart for him, he ſteps forth, with a Well-Govern'd Mein, and acquaints the Spectators, There was ſo great an agreement of Qualities between a *Muſcle* of the Body, and

and that of the *Shell-Fiſh*, ſo call'd, that he wondred how ſo ſtrong a Laugh could be rais'd upon ſo Phyſical a Diſcovery. That it might ſeem a little Myſterious to ſome People, but he had unqueſtionable Authority from Doctor *Hermodactyl*'s Figurative way of Talking.

CONFOUNDED at the *freſh Impudence* of my new Operator, and Transferring his Miſtake upon me, I was upon the Point of ſtriking him out of the Liſt of my Attendants, when *Smut*, with equal Front, pull'd me by the Sleeve, and told me, *There was no manner of Exception to what* Gambol *ſaid, if it had been taken even in a Literal Senſe, for he had often told the People, in his* Weekly-Bills, *That* Fleſh *was* Fiſh; and hop'd, in time, he ſhould be able to Graft as Abſurd a Principle upon them as Tranſubſtantiation.

The High-German Doctor. N° 15.

From Friday, June 18. *to* Tuesday, June 22. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Had promis'd my ſelf ſo much Diverſion at ſpare Minutes from *Harry's* Anatomical Courſes, that I am heartily ſorry the Thread of them ſhould be broken off, by an *Incident*, which has adminiſtred ſufficient Sport to the *Regular Phyſicians*, and remotely affects the Honour and Dignity of my Stage.

MEN of Publick Characters ought to be very Circumſpect in their Choice of Dependants, have either a long Intercourſe with their Manners or ſufficient Hoſtage for their Parts and Integrity, before they advance to a full Confidence with them, much more an Eminent Practitioner, who is ſo converſant about ſo Delicate an Affair as *Health*, leaſt he Derives a Blemiſh upon himſelf from the Miſtake of his Inferiours.

THE Neglect of theſe Precautions has brought many Difficulties upon my ſelf, thro' the whole Courſe of my Practice; But one more particularly late, by Confiding too much in the Honeſty of *Atty Brogue*, from whom indeed I never propos'd much better Conſequences, the beſt Lineaments of his Face being Marks of *Confirm'd Impudence*, the reſt of his Features

Features work'd up with the ſtrongeſt Colourings of a Jayl Complection.

I that always indulg'd his Habits of Tricking, and allow'd him to prevaricate with all Mankind but my ſelf, never imagin'd he would have turn'd my own Weapons againſt me, eſpecially conſidering, that by ſome Gainful Perquiſites I conniv'd at, he has ariv'd to ſomething of a Clumſey Figure, and from a Menial Servant of mine, is become a Companion for Gentlemen.

YOU muſt underſtand, that a Set of as Honeſt and Fair Practitioners as my ſelf, ſome time ſince, erected a Diſpenſary for the *Weſt-Indies*, in Imitation of that founded by the *College*, propoſing to make a Conſiderable Intereſt of the Phyſick we ſent abroad, always reſerving a Fund at Home to buy in Drugs.

THIS I am ſenſible has been ever deem'd an *Imaginary Project* by the *Regular Phyſicians*, and look'd upon as a downright Bite, there being no place fix'd, as they ſay, for the Vending them, and the People no ways diſpos'd to take any Medicines from our Hands; and whenever any New Hypotheſis is diſcuſs'd amongſt them, and found to have but ſhallow Reaſons to ſupport it, they Cry out, in a Sneer, *The Notion is prettily dreſs'd up, and may anſwer full as well as* Hermodactyl's *Weſt-India* Diſpenſary.

NONE of theſe dry Inſinuations go to my Heart, being ſatisfy'd they Reſult from Envy and Jealouſy, that my Reputation in Phyſick enlarges it ſelf Daily, and ſpreads even to the *Indies*, where their Names can never expect to find an honourable Mention.

BUT ſetting aſide theſe Invidious Remarks on ſo

uſeful

uſeful a Project: *Atty Brogue*, who has the Superintendency of all the Medicinal Cheſts and Drugs which are ſent thither, had form'd a moſt wicked and ſelfiſh Deſign, to fill moſt of the Cheſts with diſtinct Packets of his own; and accordingly tamper'd with the Supra-Cargo to go Joint Sharers in the Profit and the Roguery.

THE Man having a blunt Honeſty in him, natural to Salt-Water Complections, reaſon'd with *Atty* upon the Odiouſneſs of the Crime, and what an indelible Stain ſo great a Violation of Truſt would leave upon his Character.

ATTY ſeemingly ſurpriz'd at the Tar's unfaſhionable Squeemiſhneſs, told him, *That his Reluctance could be no more than a Feint.*—— *I would not give a* Doit, ſays he, *for a Fellow that has not a true Steel'd* Buccaneer's *Conſcience. I am my ſelf a* Land-Pyrate, *and ſo we are all, to a Man, in this* Diſpenſary *Project: And depend upon it, a Draught of* Aurum Potabile *will Chear thy Heart, and Correct all the Qualms that ariſe from a Puny Breach of Truſt.*

THE Tar no ways mov'd by *Atty*'s ſordid Perſwaſions, rejected the Offer. *Atty* ſtifling his Reſentment at that Inſtant, took his Opportunity to repreſent this honeſt Fellow to the Projectors, as not qualify'd for the Truſt; gets him turn'd out, and ſends over for a Truſty *Fingallian* to ſubſtitute in his Place.

IN the mean Time, *Atty* ſuſpecting the Conſequences of ſuch a bold Step, contrives to withdraw his Packets out of the Cheſts; and to ſkreen himſelf from

from further Enquiries, parts with his Share in the *Diſpenſary*.

THE Relation he bears to me, gives me a Senſibility of the Fact beyond Expreſſion. How natural is it, upon this Occaſion, for the *Regular Phyſicians* to double their Clamours againſt my Stage, and to break Jeſts with all their Patients who are concern'd in the Project? *What leſs could be expected*, ſays one the other Day, *from ſuch a* Projecting Quack, *ſuch a* Tumbler, *ſuch* Fidlers, Buffoons, *and* Andrews, *but firſt to pick the Pockets of all their Spectators, and then pick one another's?*

THIS Project was a Creature ſo entirely my own, I firſt giving Life to it, Nouriſhing and Rearing it up to this Perfection, thro' all the Obſtacles which have been thrown in its Way; and bearing thro' all the manifeſt Contradictions the Succeſs of it lay expos'd to, that if it ſhould miſcarry at laſt, I am afraid my Stage will ſoon tumble after it.

I am very much at a loſs how to act upon this Occaſion: If I countenance him after this Breach, my Enemies will think I am in the Secret: If I abandon him, he muſt ſtarve: But he has ſo much uſeful Knavery, that I cannot, without ſome nameleſs Inconveniencies, throw him up.

Reſolv'd, notwithſtanding this, and many other Scars in his Credit, to retain him in my Service to buy in Foreign Drugs; but I have had ſome Thoughts of ſhortening his Places and Perquiſites, to give the World a Colour of my Reſentment, and yet leave him a Subſiſtance.

HE bears ſo many Characters under me, that I cannot

cannot eaſily recollect them; let me ſee, he is, in the firſt Place, *Intendant* of my *Weſt-India* Diſpenſary, *Broker* for *Foreign Drugs*, *Accomptant General* of my Stage; and after he has done the Drudgery of the Day, in theſe ſeveral Capacities, he carries my Cloak.

I have, in Conſideration of his other important Services, diſpens'd with his Wearing a Shoulder-Knot, and other Badges of Servitude, for which he is thankful; but whenever he is malapert, I ſnub him with —— *Sirrah, to Cloak.*

THESE Rebukes, you muſt think, were a little painful to him at firſt, but being always retain'd in the Character of a *Setting-Dog* to the Stages he has ſerv'd in, this Uſage is familiariz'd to his Conſtitution.

I am under no Apprehenſion of his quitting my Service, and going over to any Rival Stages of the Town, he being ſo noted a *Renegade*, that no Signs of Contrition for his frequent Revolts will make a ſuitable Attonement.

I ſhould be glad to hear the wicked Dog's Apology for this laſt Fraudulent Action, pleaſing my ſelf with the Glorious Effrontery he will exert upon that Occaſion.

I flatter my ſelf, I am pretty ſecure from being brought in as an Acceſſary to the Guilt, having train'd up all my Followers to a certain *Continence of Tongue*, that I could almoſt perſwade my ſelf they would run the very Length of *Tyburn*, rather than betray ſo Generous a Maſter.

The

The High-German Doctor. N° 16.

From Tuesday, June 22. *to* Friday, June 25. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

ATTY Brogue being fallen from his Station of *Intendant* of the *West-India Dispensary*, I am under no small Perplexities, how to supply the Loss, or fill it with equal Advantage to the Character it bore under his happy Administration.

I have Crowds of Candidates Daily Solliciting for the Vacancy, who boast of being well vers'd in *Arithmetick* and *Book-Keeping*, and pretend they are qualify'd (a few Errors excepted) to bring up an Account, and make it answer to the Satisfaction of all Persons concern'd in the most extensive Project.

I pity the shallow Reach of such People, who are making vast Interest to prove themselves Foolishly Significant, and expose their small Stock of Knowledge to Contempt.

IF Accounts were the chief Things to be consider'd, or was it a bare Concern of Profit and Loss, I could be supply'd at my own Door, several of my *Zanies* and *Tumblers* being sufficiently qualify'd for Figures, most of them for *Noughts*.

BUT as this is of a very different Nature from

all other Projects, ſo it requires a Perſon of very peculiar Talents to manage up to the Height of our Deſign. In the Vulgar Commerce of Life every thing comes under proper Calculations, and may be adjuſted, even to a Demonſtration, by an indifferent Hand. But, in this Phyſical Traffick of ours, there are ſome things ſo Chimerical, and out of the Common Way of Dealing, that the moſt Mechanical Head, with all it's Train of Certainties, would be wretchedly confounded. An heedleſs Volubility of Tongue, and artful Evading an Account, is of more uſe to our *Diſpenſary Project* than a *Numerical Table*. We ſubſiſting chiefly upon Paradoxes, are compell'd to employ People who can make *Contradictions* paſs for *Self-evident Truths:* Having founded our *Diſpenſary* for Two Years, and promis'd an *Intereſt* upon the *Prime Coſt* of our Medicines, *Atty*'s Province was to perſwade all People concern'd, That the unemploy'd Stock of Drugs brought in more Profit to the *Stage Corporation* than if they had been diſpens'd: When we had given out a Report, That ſeveral Ware-Houſes have been taken up Abroad to ſecure our Cheſts of Medicines from the Inclemency of the Weather; and the *Regular Phyſicians* have cry'd out in *Nubibus*, Atty *has run over Forty Places, which he has coin'd out of his own Imagination*; and ſwore he had given Earneſt.

THERE are ſo many Qualifications requiſite to *Atty*'s Station, that the Man who poſſeſſes all of them may be the Boaſt of an whole Century: He muſt have the *Servile Cringe* of a *Foot-Man:* The Baſeneſs of a Fellow meanly Educated, who does not apprehend

apprehend when he is handſomely ſneer'd, he muſt anſwer all Objections without Premeditation, and grant or deny at Random; he muſt be often put to a Stand, without the Grace of Bluſhing: He muſt plunge boldly thro' all Difficulties, take all his Maſter's Blunders upon himſelf, and, in fine, have all the cloſe Pores of a Bailiff's Conſcience.

I never propos'd much Advantage to my ſelf by this Proj ct, only, as I imagin'd, it might give me ſomething of an *Eclat* amongſt the *Illiterate*, and gratify'd my Vanity in Drawing in ſo many Perſons who had been concern'd with the *Regular Phyſicians*, which was no ſmall Triumph to me, after I had been reputed a *Quack* and a *Bankrupt*.

SOMETIMES to try the Pulſe of the Audience, I have occaſionally order'd *Smut* or *Atty* to tell them, *This* Weſt-India Diſpenſary *had not only clear'd it ſelf, but likewiſe all the Incidental Charges of the Stage, before a ſingle* Cheſt *of* Medicines *had been Ship'd off*. I own I have been in ſome Pain about the Event of ſuch bold Declarations, but finding People's Digeſtion good, I have left my Agents to their diſcretion.

One Article which keeps this Popular Story in Countenance, is, That ſome *Practitioners*, who were concern'd in the Stage before I hir'd it, had taken up ſeveral Drugs upon Credit, and I finding it a proper Opportunity of Ingratiating my ſelf, under Colour of Paying the Perſons who had ſupply'd the Stage, propos'd to erect this *Diſpenſary:* After I had broach'd this moſt equitable and ſurprizing Expedient, ſome grew clamorous, and contended that the *Bill*

of

of Medicines, furniſh'd to the Uſe of the Stage, might be clear'd at one Payment, but I having the Purſe, over-rul'd theſe Demands, being reſolv'd to ſet the Stage clear after my own Way, to which they were all forc'd to ſubmit.

SOME, I hear, are conſtantly terrifying the Sharers in this Project with Jealouſies, That the Drugs and Phyſical Packets are no ways proportion'd to the Climate, or Conſtitutions of the Perſons we ſend them to, they making uſe of what they call the *Catholick Pill*, upon the leaſt Diſorder, and laying a Streſs upon it, even to a Degree of Superſtition. For my own part, if I muſt be plain, I have, for ſome Time, had ſo ſlender an Opinion of our Project, that I contrive to throw in ſome plauſible Obſtructions in the Way, being apprehenſive that the Medicinal Cheſts may be look'd upon as Prohibited Goods, and the Cargo Confiſcated, which I ſhall anſwer with a very ill Grace to my Partners.

THERE are a Set of People who give into Surprizes, and are always wond'ring how I maintain this *Diſpenſary Project*, how I pay off the *Druggiſts* Yearly for what they bring in, and the Arrears of Phyſick due from the *Old Stage*. That ſhould be a Secret by right, if I was under any Suſpicion, that the Publication of it could do me a Prejudice, but finding the Vulgar ſo governable, let the *Regular Phyſicians* improve it after their own Way.

I ſupport all the preſent and paſt *Exigencies* of this Project out of the Current Profits of the Stage, Tax-

ing every Packet I deliver out ſo much extraordinary: There are ſome inquiſitive Knaves ſo curious to Examine each Single Packet, and concluding by the Smell, and Taſte, and Effects, that the ſame Numerical Ingredients are in theſe as the Former, Repine at paying a double Rate, and Charge me with Exaction.

WHEN I find the Bite a little too open, I Lump my Packets, mixing thoſe for *Gripes*, *Conſumptions*, *Hectick*s, and *Radicated Diſtempers*, all together, and putting different Eſtimates upon them, they paſs Glibly with the Crowd: The Application of theſe Profits reſts in me, and what with throwing in a Packet extraordinary ſometimes, or returning part of the Money to ſome of the moſt inquiſitive of the *Cenſors*, who gave it me, I ſit pretty eaſy under the Clamours of the Diſguſted.

SOME are ſo envious as to inſinuate, That whilſt People lay under *Chronical Diſtempers*, and were oblig'd to go thro' ſevere and *Regular Courſes* of Phyſick, they paid no Dearer for the Medicines than they have ſince their Conſtitutions, as they are told, are in a manner reſtor'd.

BUT how eaſy is it to ſatisfy theſe Complaints, and divert their Thoughts with Stories of *Radicated Diſtempers*, and the Effects of Former Poiſon which is not throughly Purg'd off, and that an *Antidote* is always more Coſtly than the *Venemous Drug*.

THUS are we forc'd to play off the *Impertinence* of

of ſome buſy Patients, and, by Conjuring up New Symptoms, perſwade them they are never well; beſides, when Fanciful People grow weary of their old *Phyſicians* and apply to a new one, that *Practitioner* knows little of *Phyſick-Craft*, who does not make a *Property* both of the Body and Purſe of ſuch Patients.

BUT to return to my *Foreign Diſpenſary*: I was a long time in Diſpute with my ſelf what Title to give it: I once thought it ſhould go under the Name of the *Japan Diſpenſary*, but then I conſider'd ſome Teſty People might think the Voyage ſo tedious and remote as never to find their Account in the Returns, tho' upon ſecond Thoughts, it would have anſwer'd my Purpoſe more effectually, by keeping the Sharers ſo long in Suſpence, till I had ſerv'd my ſelf of the Project.

BUT moſt People's Imaginations being warm'd with the Hopes of Poſſeſſing what is neareſt their reach, I narrow'd the Diſtance by ſome Leagues, and conſented to give in the Name of the *Weſt India Diſpenſary*. Some *Wags*, I am ſenſible, call it, in Ridicule, the *Mine Adventure*, and, to be ſincere, I was once a thinking to give it that Name, as promiſing vaſt Returns from ſo big a Sound, joyn'd to the Scituation of the Places where we ſend our Medicines: But I Congratulate my ſelf upon my Caution, that I did not throw ſo Obvious a Banter in the Regulars Way, that Project ha-

ving been ſo diſtinguiſh'd in the World, and, I'Gad, 'tis Ten to One but ſome of my Loving Friends, might have taken this of the Diſpenſary to be much of the ſame Stamp.

IT is the Fate of moſt Projectors to Miſcarry in the firſt Enterprize, and their Succeſſors to reap the Advantage they have ſtudiouſly labour'd after, but I may value my ſelf ſo far, that if this Project fails in my Hands, no Man will have Courage to take it up after me, or build his Fortune upon my Ruins.

The High-German Doctor. N° 17.

From Friday, June 25. *to* Tueſday, June 29. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Have ſuffer'd ſo much in my Reputation alate, by permitting ſome Mercenary Fellows to cry up my Practice beyond a Poſſibility of being Credited, that I am reſolv'd to contract my ſelf for the future into a narrower Space, and publiſh in my own Name, and for my private Uſe. All thoſe ſtretch'd Characters of my Worth ſerving only to render me ſplendidly Ridiculous, and Reflecting no ſmall Diſhonour upon me by their Grounding all they ſay or write upon the Authority of my Stage.

I had ſo full a Confidence in my Operators, and thought we had been ſo well agreed in our Methods of Practice, that my Diſpenſations in Phyſick, and their Operations in Chymiſtry and Surgery, might have been carry'd on to anſwer the Fancies of our Patients, and ſecure at leaſt a plauſible Character to our Performances.

BUT *Harry* affecting a Supremacy in the Stage, and ſquaring all his Projects by a ſtrong Current of Fancy, has, it ſeems, for ſome Time paſt, hir'd a Couple of Mercenary deep-mouth'd Hounds, with

Black Saſhes, to run about Weekly, and cry up our great Art and Myſtery of *Corn-Cutting:* One pretends he is employ'd by Dr. *Hermodactyl* to *examine* the Poſition of the *Corn:* The Other, a more ſtupid and unintelligible Hireling, *admoniſhes* them never to apply to any *Regular Practitioner*, but to truſt to our *Inciſions* and *Plaiſter*.

SUCH bold Declarations as theſe, iſſued without much Reaſon to ſupport them, and coming from Hands not much celebrated for *Diſſections*, could not promiſe an uninterrupted Succeſs: And, indeed, the Event has been anſwerable to ſuch wiſe Undertakings: For the Company of *Barber-Surgeons*, whoſe Province it is to examine all Diſaſters both in Head and Feet, have enter'd their Proteſt againſt theſe Vagabonds Proceedings; and if diſcover'd, it's poſſible may be put to the *Swediſh* Torture appointed for Vagrants in Black. It will ſcarce be credited in After-Ages, what Swarms have been allur'd by their ſtrong Lungs and confident Bills, to ſubmit to their Operations; and might have reign'd in the Opinions of Fanciful People to this Day, if they had not cut them to the *Quick*.

THIS forward Behaviour of theſe Pretenders could never have been warranted, but only by a Suppoſition, *That the affected Part was entirely* Dead *and* Callous; or, *That the Patients were ſo well prepar'd as not to ſqueak upon the moſt violent Operation*; but not having entirely loſt their Senſation, they begin to be apprehenſive of the Smart.

THESE unthinking Wretches, I am perſwaded, could

could never have forfeited their precarious Credit with the World ſo early, if they had not, upon their Patients Complaint, order'd them to wear *Wooden Shooes*, in Order to eaſe their Corns.

YET the cunning Varlets had even a good impudent Fetch for them, under all their Agonies; and roundly told them, *That* Engliſh Leather *might draw down the Humour*; and ſo order'd them to clap on a Bandage of Wood to keep the Excreſcencies from Enlarging.

THESE Directions, I am ſatisfy'd, were never learn'd from an *Engliſh* Surgery; but *Harry's Itinerant Practitioners* finding how eaſy ſome of their *French* Patients are in their Feet under ſuch Limitations, thought fit to introduce the ſame *Practice* here.

THE People of our Climate, who have always valued themſelves upon the Liberty of their Feet, could not, one would think, but perceive ſo vile a Difference; but Dr. *Bungey* having blinded their Eyes, they could not diſcover the Deformity of the lower Parts whilſt the Suffuſion was upon their Eyes.

IF we may ſuppoſe a Notion of Thrift could come in Competition with the Eaſe and Tranquility of a Perſon's Conſtitution, one ſhould be tempted to think that the heavy Tax upon Leather might lead ſome People into an Opinion of the wholeſome Uſe of *Wooden Shoes*.

BUT this Suppoſition falls to the Ground, when we conſider that moſt of theſe thoughtleſs Animals were ſo ſcar'd with the Apprehenſion of *Wooden*

Shooes in Eighty Eight, when no Tax was laid, and they were barely pinch'd, that they frankly offer'd up all their Wealth to the Great Preſident *William*, to be freed from them.

FOR my own Part, I thought the *Spaniſh* Leather might have been more generally receiv'd, upon the Account of its Softneſs and other Advantages; but my Enemies of the Stage think there is a *French* Lining under it.

THIS I recommend only to Perſons in private, for it is not ſuppos'd that ſo Great a *Practitioner*, who is chiefly concern'd in the Vital Part of the Conſtitution, ſhould ſtoop ſo low as to buſy himſelf with the Extremities of the Body.

BUT as there is no Action of the Stage, how remote ſoever, but affects my Character, ſo I have been frequently giving into a Bluſh, to ſee ſome of my Stage Retinue flouriſh their Bills, and hear them Roaring out in broken *Engliſh*, *Here's your new Operators, that can Cut to a Hair's Length.* —— *How many have been loſt by the* Quacks *and* Pretenders *of the former Age?* Then give a Caper to ſhew their Art and Agility, *Good People, leave your ſelves to our Care, and Doctor* Gambol's *Direction, and, depend upon it, we'll make you tread firm.*

THIS they deliver in ſo comical a Manner, and with ſuch Arch Geſtures, that the Audience are conſtrain'd to Laugh, tho' they are in Pain, and almoſt Crippl'd with their Operations.

I did not imagine *Buffoonery* could have been of that Service to an *Operator*, till *Harry* convinc'd me of the Neceſſity of it, in the Perſons of his *Tools*, who

who never enter upon a great Debate without a Laugh. *This*, they tell you, *diverts People's Senſes from Dwelling upon the Pain, and makes them believe they are in leſs Danger, becauſe you Jeſt with their Conſtitutions.*

I was never an Enemy to Archneſs in my own way of *Practice*; but then mine is a dry Wit, illuſtrated with good Significant Nods and Shrugs, but not ſo Comprehenſive as that which is attended with Motion. The Vivacity of the Operator glares in the Eyes of the Patient, and buſies his Senſes ſo much, that the Operation is perform'd before he is aware.

THERE muſt certainly be ſomething in it, elſe how could People ſit down eaſy under ſuch frequent Manglings, and Drawing Plaiſters? I pretend to know ſomething of the Ability of theſe *Corn-Cutting Slaves*, and am pretty well acquainted with all their choice Secrets in *Surgery*: And I aver, they do nothing but ſcarify the Part Affected with a *French* Razor: And at other times torture it with a Plaiſter of *Burgundy-Pitch*. Theſe, you'll ſay, are but indifferent Regalements to one who has any Senſe of Feeling left; yet by their Dexterity of *Motion*, and a *Corinthian* Order of *Countenance*, they have bully'd and ſneer'd all the Weak People into an Opinion of their *Practice*, and crippled half the Nation.

NOW, for the Safety of theſe worthy Operators, it is *Hermodactyl*'s humble Opinion, That inſtead of Maiming a Toe, they ſhould, by ſome clean Amputation, diſable their Patients from Standing, for if ever they get upon their Legs, and tread firm once

more, it's very poſſible theſe worſhipful Artiſts may be crippled in their turn, and put out of a Capacity of Riſing.

I hope none of theſe Dext'rous Gentlemen can be offended with me for leaving them entirely to their own Worth, and drawing off in Time from the Suſpicion of being concern'd in theſe Manual Operations. I am told, by ſome of my Dear Friends, That I have enough to anſwer for in my *Phyſical Capacity*, that for two Summers running, many have dropp'd thro' my Means, beſides ſome other Diſpatches laid to my Charge, which I am very tender of Recapitulating, or Aggravating my own Miſtakes, by the Patronage of others.

The

The High-German Doctor. N° 18.

From Tuesday, June 29. *to* Friday, July 2. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THE frequent Clashes between *Harry Gambol* and me, being, in the Opinion of the Generality, work'd up to a compleat Breach, have, in a great Measure, alarum'd even the Attendants of my own Stage, who are very sollicitous to know if there is any Truth in the Rumour, and if so, how they must govern themselves in this Juncture, and what they must trust to.

IF you, Doctor, say they, *quit the Stage, and* Harry *succeeds you in the principal Station, we are apprehensive of his Introducing strange Customs amongst us, that he'll pay our Salaries worse than you do, and, perhaps, may set the Stage on Fire in one of his gay Frolicks.*

I could not refrain Smiling to see how successfully the Plot work'd, which *Harry* and I had laid in Concert. Not long since, I perceiv'd a visible Decay in my Practice, which I attributed to that strict Correspondence there was reported to be betwixt *Harry* and me. He was always look'd upon very violent and bloody in his *Operations*, which with a Ruffling Air in all his Addresses to his Patients,

ents, leſſen'd him extreamly in the Opinion of the ſober Part of Mankind. This Intimacy had like to have involv'd me in the ſame Scandal, which I endeavour'd to clear my ſelf of, by Affecting a Coolneſs and Diſtance: During this affected Separation, I complain'd to ſome of the chief Operators, of his inſupportable Carriage, his wild Experiments, and his Ignorance of the Conſtitutions he took under his Care, and ſhow'd my Publick Diſlike of his *Manual Operations*; ſome People, it's true, wonder'd I did not turn him off, but I told them, Our *Stage* was ſo unhappily Circumſtantiated, that every one had his proper Patients as well as the Doctor.

THIS Project has anſwer'd our Expectation beyond Meaſure, and enlarg'd the Credit of the Stage. Several, by this means, who were going off to the *Regular Phyſicians* for Advice, having ſtopp'd in hopes of being treated with Care and Temper under *my Regulation*, whilſt *Harry* ſtill retains all his *High Sanguine* Patients to a Man.

I pleaſe my ſelf often with the divided Opinions of Patients, concerning our Phyſical Adminiſtration; to hear us two concern'd in the Secret, and agreeing in the Preparation, ſo differently Characteriz'd, gives one ſufficient Sport. *I had ſtill an Opinion of* Hermodactyl's *Phyſick*, ſays one, *it works ſomewhat Roughly at firſt, but goes off Clean, and carries off the Noxious Humours with it: But as to* Gambol's *Operations and Phyſick, they are too Violent for a Horſe: Who, in his right Senſes, would take a Doſe from the Hands of ſuch a Madman?*

SOME

SOME Perſons of good Penetration have been ſo deceiv'd with my ſolemn Decrying of *Gambol's Operation* and *Practice*, that they have alter'd their Notion of my Medicines, and could be perſwaded to take Phyſick at my Hands, as ſoon as from any *Regular Phyſician's*, and think I have abandon'd that *Spruce Quack*.

BUT there is a nearer Conjunction than the World imagines: His Intereſt and mine are too cloſe link'd, to think of a Separation: All the little Diſputes which ariſe are but ſo many *Artful Quarrels*, and bearing a near Reſemblance with the *Sweetnings* and *Sourings* made uſe of in ſome of the *Lower Faculties* of Life.

WE divide our Practice between *Acids* and *Alkali's*: *Harry* is a Bigot to *Acids*, and when he has tortur'd a Conſtitution with his damn'd Corroſive of a Vinegar-Bottle, I am no ſooner call'd in, but I ſhake my Head, as Diſallowing the former Method, and pretend to correct all the four Steams with my *Alkali's*.

WE ſerve our ſelves more effectually by theſe ſeeming Diſſenſions than we could by the cloſeſt Agreement; our Enemies flattering themſelves, that the Stage muſt fall by ſuch Inteſtine Jars, are leſs vigorous in Forwarding our Diſſolution by any violent Meaſures of their own.

HARRY being of an impetuous Nature, takes all the deſperate Caſes under his Care, and being perſwaded the Stage is ſo well eſtabliſh'd, that he ſhall never be queſtion'd for his Random Practice, makes fatal Experiment Daily upon his Patients.

I that have an Eye to Security, hope, by Comporting my ſelf indifferently, and not tying my ſelf down to any fix'd Method of Practice, as it has been my Cuſtom alate, to retrieve my Character ſo far with ſome Patients I formerly abandon'd, as to preſerve my Tenure of the Stage, even tho' the *Galenical Method* of Practice ſhould become faſhionable; but if that fails, the Method concerted between me and *Gambol* will anſwer my Ends as fully.

I wiſh I could keep *Harry* in a little better *Decorum*, as to the Talkative Part. He lies ſo open to every one in his Practice, and diſguiſes it ſo little, that he renders his *Phyſick* Nauſeous, and gives the Patient ſick Qualms before it is adminiſtred.

THEN he is Talking of *Cauſticks*, and deep *Inciſions*, which terrifie all tender Conſtitutions; ſo that our Practice will be narrow'd in that Branch.

NAY, ſometimes he is ſo *Arbitrary* and *Idle* in his Notions, that he contends for having but one ſort of Phyſick diſpens'd in all Caſes, and to force it down a Patient's Throat, if he diſreliſhes it. Then cloſes the Practice of the Day, with a Page or two out of a large Folio of *Hereditary Right*, and after that *ad Purgandos Renes*.

I propoſe to wait ſome Time to ſee what good Effects this *dodging Practice* will produce to our *Stage*; if I find Operations lazy on *Harry*'s Side, I'll e'en think of making *Intereſt* with the *Cenſors* of the *College* to be a *Licentiate*, which would be

no difficult Matter to obtain, if they were perſwaded, I would never relapſe into *Quackery*.

I think I am ſo well fortify'd againſt *Harry*'s Clamours, that he cannot charge me with any conſiderable Errors in Practice, except what I was forc'd upon when I firſt Mounted the *Stage*, and I flatter my ſelf there will be ſome allowances made for them.

IF *Harry* ſhould be Whimſical, and fancy I am all this time working his Violent Medicines out of Credit, by my Gentle and Moderate Doſes, and endeavour to ſupplant me amongſt his High Sanguine Complection'd Patients, it cannot long remain a Secret, and the Minute I hear of it, I'll diſmiſs him from his *Stage* Attendance.

I have often heard, that ſome *Scaramouches* of *Harry*'s Acquaintance ſhould, in a Threatning Manner, dare me to the Experiment, but I ſhall let them know, that as I brought *Harry* from another *Stage*, and entred him in mine, ſo he is an abſolute Dependent upon me, and that I can part with him at Pleaſure, whatever Imaginary Skill the *Furnace Breed* may think him poſſeſs'd of, or how neceſſary ſoever they may fancy him to me.

THE only Difficulty would be, how to evade the Importunity of the Fair Sex in his behalf: The young Dog boaſts of a Stubborn Intereſt with them, which can never be Rooted out; if it ſhould be known I was really determin'd to part with him, I ſhould be told, in very free Terms,

Terms, *that he was the* Standing Grace *of my* Stage, *and muſt be kept.*

I hear by ſome, that if an Attempt of that Nature ſhould be made, my *Couſin Poplin* would interpoſe with a great Patient of mine to keep him in. I would have my Couſin pretty tender upon that Head, for fear of adding freſh Beauties to her late Honour, and leſt People ſhould be apt to think his Chine is the moſt Ornamental Part of his Character, and ſhe Slighted my Phyſick to ſee an Operation of *Gambol*'s.

The High-German Doctor. N° 19.

From Friday, July 2. *to* Tueſday, July 6. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Have been ſo much perplex'd alate with the little Brigues of the Stage, that I could not ſtretch into the remote Branches of my Art; or give that Satisfaction to the Curious which the firſt Publication of my Bills promis'd. The narrow Province of Phyſick, tho' of the greateſt Importance to Conſtitutions, not anſwering the reſpective Demands of my *Whimſical Patients*, I am oblig'd to exert my ſelf in another Way, and convince the World of my Diffuſive Knowledge.

AS all *Practitioners* of the ſublime and myſterious kind, have peculiar Badges, by which they diſtinguiſh themſelves from the Vulgar, ſome by their Globes, others by their Teleſcopes, a Third by their *Jacob's-Staff*, ſo I have founded a Reputation by my *Divining-Wand*, which I always carry about me.

WHEN the common Methods of Practice fail, and People are at a ſtand, in order to carry them beyond their Comprehenſion, I have conſtant Recourſe to this *Wand*; I firſt wave it in the Air, that ſurpriſes them, the Surpriſe makes a ſtrange Concuſſion in the

the Spirits; and when I find the Diſorder ſtrong upon the Imagination, I charge them to beware of all Pretenders in Phyſick, whilſt I top the Pretender on them in my own Perſon at pleaſure.

THIS Inſtrument, you muſt underſtand, is of great Authority amongſt People of all Ranks, they being poſſeſs'd that ſome extraordinary Gift or Faculty is lodg'd in the Perſon who bears it: Beſides that, it being reported to have a Power of Diſcovering hidden Treaſures, the Generality Idolize it as a Charm.

I need not run back into Antiquity to inform you that *Mercury*, the greateſt Thief amongſt the Mock-Deities, had this *Wand* aſſign'd him, as one of the Signatures of his Office.

THE *Regular Practitioners*, who by the force of Reaſon, and entering into the Merits of each Preſcription of mine, diſcover frequent Errors, and by reproachful Inferences would fix a Blemiſh upon my Practice, and leſſen the Authority of my Skill in that particular Way, find themſelves wretchedly Defeated when I bring forth my *Wand*, and flouriſh it upon the Stage.

THIS binds the moſt Clamorous to Reſt, tames the many Headed Monſter, and opens a Paſſage to all Hearts and Affections, with the ſame Succeſs as the *Golden Rod* of *Æneas*'s Guide did to all the obſcure Meanders below.

THE Miracles I have perform'd by this *Wand* might ſurpaſs your Belief, if the Living Witneſſes did not concur to the Truth of it, and convince the Enemies of my Stage, how much a blind Superſtition

to

to a *Caduceus*, in the Hands of an Artiſt, deck'd out with the empty Title of *Moſt Noble Doctor*, has ſilenc'd all the Eſteem for the Rational and Plain Preſcriptions of the Faculty.

BEFORE I enter'd upon this *Stage-Practice*, I duly weigh'd with my ſelf, how the Eyes might be allur'd to Advantage; the Ears brought to a Jingle; in fine, how all the Senſes might be warm'd, and the Affections gain'd; Argument and fine Reaſon I knew to be a Drudgery wholly uſeleſs in this Age; ſo few were to be forc'd out of the Beaten Track of Life, or perſwaded to quit the lazy Mode of Thinking, that I reſolv'd upon a Flouriſh, as the only Expedient for Eſtabliſhing my Credit.

HENCE proceeded this Swarm of *Andrews*, *Tumblers*, *Stage-Sweepers*, and *Zanies*, which I have plac'd in the Front of my Stage, to ſtare People out of Countenance, or at leaſt divert their Thoughts from Attending the Courſe of my Diſpenſations, whilſt I have been vigilant in the Rear with my *Wand* to ſilence any Clamours which have been rais'd againſt their Practice, or Feats of Activity.

THE *Speculative Gender*, I know, acknowledge the Authority of this *Wand*, but queſtion the Vertue of it, therefore I never expect to convert them, I addreſs my ſelf to the honeſt *Unthinking* Majority: Thoſe who have been under the Enchantment can ſpeak loudly in its Praiſe. It is to thoſe who have good Opinion of Charms that I apply my ſelf at preſent,

preſent, Magical Operations never working ſo happily upon any but thoſe who have reſign'd themſelves up implicitely to the *Operator*.

Fear not, Mortals, none ſhall harm ye,

With my Sacred Rod, *&c.*

WHERE the Sons of Art are ſo much divided, Phyſick canton'd into various Opinions, and every well-dreſs'd Story is brought to the Teſt, it's poſſible the Vertues of my *Wand* may be diſputed; upon that Score it will be expected from the Rivals of my Stage, that I ſhould give an Account how I came by this *Magical Wand*, and deſcant on the Effects of it.

I ſhould be under ſome Reſtraints in Communicating this part of the Story to the World, if I was not fully convinc'd that a Secret gain'd from inconſiderable Hands, ſeconded with a proſperous Run, takes Place of the moſt artful Preſcription of all the *Regulars* about Town.

THIS *Wand* was given me by an Old Lady, who knew little of the Virtue of it: Only recommended with this Character: That I might find my Account in it, and the Profit would depend entirely upon my Dexterity in Managing the Flouriſh. When it was deliver'd to me, you will judge I was very Awkward in my Flouriſhes, and fail'd mightily in the Propriety of Geſture, till at laſt I found a ſlovenly Behaviour

Behaviour wore by degrees into the Negligent, and I was allow'd to perform my Evolutions of the *Wand* to all the Exactneſs of a train'd Conjurer.

BUT not to detain you longer in Suſpence, will you give Credit to the Atchievements of my *Wand?* I am forc'd to beſpeak your Candour, becauſe all extraordinary Occurrences in Practice are look'd upon as Legends by Sceptical People. This not only diſcovers hidden Treaſure, but works ſtrongly upon the Imaginations of the People, and is Gifted with all the Powers of Conjuration. The firſt Day it was put into my Hand, I found out all my Enemies by its *Divining Power*, and being naturally fond of making Experiments, I had no ſooner flouriſh'd it, but all the Enemies of my Stage fled beyond the Reach of its Influence, which encourag'd me to proceed further in the Exerciſe of it.

AFTER that, a Body of *Regular Phyſicians* ſtanding in my Way, and I Fearing to be interrupted by them, laid my *WAND* over their Heads in a Menacing Air and diſpers'd them on a ſudden: This I really believe was more owing to their Fears at that Time, than to the Virtue of the *Wand.*

THERE was an Houſe ſaid to be Haunted with terrible Spirits and *Hobgoblins*, I put my ſelf under the ſame Roof to try if they were of the miſchievous Kind, I could not reſt either by Day or Night: I at laſt conſulted my Familiar, and ſtretching my *Wand* over them, diſſolv'd that wicked Confederacy.

MY

MY Deceased Brother *Winstanly*, with all his Mechanical Operations, never made such *Changes* and *Revolutions* in his House at *Littlebury*, as I have in my Family, by Virtue of my *Divining Wand*.

IT would almost surpass your Belief to tell you the several Transformations I have made by the Vertue of it: I have turn'd *Lions* into *Sheep*; bow'd the greatest Spirits into the Nature of *Asses*, only by Laying my *Wand* upon them, tipp'd with a proper Metal.

I mount a Dozen of *Wizards* at a Time upon my *Wand*, and let them run a Heat in the Air: I transported one Dr. *John* many Leagues off in a Night's Time, by Laying this *Wand* upon him, and Repeating a few unintelligible Words in the Nature of a Charm. This Instrument has an Influence not only over Living but Inanimate Bodies: It works powerfully in the Transmutation of Metals, and has often made *Tin* pass for *Gold* amongst your shallow Sighted People, to the great Support of my *Stage*. By this *Wand* I have cast Mists before People's Eyes, that they have not been able to distinguish Friend from Foe, and made them quarrel in the Dark, so far as to divide their *Interests*.

NAY, I have enchanted my Patients to such a Degree, that they have believ'd their Purses fuller by Draining, and made them pay for the same Packets Four Times over, and they not discover the *Bite*.

SOME have been so weak to imagine tha

I was inclin'd to part with ſo profitable an Article as this *Divining Wand*, and four or five have been ſaid to make Overtures to me for the Purchaſe of it, but let that paſs amongſt the Vulgar Errors which have been ſpread to the leſſening my Credit: If I had not been fully ſenſible of the many Advantages accruing to my *Stage* by the Poſſeſſion of it, I ſhould not have hazarded my Peace and Tranquility in the Purſuit of it: And if I am not miſtaken I have Graſp'd it ſo firm, that my Enemies will be forc'd to tear my Fleſh in the Struggle, before they wrench it out of my Hand.

The

The High-German Doctor. N°. 20.

From Tuesday, July 6. *to* Friday, July 9. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THE Fanciful Young Gentleman, I mention'd to you some time since, under the Tuition of *Le Grand Petit*, who is troubl'd with such a violent Diforder of the *Animal Spirits*, as to imagine himself a *Prince*, an *Heroe*, and sometime a *Knight* of the *Warming-Pan*, at the Change of the *Moon*, has, it seems, lately broke loose from his Confinement at the Country Seat he was Lodg'd at for recovery of his Health, and strowls about the Sea-Port Towns, with a Shatter'd Crew of Mercenary Fellows he has tempted to joyn in his Desperate Fortunes.

THE Fits, which before were only *Periodical* and invaded him at certain Seasons, are now becom *Habitual*, and he takes upon himself the *Stile* an *Title* of *Sovereignty*, with such a *Confirm'd Assuranc* as if he was perswaded of the Truth of what h Personates.

IT has always been my Advice to *Le Gra Petit*, to abridge him of any Means of keeping this *Pageantry*, and reduce him to a low Diet, order to Correct the extravagant Fumes which

apt to fly into his Head. This he has faithfully promis'd to put in Execution; but I fear he supplies him, under hand, with Money, and a Retinue, to make this *Mock-Procession*, and feed his Imagination with Images of Royalty he has no pretence to.

THIS I am sure lies upon him to perform, both for his own sake and his Pupil's at this Juncture, least he be taken up for a Madman, and committed to some House of Correction, for *disturbing the Peace*, and likewise for *mine*, least I am Censur'd for these Excursions of his, before I am capable of applying a proper Remedy.

TO deal with a *Lunatick*, and an *Opiniatre* at the same time, is an *Unequal Province:* I had, it's true all the Security of *Bona Fide*, *Le Grand Petit* has been accustom'd to, that he should be entirely under my Care and Direction, but I find, too late, that *Roselle*, the *French* Surgeon, interferes with my *Practice*, and thinks it more expedient for this Young Fellow's Case, *to run at large*, than be put under *Restrictions for a Time*.

THE Case being so Unprecedented, and I hazarding the Credit of my whole Stage for his Recovery, it must certainly fix a Scar upon my Reputation, that I don't put him under a more *Regular Course*, for whatever ill Symptoms appear about him, yet I having undertaken the Cure, all the Mistakes will lie at my Door.

I am satisfy'd now, that all the *wholesome Prescriptions*, and *study'd Advice* will never work this *Frenzy* out of his Brain, it must e'en be left to a

proper Criſis, and the Subtle Air of the Climate, to make a Cure.

BUT amidſt my concern for this *Diſtreſſed Patient*, I cannot forbear entertaining my ſelf, at leiſure Hours, with the Extravagant Airs of People in his Condition: Sure there is a Pleaſure in Madneſs, that mitigates either the Contempt, or Irkſome-Pity, that Men in their Sober Senſes, expreſs for ſuch Unhappy Creatures.

THEIR Notions, tho' *Whimſical*, are purſu'd with that Vigour and Induſtry, as if they were of the Laſt Importance, which muſt certainly be fed with a Conceit, *that they are in the Right*. Theſe I take to be owing to ſtrong Impulſes upon the Brain, convey'd by the *Two Grand Impoſtors of Life*, either *Prieſt* or *Nurſe*.

WITHOUT this it had been impoſſible for a Young Fellow, *who never had any Subſiſtence but upon Courteſy*, to cheriſh thoſe falſe Idea's of Grandeur, or to work up his Imagination to a ſettl'd belief *of his having a Right to be any thing more than the humble Son of a* Tyler.

I dare not offer this to him by way of Advice, he being under ſuch *Incurable Prejudices* from Education, that he would think *I had deviated from my promiſes of* Reſtoring him to Health, if I ſhould ſuggeſt a Thought of this Nature; ſo I am oblig'd to keep upon the Reſerve, and ſuffer him to Indulge the Fancy.

I never thought theſe *Rants* would have extended beyond a Private Chamber, or prompted him to run a Muck, after the *Indian Manner*, in ſo Pub-

lick

lick a Riot; but my Accounts from Foreign Parts confirm me, That he is Aiming at ſomething by this *Parade*, that ſuch a ſuſpected Practitioner as my ſelf ought to conceal.

BUT ſince he has been unſeaſonably merry with himſelf, I ſhall, after my Laudable Mixture of Jeſt and Earneſt, divert the World with his Extravagancies, his Mock-Grandeur, Equipage, Arms, and other Embeliſhments of Royalty, which I hope will acquit me, if the *Regular Phyſicians* don't take it in their Head, That I have, by Rich Cordials, increas'd this Warmth of Fancy, inſtead of Abating the Flame.

THE Young Gentleman alate, it ſeems, has ſet up the Face of a *Wandring Court*, has appointed Two *Diſmal Fellows* in *Black*, with Shorn-Heads, and a String of Beads about their Necks, in the Nature of Running Footmen, to March in Front, and Proclaim his Title, under the Name of *Prince Prettyman*, tho' his Territory is no larger at preſent than one of our Kings of *Brentford*.

HIS *Regalia*, which he wears upon Solemn Days, are ſome of the Merryeſt Ornaments in Nature, and exactly proportion'd to the Frenzy: His *Crown* is a *Warming-Pan Bottom*, in Alluſion to *Mambrino*'s *Helmet* in the *Knight* of *La Mancha*, or, perhaps, in Reverence to the firſt Cradle he was rock'd in: His *Scepter* is pretty near the Shape of an Old *Roman Rod*, which the *Lictors* carry'd about to terrify the People: His *Globe* is in Imitation of *Pandora*'s *Box*, with

Ten Thouſand more Plagues than that contain'd: The Arms he aſſumes upon this *Mock-Royalty* are *Four Quarterings*; in the firſt is *Phalaris's-Bull*; in another, a *Wheel*, with a *Poor Martyr* lying upon it, and a *Prieſt* Increaſing his Torments with *Holy Paſte:* In the third, a Beautiful Lady, with an Air of Freedom in her Countenance, ſhackled; and her lovely Skin deform'd with the Links of the Chain: In the Fourth, a Parcel of LEWD FRIARS Parcelling out *Lands* and *Tenements:* In an *Angel* of the Coat a *Bloody Hand*, to ſhow he is a Knight of *St. Wenifred*, or ſomething elſe; and the *Creſt* a *Flower-de-luce* above all.

THESE are merry Devices, you'll ſay; but yet the Men of Charity ſay, *He is not abſolutely to be blam'd for his Wildneſs:* They all agree he was very Temperate for *Nine Years*, till a Fellow in Black, as mad as himſelf, living near *St. Andrews*, gave out, That he had, in a Viſion, ſeen his full Title to theſe Honours he aſſumes, which to a poor Bigot was equal to Inſpiration, and ſet him a *Crown-Hunting*.

BEFORE that Time, I am inform'd, the Height of his Ambition was Coming in with the Dogs at the Death of a *Fox*, or Running about with a *White Feather* and a *Blue Ribbon*, to give an Air to his *Fillemot Complexion*, which ſome *Wags* thought ſhould have been turn'd into *Leading-Strings*.

I own I wiſh the Young *Quixot* well, upon the Score of that Intimacy betwixt *Le Grand Peit* and my ſelf, but am not capable of Affording any Relief

at

at preſent; if I ſhould attempt to preſcribe for him, the *College* would inſtantly take the *Alarum*, and, perhaps, fall foul of my Stage for Meddling with Diſeaſes of the Head, which, they ſay, I have confounded too much already.

IF I can *Trim dexterouſly* in my Practice between a private *Zeal* for his Intereſt, and an affected Regard to the Conſtitution, I ſhall think I have made a narrow Eſcape from Cenſure.

I once thought I had the *Cenſors* pretty ſecure from Enquiries, but I find their *Zeal Animated* by a ſenſe of the Calamities the Conſtitutions of People lie under, from ſome of my *Hedge Operators*, and, perhaps, mix'd with a ſpice of Jealouſy, That I never take a *Ten Shilling Fee*, but am generally paid in *French* or *Spaniſh* Piſtoles.

The

The High-German Doctor. N° 21.

From Friday, July 9. *to* Tuesday, July 13. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THO' *Phyſick*, and *Divination* by *Wand*, are the Two Illuſtrious Branches of my Art, by which I Recommend my ſelf to the World, and gain Ground Daily upon the *Regular Phyſicians*, yet I cannot give up ſo valuable an Article of Profit, as that which comes in by the Weakneſs and Credulity of People, who are willing to ſee the *Book of Fate* open'd, and view the ſeveral Chances of Life allotted them.

THIS being duly weigh'd, together with a Complaiſance I naturally have for all Whimſical People, makes me Indulge them in their wanton Enquiries, relating to Friends, Marriages, Dreams, Places of Reſidence, Health, Sickneſs, Love, or Buſineſs, with many more of the like Nature, which fall within the Rules of *Aſtrology*.

I being ſo great a Proficient in *Metopoſcopy*, and *Chiromancy*, which conſiſts in a perfect Knowledge of the ſeveral Lines of the Face and Hands, and forming a Judgment of the Good and bad Events of Life from their Aſpects; and being likewiſe well acquainted with that Miſterious Doctrine of *Moles*,

Moles, and their different Positions, no Signature of the Body can escape my wonderful Penetration.

This, joyn'd to a Sublime Knowledge of the Planetary World, and Influences of the Stars upon Humane Body, has made me the Compleatest *Fortune-Teller* of this Age, and enabl'd me to Calculate Nativities to the greatest Exactness.

The constant Alarms given the World alate by the Young Knight of the *Warming Pan*, who has been so disorder'd in his Head, and so ungovernable in his Fits, that no Sober Person could be at Rest in the Neighbourhood for him, has whetted a Curiosity in me to renew my Acquaintance with an Art I had, in a manner, Abandon'd.

Some Persons, I know, will think it too great an Honour done him, to Enquire into his Birth; but the Figure he makes Abroad, and the Opinion he has led People into of his Princely Extraction, may make the Calculation an Entertainment worthy o. the Curious.

And since some have given so far into the Frenzy, as to believe him Born for something extraordinary, and that those Royal Airs become him, I have been the more exact in my Observations, and pointing out his Destiny, from the Infallible Rules of Art.

In order to this I have not only consider'd the *Predominant Planets* of his *Geniture*, but have likewise carefully examin'd the several Lines of his Hand, and finding so just an Agreement between them, I can the more boldly determine upon him.

In

THIS Young Lunatick, it ſeems, was Born the 10*th of* June, *Old-Stile*, Anno Dom. 1688, *at* 10 *in the Morning*, 10 *Min. in a Convent of the* Jacobin *Friyars*; *the Pole elevated* 51 *Deg.* 30 *Min.*

SATURN is Lord of the *Horoſcope*, in which *Geniture Saturn* falleth in the *Seventh Houſe* of *Aries*: *Jupiter* in the *Ninth* in the beginning of *Gemini*: The *Sun* in the *Tenth* in *Cancer*, and in Conjunction with *Mercury*, who is *Retrogade*, and in *Square* of *Saturn*: *Mars* in *Virgo* poſſeſſeth the *Twelfth Houſe*: The *Moon* in *Scorpio*, the *Second Houſe*; *Venus* being Retrogade to *Leo*.

AMONGST all the *Planets* and *Signs* concerned in the Birth of a Perſon, I never obſerv'd any leſs Benevolent, or more meanly Dignify'd; and as the *Poſiture* is the moſt Dejected, ſo I found all the *Lineaments* of his Hand Unfortunate.

SATURN afflicting the reſt of the *Luminaries* with a Malignant Aſpect, and from a *Violent Sign*, denotes *great Doubts and Fears, and ſtudy'd Concealments* at his Birth: That very few were to be Preſent, and thoſe Blinded with Intereſt or Zeal, and in pain leſt the *Illegitimacy* ſhould be Detected, whereof the troubled Character upon the *Region* of *Saturn* is an *undoubted Argument*.

SATURN falling in the *Seventh Houſe* in *Aries*, confirms his *Illegitimacy* by ſheltering him in that Houſe of the *Zodiack* propitious to Foundlings.

JUPITER in the *Ninth Houſe*, in the beginning of *Gemini*, denotes the *Pomp of a Regal Geniture*, in order to Countenance the Birth, but attended with ſuch Circumſtances as give juſt Suſpi-

cions

cions of his being a *Suppoſititious Child*, and the Surviving One of the Two Children which were prepar'd upon that Occaſion.

THE *Sun* in the *Tenth Houſe* in *Cancer*, and in Conjunction with *Mercury*, who is *Retrogade*, and in ſquare of *Saturn*, denotes a *Cruel Heart*, with *Sharp Claws*, very *Ravenous*, and of a *Plundering Diſpoſition*, *Averſe* to *Humanity*, and all *Principles* of *Moderation*; tainted likewiſe with ſuch a Spirit of *Bigottry*, as to force tender Conſciences wherever he is concern'd.

MARS in *Virgo*, poſſeſſing the *Twelfth Houſe*, has a terrible Aſpect, Denoting *Rapes*, and Laying waſte the Honour of ſpotleſs Virgins, and giving them up to the Licentious Paſſions of a Foot-Soldier, or a Dragoon.

THE *Moon* in *Scorpio*, in the *ſecond Houſe*, *Venus* being Retrogade to *Leo*, denotes a *Revengeful Mother*, big with *Italian* Malice, and *French* Faith, Stinging and Tormenting all that oppoſe her: Prefaging likewiſe, That all the Principles of *Good Nature* in the Young Lunatick will be ſwallow'd up in Brutal Rage, in Oppoſition to the generous Courage of the Hero.

AS the *Planets* are not very favourable to his Nativity, ſo I cannot, without Betraying the Honour and Dignity of my Art, promiſe a much better Diſpoſition from the Signatures of his Hand.

BEFORE I deſcribe them, it is neceſſary the Curious ſhould know, That only thoſe Lines and Signatures of the Hand are eſteem'd Benevolent, in whoſe Tubercles, or Riſings, the accuſtomed Lines

are found to be equal, their Characters Fair and Proportionable; as three or four *Parallel Lines*, *Ladders*, *Little Branches*, *a Quadrangle*, *or the Character of* Jupiter: But the *Froward* and *Unfortunate* are thoſe whoſe *Riſings* are *Deform'd*, with *Troubled Lines*, and *Uncouth Figures*, as a *lame* and *interrupted Semi-Circle*, a *Grid-Iron*, or the Character of *Saturn*: And this muſt be Religiouſly obſerv'd in Forming a Judgment from the Lineaments of the Hand.

FIRST, his *Table* is very narrow, which portends Obſcurity of Life and Fortune.

HIS *Middle Line* Cutting in two, ſoon diſcontinuing, and of a pale Colour, denotes an Untimely End, and being Cut off in the Flower of his Age.

A Line Surrounding the Thumb in the Middle Joynt, clearly portends by what Inſtrument he ſhall Die, *viz.* a Nooſe.

THE *Vital Line* being broken towards the End thereof, by a *double Inciſure*, is very *Ominous*, and forebodes a *violent Death* in the 29th Year of his Age.

THE Line paſſing by the *Vital*, to the Concave of *Mars*, and there erecting a *Croſs*, with the Half Line of *Saturn*, betokens *Skirmiſhes*, and *Flight*. The Crooked Line aſcending from the Cavea of *Mars* to the Tubercle of *Saturn*, threatens *Impriſonment*, or at leaſt *Confinement* at a Vaſſal's Houſe in a few Months.

THE three Parallel Lines drawn from the Tubercle of the *Sun* to the *Vital*, promiſe him a Glimpſe of Honour from ſome *Courtiers* and *Prieſts*; but

but then the Interſection of theſe Lines, makes the Event Doubtful.

AS theſe Signatures point out his *Deſtiny*, ſo they likewiſe Denote the badneſs of his *Diſpoſition*.

THE *Saturnia* Deſcending by an unaccuſtom'd Part, plainly ſhows a *Corrupt Nature*.

THE *Thoral Line* Emitting ſmall Branches towards the *Ferient*, diſcover troubleſome Paſſions Raging in his Breaſt, as *Tyranny*, *Incontinence*, and *Breach of Faith*.

THE *Saturnine Particle* in the *Cavea* of *Mars*, portends *Fruitleſs Expeditions in War*, *Fooliſh Counſels*, and *Unfortunate Events*.

IN ſhort, there is nothing to be obſerv'd in his *Geniture* that diſpoſes to a Proſperous End.

The

The High-German Doctor. N° 22.

From Tuesday, July 13. *to* Friday, July 16. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Smile at the Impotent Malice of those *Obscure Physicians* who are continually Traducing my Character, and, notwithstanding the frequent Proofs I have given of my Ability, and Inviolable Attach to the Good of the Constitutions, allow me to be no better than a *Quack*, and *Mysterious Juggler*.

BUT I think my self sufficiently recompenc'd for all these hard Names, by the good Opinion and Confidence I have establish'd with the *College* and *Censors* of *Great Britain*, who have, upon certain Occasions, applauded my Practice, and conniv'd at it, when the Method has been a little Rash and Unwarrantable.

HOW they, whose Business it is to enquire carefully into the Constitutions of People, and rectify any Mistakes committed by an Unskilful Hand, have been brought to acknowledge a Practice so opposite to the *Rules of Art*, is somewhat Perplexing; but the Surprize will instantly wear off, when I tell you, That *most Doctors take Fees.*

I having the Chief Direction of the Stage, and consequently

consequently the Diſpoſal of the Profits, fail not to work upon the *Flexible Tempers*, in a way they have no Power to Reſiſt, Screening my ſelf thereby from many Vexatious Enquiries, and gaining, as it were a Sanction to my Practice.

YOU cannot imagine how powerfully this Notion works upon the Generality, for tho' my Enemies are conſtantly loading my Character with the Terms of *Quack*, and *Impoſtor*, yet having the Approbation of the *Cenſors* they think me a very Profound and Infallible Doctor.

IT would be a vain Attempt in a Rational Phyſician, to perſwade the Vulgar into a Belief of the Method I take to Compaſs the Approbation of the *College*; they would conclude it impoſſible that any Member could be ſo tamper'd with to deſtroy the Priviledges of his Faculty, or be in the Plot againſt his own Intereſt.

I glory in their Simplicity, and am glad they have not Penetration enough to diſcern our Intrigues, or know what Learned Doctors may be brought to comply with upon preſſing Occaſions, by the Charms of *Large Fees*.

BUT I lay not my Streſs entirely upon this *powerful Temptation:* There is a great deal of Fineneſs beſides, requir'd to keep up this Confidence and Approbation of my Practice: I apply to every Man ſingly, I feel his Pulſe to ſee what Temper he is in; whether it beats *High* or *Low*; examine whether he has Clean or Defil'd Hands; whether his Tongue is Swift or Slow; what Reputation he has in his Practice; whether a Popular Phyſician, or not: If

I like the Symptoms, I then preſcribe a large Draught of *Aurum Potabile*.

AS the moſt Learned Profeſſors are not always the Beſt Speakers, nor the Beſt Speakers the moſt Adroit Managers, ſo I take Care to ſize every Man's Talents to the Occaſion which offers, and diſtribute them accordingly into proper Claſſes.

I am oblig'd to pay that Deference to the *College* every Year, as to ſend them a Specimen of my *General Preparations*, with an Account how I apply them. As there are ſo many Phyſicians of different Taſtes and Judgments, ſo it cannot be expected that the Pureſt Drugs, or moſt Succeſsful Practice, ſhould paſs uncenſur'd, eſpecially ſince the Diviſion between the *Signetur* and *Non-Signetur Men* runs ſo high. I am ſure to be roaſted by the *Non-Signetur Men*; their Taſte is plaguy Nice, and their Eyes ſo Piercing, that they ſoon diſcover a Flaw.

THEY are People, you muſt know, who ſet up for fine Reaſoning; and, to ſpeak the Truth, that is one of the moſt diſagreeable Faults they are Guilty of, they go roundly to work with my Preparations, *analyſe* them carefully, examine whether the Ingredients are Pure in their kind, whether they were Diſpens'd in Proportion, and how Apply'd, and then Deſcant upon each Miſtake they find in ſuch a Severe and Rational manner as would make any one but my ſelf apprehenſive of Danger.

AMONGST theſe *Euphemius*, one of the Ce-

ſou

ſors, always diſtinguiſhes himſelf: His Great Capacity, his Ready Apprehenſion, and Matchleſs Perſpicuity in Delivering himſelf, always engages the Attention of his very Enemies at the Board. Theſe, joyn'd to a Serenity, under all the Preſſures of Adverſe Fortune, and a ſteady Adherence to his Preſcriptions, when under the *Cenſure* of the *College*, have given him the Reputation of a Firmneſs of Soul not to be ſhaken: He always riſes with Warmth againſt all *Empirical Preparations*, and would carry this Point a great way in Reducing the Exceſſes of *Stage-Practice*, if I was not favour'd by a great Majority.

HE is always ſeconded by the Brave *Polemius*: The pecular Boldneſs of his Practice, ballanc'd by Judgment, and enrich'd with Variety of Learning, makes him heard at all Conſults with Veneration: Even *Bungey*, who was fortify'd by the *Prince* of *Darkneſs*, trembled under the Power of his Tongue, when arraign'd for ill Practice: His ſevere Invectives againſt the Corruptions of the Stage, I fear may reach me ſome time; theſe I have endeavour'd to obviate, by Placing a very ſtrong Temptation in his Way, which he, by a very unfaſhionable Integrity, has rejected.

WHEN theſe, and ſome other of the Able *Practitioners*, have laviſh'd their Reaſon and Spirits, then appears the Artful Management on my Behalf: My *Doctors*, who are in the Secret, take no Notice of their Charges againſt the Stage, or the Preparations; that would be a Waſte of Time, and, perhaps, open a new Scene of Miſ-

takes,

takes, which might be aggravated by Endeavouring to palliate them, but, with a true Unconcernedneſs fall upon different Topicks, Diverting the Thoughts with ſomething very Foreign; or when that's too great a Fatigue, put it to the Vote, *That my Medicines are faithfully prepar'd, and duly adminiſter'd.*

THIS Method is very expeditious, and puts the Brain upon leſs Attention, and has more Variety in it: I firſt brought this Mode of Talking into Debates, to ward off Coming to direct Anſwers, which, with a little Improvement, might ſerve as an Introduction to the Art of *Croſs Purpoſes.*

WE have ſome other uncommon Airs in our Management; when I make a Stage Speech which I am ſure will fall into the Hands of the *College*, I have peculiar *Idioms*, and *Dreſſes*, or *Language*, that no Doctor can be ſure he is in the Secret of my Intention, always Crowding a Monoſyllable into it, which *Bungey* has made ſo much uſe of, ſome call it the CHURCH.

THIS Charm carries off a great deal of poliſh'd Nonſenſe, and makes two unintelligible Periods read well after it, whilſt in order to gain the greater Indulgence to me above all other *Quacks*, I never fail Larding a Paragraph with the Prerogative of our Stage above all other Stages of the Town, which blinds the Ignorant, and keeps them even from a Thought of Violating the ſmalleſt Trappings of it.

THESE Words were contriv'd to be play'd off

Occa-

Occaſionally, whenever any Jealouſies affected my Practice, or I found my ſelf ſinking in the Eſteem of my Patients, but the Diſcovery of *Atty Brogue*'s Fraudulent Dealings, and the Clamours of Three or Four *Spaniſh Patients* againſt the *Operation* of my Phyſick, have made it neceſſary to call in thoſe Terms of Speech a little unſeaſonably.

I am ſatisfy'd, too great a Familiarity with them will ſoon wear them out of eſteem; the *Scaramouches* which crowded about my *Stage* will be the laſt with whom theſe Words will looſe their Modern Significations, which are ſo many Watch-Words for Oppreſſion and Plunder.

I could not imagine the Defection of the Members of the *College* from my Intereſt would have been ſo great. This laſt Struggle look'd ſomewhat Ominous; I did by no means like their Murmurs at going out of the Conſultation Chamber. Talking of *Atty Brogue*'s Knaviſh Practice, one of the *Cenſors* gave a broad Hint at my being deeply concern'd in the Myſtery, *Now we have caught the* Pilot Fiſh, ſays he, *a little more Patience and Induſtry would have brought the great* Shark *to light.*

The

The High-German Doctor. N° 23.

From Tueſday, July 16. *to* Friday, July 20. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

AN *Officer* of *Diſtinction*, whom I ſent, ſome Time ſince, to the *Spaw* for the Recovery of his Health, having contracted a New Diſtemper in his Abſence, is coming over to exchange that *Mineral* for ſome *Medicinal Waters* of our own.

MY Opinion has been had already upon the Caſe, and I have allow'd him to drink them under a proper Regimen: The Seaſon ſeems very propitious to my Patient, and, in all Probability, he might recover without the Aſſiſtance of ſo Great a Phyſician; but it is not for the Credit of my Practice, that he ſhould be reſtor'd without my having an Hand in the Preſcription.

I know, the *Regular Phyſicians* who were concern'd with him before, are full of Reſentment and Clamour at the Inſolence of my Practice, for having ſent him *Beyond-Sea* without any manner of Reaſon, and Ordering ſuch *Improper Phyſick*. All this I attribute to a Concern for his being taken

out of their Hands, which is very natural upon ſuch a Diſappointment.

I ſhall not contend with them about the *Efficacy* of the *Spaw* in his Caſe: The Change of Air was what I chiefly aim'd at: Their Tampering with his Diſtemper at Home gave me frequent Uneaſineſs, and I was reſolv'd to call it by any Name, to get an Opportunity of ſending him Abroad.

THE Anxiety of Spirit, *created by ſuch Inhuman Treatment*, ſay they, *has thrown him into this New Diſtemper:* By which Reaſoning, they not only expoſe my Fraud in Sending him Over, but faſten a Charge upon me of Haſtening his End.

IT is with Indignation, ſays one of the *Regular Phyſicians*, the other Day, *that I ſee a Man reduc'd to this Unhappy Circumſtance by Ill Management: That it could ever enter into the Head of the moſt Daring Quack to give ſuch a wrong Turn to an Harmleſs Inoffenſive Caſe! That one ſo Clear in his Intellects, Free from* Virtigo's, Giddineſs, *or any Exceſſes of Fancy, Happy in a conſtant Equality of Temper, with Regular Pulſations, and Sound Vitals, ſhould ever be thought to have a Defective Heart, or a Diſtemper'd Brain.*

THE Reſentment, continues he, *Ariſing from a Conſciouſneſs of his being Clear in his Head, and ſo Unphyſically treated, has prey'd upon his Spirits to ſuch a Degree, as to break the Texture of his Blood, ſo that the Serous Part cannot unite with the Globules thereof, and occaſions this Quick Secretion.*

THUS

THUS they account for it in a Rational Way, and all the *Regular Practitioners*, to a Man, believe them; but, alaſs, it's loſt upon my People: My Patients are not to be reach'd by this way of Stating the Caſe, nay, ſome will tell you they have reſign'd moſt of their Senſes: *Bungey* has clos'd their Eyes; I have given them a Sleeping Draught; my *Corn-Cutters* have par'd them to the Quick, with very little Emotion from the Patient; the Half Dozen Blacks I keep in Stage-Pay deafen them with the wonderful Succeſſes of our Practice, and the Regularity of Conſtitutions, to what they were ſome few Years ſince.

YOU muſt think it gives me a ſenſible Joy to ſee what a *Maſtery* I have over the *Regular Phyſicians* in the Eye of the World, and how they are ſpleen'd at their not being able to perſwade Mankind that I have taken this Officer's Caſe Wrong, and treated him accordingly.

I have an Hundred Ways of turning every thing they can offer in Behalf of him and themſelves, to Diſadvantage, my People being got in a Vein of Credulity.

I have enjoyn'd him during the Courſe great Regularity, and Privacy, not to entertain much Company, and what he does, at Seaſonable Hours, not to take the Advice of any other Phyſicians, or to be ſeen with any of the *Galenical Cenſors* of the *College*.

IF I find he tranſgreſſes any Preſcrib'd Rules I can give out by my Oracle *Smut*, That his Di[ſ]temper

temper was made uſe of only as a *Feint* to cover ſome other Intention: That the Fumes beginning to work violently: That Frequent Viſits from the *Regular Phyſicians*, and warm Conſults upon the Caſe, diſorder'd his Brain: That his Eyes glare, and he only waits an Opportunity of getting on Horſe-Back, and Riding over me and my Stage, when the Fit is ſtrong upon him.

THESE *Topicks* are artfully deſcanted upon, together with a ſtrong Cry of the Danger which threatens the Stage from his Breaking looſe, and the *Regular Phyſicians* ſeconding him with their Advice, ſtrike the Imaginations of thoſe who have let out their Senſes, tho' *Smut* has worn his Tale almoſt Thread-bare.

I have found my Account ſtrangely, in giving out, That the Brains of thoſe People are Diſtemper'd, who will not be govern'd by my Preſcriptions: This Imputation lowers them in the Opinion of Mankind: So that all the Relief they can expect is to be Pity'd and Neglected. By this laudable Method I have perſwaded the Vulgar to believe, That a *Junto* of *Regular Phyſicians* were, ſome Years ſince, going to Poyſon the Conſtitutions of the People, giving every Doſe of Phyſick in a Vehicle of *Juniper*, and after that to cut their own Throats.

YOU will think theſe Influences of mine upon my Patients a little Romantick, but I could let you into a greater Inſtance of Stupidity: I have, by the Mediation of *Smut*, told the People, that ſome of their Beſt Friends have been Infected with

with the Plague: The Plague, ſay they among themſelves, is Infectious, and we muſt not go near them: Theſe Credulous Wretches fall juſt into the Snare I deſign'd: It is not my Intereſt they ſhould go and be convinc'd of the Falſhood, and in that Interval I can Multiply what Blotches and Sores I pleaſe upon them which the Rabble of my Stage are ſure never to leſſen.

ONE Particular Inſtance of this kind I ſhall never forget, with regard to this Officer I have been ſpeaking of.

THIS Perſon had render'd himſelf ſomewhat Remarkable by Services, and being a Man of Note, I envied the *Regular Phyſicians* the Glory of ſuch a Patient, I knew I ſhould never have him by his own Conſent, ſo I contriv'd with one of my Operators to leſſen him in the Eſteem of my Patients.

FRUITFUL *Smut* was ready: *We muſt make him a little Lunatick in the Eyes of the World*, ſays he: By what Medium I could not apprehend: *Leave that to me*, ſays *Smut*.

HE accordingly in his next Weekly Bills gives out, as an Inſtance of his Frenzy, That this Officer carry'd a ſhort Staff in his Hand, which he continually Flouriſh'd about, and when any came peaceably to demand it, he gave them a Rap over the Pate, and Swore, *He would keep it for Life.*

THE Even Temper of this Officer, and Exemption from Heats, made it hard of Digeſtion

among

amongſt the Sober Part, but the Rabble being told, They were all to be knock'd down in their Turn, forgot the Eſteem they had for his Perſon, and Service, and joyn'd with *Smut* in the Cry.

THE other Proof was ſuch a round Brazen Story, that my Brother *Rablais* of *Fibbing Memory*, has not the like in his Memoirs of *Pantagruel*; and I was in Pain for my Friend *Smut* when he had work'd it off; which was, "That this Officer, when Abroad, had Stolen a Tun of Bread "from his Comrades, and kept Crumbing his Porridge with it till he burſt, and would not give "them a Cruſt. *Smut* had grafted the Story before any came over to diſprove him; and the Rabble allow'd this Officer to be a little Parſimonious in his Temper, till a Comrade of his Reading one of *Smut*'s Quack Bills, "D——n this "Weekly Lyar, ſays he, I had always more Bread "than I could Eat, if I had him in Place where, "the Dog ſhould ſmell Powder.

The

The High-German Doctor. N° 24.

From Tuesday, July 20. *to* Friday, July 23. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THE Interruption given to the Stage from some cross Accidents and Cases of Importance, has kept *Harry Gambol* from pursuing his Courses of *Anatomy*, but those being in a great Measure remov'd, and he being under no Apprehension from the *College* this Vacation, resolves to go on steadily with his Lectures and Operations.

I thought my Stage had been sufficiently loaded before, but I find *Harry* has, without my Privity, taken in a Servant extraordinary to prepare the Parts for Dissection, who, as I am inform'd handles a Knife just with the same Dexterity as the great Professor his Master.

YOU will pardon me, I am sure, for Playing you into a Conceit of the Man, before I show his Person; the Singularity of the Choice would be too great a Surprize upon your Imagination, if I should fall directly upon his Name, and tempt you to believe the Stage under the last Necessities when they retain such a wonderful Operator.

HE is just of *Harry*'s Size for Thought and Abilities,

Abilities, has juſt as much Knowledge of the Affair he is engag'd in, ſets off the few Terms of Art he has Curſorily pick'd up, with the ſame Oſtentation, and Happy in not being ſenſible of his Ignorance.

THE great Fortune he has in the World ſupports his Confidence, and lends him a Forwardneſs of Behaviour, which ſeconded by Rakiſh Airs defends him from a ſtrict Examination: Theſe joyn'd to the Lac'd Coat he wears upon particular Days, ſo dazzles the Eyes of the Vulgar, that he really paſſes with them for a Man of competent Skill in his Profeſſion; whilſt the Men of Remark tell you, He has all the Qualifications which belong to thoſe who always go with their Mouths wide open.

BUT to put an end to your Curioſity, I muſt acquaint you, that *Will Wildfire* is the Perſon who is taken into *Harry*'s Service, and his Approbation I know will go a great Way with you, in the Opinion of his Man's Capacity.

THESE ſubtle Knaves, it ſeems, have been improving their Talents upon the Bodies privately, and buſying themſelves in frequent Diſſections at a little *Anatomical* School they have ſet up at *Greenwich*.

THESE private Courſes, I ſuppoſe, were undertaken in order to give their Eyes the Satisfaction of Examining the Minuteſt Parts of the Structure in a naked View, and to make their Penetration ſtronger.

THOSE who are no Strangers to their Operations, tell me, Their Fancy has led them much alate to Female Diſſections; there is indeed not only a Curioſity to be ſerv'd in Criticizing on the

different Formations of Nature, but likewiſe uſeful Inſtructions gather'd from the various Textures of the Parts.

BUT I could never imagine that this hopeful Brace of Anatomiſts had been ſo Buſy about the Dead, when their Inclinations run ſo ſtrong for the Living, unleſs *Harry* deſigns for a *Man Midwife*, and *Will* for a *Dry Nurſe*.

I expect to hear a bleſſed Account of their Performances, Bodies mangled, Inſtruments broken, and Tables overſet in their mad way of Diſſecting, and many other pretty Exploits to the Immortal Credit of my Stage.

I hope they have been ſo prudent to convey the Bodies away after ſuch a Violation of the Parts, leaſt the Deformity of their Operation ſhould appear, and the Print of their Teeth in the Scarfe Skin.

BUT they, according to their laudable manner of bearing thro' all Miſtakes with a good Confident Grace, would not have been put much out of Order, if they had been ſurpriz'd in their Diſſections by the *Regular Anatomiſts*, or put up their Inſtruments.

THESE bold Operations confirm'd by Succeſs, will bring them ſhortly to be always Diſſecting; and, in Time, I ſuppoſe all other Buſineſs will be neglected for this new Branch of Art.

THERE was a nice Caſe relating to *Amputations* lodg'd in the Surgery the other Day, which requir'd immediate Diſpatch: I was impatient, becauſe all Miſtakes reflect a Diſhonour upon me,

as

as being Chief Director of the Stage: After I had tir'd my ſelf and Servants in Queſt of *Harry*, there was News brought me, That *He* and his Man *Wildfire* were gone a Body-Hunting to *Greenwich*.

SUCH Neglects as theſe go to my Soul, and Repetitions of this kind are dangerous. I not being eſteem'd the moſt Induſtrious in my Calling, and he a perfect Rattle, the ſeveral Branches of the Faculty are executed in a very ſlovenly manner, and the *Regular Phyſicians* fail not of giving a ridiculous Turn to our Stage-Oeconomy.

I am very temperate in my Expoſtulations with him upon this Head, but I find the ſofteſt Language gives Offence, for he tells me plainly, He will follow his Diſſections, tho' the Stage was Shaking.

THE Pertneſs of him is inſupportable, when I recommend Care and Acuracy to him in his Anatomical Performances: The other Day ſeeing him handle a Part after a Butcherly manner, I deſir'd him to go about it with a better Addreſs: He, with a Graceleſs Front, inſtantly reply'd, *Since you, Noble Doctor, have, in your Phyſical Capacity, laid the Body aſleep*, Anglice, *kill'd it, pray give me Leave to mangle or carbonadoe it in my* Anatomical Way.

THUS he is always bearing hard upon the few Errors I commit in Practice, which I thought he might have forgot, thro' the Incurioufneſs of his Temper, but I find them lodg'd in Reſerve againſt an open Breach between us.

WHEN I beg him to carry a lighter Hand

in his Diſſection, he raillies me and the Body under his Knife after his uſual Sneering manner: *Why, Doctor*, ſays he, *you talk to me as if I was Cutting up a Senſible Part: The Body I am concern'd with is perfectly Dead, no more Life than a* Stock *or* Marble; *I have torn it, twiſted, and mangled it with all the Inſtruments of Torture in my* Surgery, *and I am ſure there is no Senſation left.*

I grant that, ſays I, Harry, *but then there is ſome Regard to Decency: The Eyes of the World are upon us, and they love to ſee a Part handſomely Diſſected, tho' they hate the* Operator.

YOU Doctor, replies *Harry*, *are for complementing Peoples Eyes, in order to bribe the reſt of their Senſes, but that in my Opinion is wrong, for the leaſt Concern you expreſs for pleaſing the Enemies of our* Stage *in one particular, proclaims a Diſtruſt of what you have done already: You and I, Doctor, have been ſo extravagant in our Practice, one in his Preſcriptions, and the other in his Operations, that the leaſt Modeſty would ſhame us, and People have been ſo long us'd to a ſlovenly Treatment, that a clean Method would be loſt upon them.*

The High-German Doctor. N°. 25

From Friday, July 23. *to* Tueſday, July 27. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THE Caſes which are daily ſent me in the ſeveral Branches of my Faculty being ſo numerous, I am forc'd to rely on the Judgment and Fidelity of my Operators, who often, I fear, either thro' Negligence, or want of Taſte, defraud the Publick of many Curious Incidents.

TO repair theſe Miſtakes, I have ſeveral Files in the Diſpenſary, where all Caſes are Regiſter'd methodically, ſo that I can, by knowing of what Species they are, readily turn to them, and if I find any thing remarkable, communicate it to the Publick.

LOOKING, the other Day, over the File which goes by the Name of *Fanciful*, where the *Wind-Mill Fighters*, the *Court-Sollicitors*, the *Viſionaries*, and *Mine-Adventurers* Complaints are Regiſter'd, I ſpy'd a Letter with one of the moſt Whimſical Inſcriptions my Eyes ever beheld: My Curioſity was prompted, by the Singularity of the Stile, to look over the Contents, and I

proteſt to you I cannot, without Offence to my Gravity, give you a ſight of it.

BUT as I have read in the Title Page of a Merry Book, *Pills* to *Purge Melancholly*, ſo I ſhall conform my ſelf to that worthy Author, and try to relieve your Spleen by the following Letter.

The Inſcription runs thus.

To the Celebrated *Hermodactyl*, chief of *my Slaves* in the *Stage-Practice*.

I *Jacob*, Emperor of the *Moon*, King of *Utopia*, and the *New Atalantis*, Prince of *Terra Incognita*, and all the *Floating Iſlands* of the *Univerſe*, ſend Greeting:

YOU have ty'd me down to ſuch Rigid Preſcriptions, that I apprehend will not conſiſt with the Honour of ſo uncontroulable a Prince to follow. In this reſpect I differ nothing from a Vulgar Patient, and the Reſtraints are irkſome to me.

MY Conduct is not to be meaſur'd by the narrow Rules of your Stage, neither will I obſerve the Regimen enjoyn'd in the ordinary Courſe of Diſtempers.

THE Pills to which you give the pompous Name of *Reſtorative*, are of an Aſtringent Nature, they bind me up too much for my Conſtitution; I approve thoſe which are more Opening; and like

like thoſe Quacks who proclaim a ſpeedy Cure, without any Impediment to Buſineſs.

I find my ſelf trifled with in your labour'd Syſtems of Phyſick, your tedious Method of preparing the Body, as you call it, your long Courſes, your waiting a proper Seaſon for diſpenſing your Grand Medicine: Your Objection to theſe Dog-Days, as not proper for a Cure, look like ſo many Frauds in your Practice, and Excuſes to keep me in Hand till I am paſt Recovery.

IT is not ſufficient to your Diſcharge to tell me, You have us'd your Endeavour; neither can you top the ſtale Artifice upon me of Waiting a proper Criſis: Or that the ſeveral Plants of your Climate muſt be put in Digeſtion before they can Operate ſucceſsfully in my Caſe, or have the Vertue of Reſtoring me.

I know the Seaſon is propitious to me: A Concurrence of moſt of the Stars, except three or four of a *Saturnine* Aſpect, which cannot obſtruct my Cure: *Mars* in Conjunction with *Venus*; all the *Vegetables* are in their Prime, and point out to you a Method of Reſtoring me: The Herb *Paony*, the Nobleſt of your Growth, and a Specifick Head Medicine, ſeems fitted to my Caſe: You have ſeveral Shrubs of your Climate, which, with a very ſmall Preparation would reach my Diſtemper: Your Black *Hellebore* promiſes much: *London-Pride*, they ſay, is not amiſs: Theſe aſſiſted in the Courſe, with a ſtrong Decoction of *Lilly-Roots*, would anſwer beyond Diſpute.

THESE, as the Learned of the Faculty inform

me, are the nobleſt Specificks in my Caſe, and might have been adminiſter'd with Succeſs, but Paying ſo great Deference to the receiv'd Opinion of your Skill, and the confident Aſſurances you gave of my Recovery, made me neglect all other Applications.

FURIES! Tear *me* for Depending upon thy ſingle Judgment, and *thee* for a Tricking, Doubling, Myſterious Quack! How many Months have I been ſet back in my Cure by thy damn'd Jumble of Ingredients, and *Drolling Cant* of *Fair* and *Softly?* No Phyſician hereafter will be able to diſtinguiſh between the Malignity of my Diſtemper, and that of thy Poiſon. From this Moment, I renounce all thy *Lazy Meaſures*; hate thy Singularity of Practice; deſpiſe thy heavy way of Thinking; and curſe thy *Incomprehenſible Manner* of *Acting*.

THE Daring Practitioner henceforth ſhall be my Favourite, who is above the narrow Regards of Forms, of Days, and Seaſons, that bleeds in the Dog-Days, and purges in hard Froſts, who prepares his Medicines openly, who ſcorns to write a Bill of Characters, but ſhows the Preſcriptions at full length; and, in ſpite of Qualms, makes you ſwallow it.

THOU haſt been always a Sneaker in thy Practice. The Noſtrum's and Secrets in Phyſick thou haſt ſtolen from ſome Sanctify'd Brother or Siſter, have ſtill a Check upon thee in thy Preſcriptions, and reſtrain thee from acting in Conſult

ſult with thoſe of more open and Communicative Tempers.

I hear a wonderful Character of ſome of thy Operators; give me your *Chymical* Men, your Sons of Fire, that make the Elaboratory blaze with the Heat of the Furnace; I have a Salamander in my Eye, whom I think of Retaining ſhortly, one of bolder Views and quicker Diſpatch then any of thy Stage.

HE, joyn'd to my two truſty Friends, Doctor *Pope*, and Doctor *Lewis*, who are paſſionately concern'd for my Recovery, and will leave no means un-eſſay'd to reſtore me, may finiſh that Cure in two Months, which thy unactive Genius has been three Years attempting to little purpoſe.

BUT my Head grows Giddy.

GIVE me Fire, Faggots —— Pile them on by Dozens, do they Recant? Let the Dogs dye in a good Mood: They don't reſiſt, Ah: Ah: Ah: O ye Sons of Black aſſiſt me, and attone! a Sea of Blood —— Oh Glorious Deluge! Hereſy! —— O my Dear Holy Mother ſuccour me; Daggers Poyſon. ——

SLAVE, I'll meet thee on the Plains of *Sarum*, if thou doſt not reſtore me to my Senſes.

TO Morrow I go a Man-Hunting, and deſign to feed upon the Liver and Sweet-Bread of a Rebel.

MY Soul preſages glorious Miſchief! Oh this grateful Error of the Mind! Thou haſt rais'd my Frenzy to this Height, and none ſhall lay it.

I hear you are determin'd to quit the Stage privately, and run off with the Plunder of thoſe Patients you have patch'd up for the preſent, and cheat them both of their Senſes and their Money. Pray remember in the Inventory of your Righteous Gains, my Gold Goblet, *&c.* Which I gave you in Earneſt for my Reſtoration.

WHAT mad Devil poſſeſs'd me to fall into this Fellow's Hands, after ſo notorious a Character for making Confuſion in the Head and Bowels, and Palliating Diſeaſes created by his own Poyſon for Three or Four Years, in order to a more deſperate Relapſe?

The

The High-German Doctor. N° 26.

From Friday, July 27. *to* Tueſday, July 30. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

MY Run of Practice being determin'd, I think it a Point of Duty to take my Leave of you in an handſome Manner: The laſt Words of a Great Man are always heard with Attention, and make laſting Impreſſions upon the Audience, eſpecially coming from a Perſon who, thro' the whole Courſe of his Preſcriptions, has been fam'd for Integrity of Mind, and a plain undiſguis'd Way of Talking.

I need not have courted your Remembrance of me in this Formal Way, I am ſtrangely miſtaken if I have not left ſomething behind that will make your lateſt Poſterity feel me, and bleſs me after an extraordinary manner.

I was once almoſt determin'd to quit the *Stage* without any Ceremony, but fearing it might be look'd upon as Ingratitude, I reſolv'd to mount; On the other hand, I was diſſwaded by an unlucky Suggeſtion, That a Dying Speech look'd too much like a Criminal.

BUT I that have run thro' ſuch a Courſe of Reproaches in the Service of the Publick, could eaſily

maſter

maſter ſo poor a Reflection, and being pretty well harden'd by Cuſtom, can hear the World abuſe me, without any violent Emotions.

I never ſtrove to engage the Favour of the Populace, and yet have had the Luck to be thought an eminent Doctor by them; and for one that never ſtudy'd an obliging thing in his whole Life, have maintain'd a tolerable Character amongſt the Fools I kept in Suſpence.

YOU well remember, I firſt enter'd upon the Stage in pure Charity to the Diſtreſſed, you all believ'd it at that Iuncture, however your Sentiments may be alter'd at preſent; that Compaſſion for others, in time brought me to have a little for my ſelf, and conſidering my Publick Spirit, few People have done better for themſelves.

I praiſe you all for the Confidence you repos'd in me at my firſt ſetting forth: It was the higheſt Proof you ever gave of your Diſcretion; you found your ſelves oppreſs'd in the *Regular Phyſicians* Hands, and came to me for Relief, and I think I have eas'd you effectually.

NONE of you, as I hear, complain of that Fullneſs and Load upon your Hipps you us'd to carry about you; the Evacuations I preſcrib'd you have been pretty ſtrong, and pretty plentiful, and I ſmile often to my ſelf, to ſee you are fallen away ſo much for the better.

YOU courted the Phyſick, and therefore can charge no Fault upon me. To ſay, *You have been miſtaken, or who would have thought of ſo ſudden a Change in your Conſtitutions*, reflects no ſmall Blemiſhes

miſhes upon your Judgment, and therefore my Advice to you is, *to ſit down contented.*

YOU have been often impos'd on, and thank'd the Artiſt which has deceiv'd you. I beg you not to be harder upon me than you are upon *Common Jugglers.*

THERE muſt be a little Craft in all Profeſſions, and you have had the leaſt from me you could expect. You know (and being arriv'd to ſuch a Pitch of Wealth, I am not aſham'd to own it) when I firſt mounted the *Stage* I was but meanly ſtor'd with Packets; my Credit at the loweſt Ebb; I had ſcarce *Stage-Cant* enough to carry me off clean in the Eye of the Vulgar; I appear'd but ſlenderly attended; a Caſt Velvet-Coat, without ſo much as an Inch of Gold-Trimming, and none of my Tumblers fix'd to leap, and friſk, and debauch your Sight; and yet, under all theſe Diſadvantages, you roar'd out for *Hermodactyl*'s Catholick Pills and Powders.

I cannot blame you, ye Sons of *Britain*, you are Wealthy People, and ought to have your Humour, in that conſiſts your chief Vertue: But leaſt this Wealth ſhould make you ungovernable, Nature has given you the Allays of Credulity and Superſtition, by which every little Impoſtor takes Advantage of you, and plunders you.

IF I had been wickedly diſpos'd, what might not I have done after you had made ſo full and firm a Renunciation of your Senſes: To have plunder'd you, had not been taken Notice of: I could have Anatomiz'd you Limb by Limb, but Conſcience ——

I ſpeak not this to arm you againſt Frauds and Impoſtures,

Impoſtures, for the Future I pretend to know you better; you are as well pleas'd in being deceiv'd, as the Deceiver is in Impoſing on you. My *Blacks* ſtill Inculcating, that Credulity gives the Mind leſs Uneaſineſs than a ſcrupulous Diſpoſition.

I am not ſurpriz'd at your being inveigled with ſhow and Oſtentation in Practice: A Doctor, aſſiſted with good Tumblers and Archy's of all Sizes, may be allow'd to go a great way with the Senſes, and eſtabliſh his Power: Conſidering this, it's a Myſtery to me, that your thinking Fellows without any Pomp but ſheer Reaſon, ſhould pretend to work upon the Fancy, which is always beſt pleas'd with the livelieſt and giddieſt Images in Nature.

AS I began with ſhowing of Tricks, ſo I ſhall end with them: A full and hearty Laugh from the Crowd at Parting is a good Omen, and confirms their Opinion of one's Practice: Beſides, going off ſo unconcernedly, gives a Brightneſs to the Character, and may, perhaps, bring ſome Patients to me for private Advice, after I have quitted the *Stage*.

YOU muſt think, as I have been a Man of Buſineſs, I ſhall not covet to live wholly unemploy'd, or paſs a Life of Inactivity with ſo Working a Brain: If I have no Practice, my Mind will be more at large for the Entertainment of Spiritual Concerns, and a little Perſwaſion will tempt me to ſet up a Weekly Lecture.

THERE are ſeveral Common-Places in my Poſſeſſion, about Light and Darkneſs, which for a few Years I have cover'd over, and made Blanks of, to

prevent

prevent a Sneer from my *Stage-Retinue*, but, with a little Furbiſhing, might be of Service to me in a different Calling: All that I fear, is, That my Audience will ſtill be Objecting my *Stage Practice* to me, and that I ſhall, unawares, mix ſome of my Unregenerate Cant with the other, which may be deem'd Prophanation amongſt the Elders.

HOW to regain a Confidence with that Set of People who once admitted me to a Brotherly Communion, will be a difficult Point to get over. Let me ſee: I muſt firſt form my Mouth to proper Phrazes; we have ſome Phyſical Terms will anſwer to their Proprieties: Operation is a word I have been us'd to; it is but adding Powerful, and it will ſerve in their way: The chief Labour will be to give a Solemnity to the Tone in Pronunciation, which I have almoſt forgot: It muſt be ſung or ſaid in Quavers Pow-er-ful O-pe-ra-ti-ons: This muſt be often repeated with a few Tokens of Contrition, which I can eaſily learn from a Monthly Malefactor, and then I am equipp'd for ſome freſh Leger-demains.

I have one Advantage over all Mankind, which I pride my ſelf in, That after all my Revolution in Practice, from *Galenical* to *Chymical*, from *Chymical* to *Galenical*, I have ſtill been Courted by the ſeveral Profeſſors in their turns, and thought ſincere in my Preſcriptions: I would not deſpair of *Impoſing* even upon the *Regular Phyſicians* again, by Swearing heartily I have renounc'd all my *Stage-Practice*, if they had not fix'd a Belief of my having a Diſpenſation for Oaths of all kinds.

SOME

SOME People may fancy this Reſignation of the *Stage* will mortify me in Private, tho' I give my ſelf all the Gloſſes of contented Looks and Deportment; I pity the Shallowneſs of their Reflections, and can aſſure them, I have found the Planks of the *Stage* ſo rotten alate, that I was forc'd to be very circumſpect in my Tread, but have been loath to proclaim it, for fear of Looſing a round Sum of Money I expected for the Good Will of it, and much Good may the Purchaſe do them who come after.

MY Warning was ſo ſhort that I had not time to Regulate the Stage, but my Succeſſor Dr *Veſuvius*, I preſume in his next will give you Elaborate Reaſons for my Quitting the *Stage*, with a Pompous Account of his enſuing Practice.

The

The High-German Doctor. N°. 27.

CONTINU'D

By *Harry Gambol*, Licentiate.

From Friday, July 30. *to* Tuesday, August 3. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THE *Spleen* which accompanies the Disgrace of an *Eminent Practitioner* is not to be equall'd by the narrow Resentments which flow from the common disappointments of Life.

THIS admits of no Debate, when we look back upon the *Invidious Behaviour* of *Hermodactyl*; who, not content with the Plunder of a Million he has stolen from the good People of *South-Britain*, whilst he gave the Bewitching Pill of *Philonium Romanum*, has taken the Liberty to brand my Character, which was bad enough before, in his last Advertisement, under the suspicious Title of Dr. *Vesuvius*.

YOU all know the scandalous Import of the Name, and his Intention was to ruin my Practice, by Hanging out such a Flaming Sign to my *Stage*. *'S Death*, says a Subtle Knave amongst the Rabble, the other Day, *That* Vesuvius *is a Burning Mountain*,

tain, and we muſt have a Care of Dealing with a Doctor of ſuch a Fiery Title, for fear of being burn'd to a Cynder.

THIS Character of me, I know, was artfully ſpread, in Order to give a Gloſs to the Moderate Practice he has affected alate, and to heighten People's Averſion to my Preſcriptions: But I that know all his Simples and Compoſitions cannot be impos'd upon, and do aver to you, kind Gentlemen of the Rabble, That, during the whole Courſe of my Attendance, this Fellow gave the ſame Poyſon as I did, only he had the Formal Patience to wait the Wrapping it up in Leaf-Gold, or a Wafer, whilſt I always truſted to People's Blindneſs, and kind Digeſtion, and follow'd my Female Diſſections at *Greenwich*.

THIS moſt Noble Doctor has, in his cloſe Way of Managing, endeavour'd to make me as blind as his Patients, and always kept the Key of his Elaboratory ſafe, as he thought, but I having a Pick-Lock, never ſcrupled Opening it at a proper Seaſon. By which means, I have been let into a full Diſcovery of all his Myſterious Practice.

It would confound your Intellects, ſtagger the Remains of Senſe we have left you, to run over the modeſt Part of his Practice: The deſperate Preſcriptions are acknowledg'd in your Countenances, and will never wear out, and every Gripe you feel hereafter will be owing to *Hermodactyl*.

I can never be thought ſo Criminal as he, becauſe I only Operated upon the Skin, and extream Parts of the Body, and whenever I went to the Quick, I affirm,

affirm, it was by that *Impudent Quack's* Direction; always excepting thoſe Miſtakes my Ignorance of the Conſtitution threw me upon.

A few Errors, I think, are pardonable in one whoſe Genius was fitted purely for Looſening of Women's Girdles, and Tickling a *Phlegmatick Complection* into ſome Air and Senſation; and I muſt always think it as great a Preſumption in him to appoint me Director of the Launcet, as it was in him to take upon him the Chief Goverment of the *Stage*.

I ſpeak not this to waſh my ſelf entirely clean in your Judgments: A Week's Experience has brought you to a Senſe of Feeling, and you begin to act the ill-natur'd Part of Seeing the Falſe Lights and Colours we have been forc'd to make Uſe of in our Practice.

SHALL I tell you one Thing, without Firing your *Imagination*, and Urging you to ſacrifice that Execrable *Impoſtor*? I have, at this Time, in my Hand, all the Letters which paſs'd between him and *Le Grand Petit*, with the private Articles relating to *Jacob* the Knight of the *Warming-Pan's* Caſe. His Contract with *Le Grand Petit* for his Board in Lady *Fontanelle's* Houſe; his Scheme of bringing over the *Young Lunatick* in a *Cover'd Waggon*, for Fear of Expoſing him to the Populace to be torn in Pieces.

NOTWITHSTANDING the little Artifices to make poor deluded Patients believe, That Count *Hanno*, a Young Gentleman of the Beſt Family in *Europe*, had beſpoke an Apartment, and

was

was admitted to go a Courſe in his Elaboratory, in Order to know the Conſtitutions of this Climate, and diſtinguiſh *Gold* from *Bath-Mettle*; yet I ſwear by the *Holy Priapus* (whoſe Votary I ſhall ever be) this Whining Quack had made Back Stairs with a Blind before them to conceal *Young Jacob*.

MY Reſentments were alway keen, but now edg'd to the laſt Degree by the Load of Infamy this Wretch *Hermodactyl* would throw upon me: And I am almoſt upon the Point of Diſcovery, if the *Regular Phyſicians* would but encourage me.

THERE can be no Detection of the Vile Practice, which has been maintain'd for Four Years paſt, unleſs I that was chiefly concern'd in the Fluxing part of the Nation appear, and let them know that we anointed our Patients without killing the *Quick-Silver*, and the frequent Spits they have at preſent, are owing to the Wicked Preparation of the Medicine.

I would willingly attone for my *Perſonal Errors* at any Rate, and can ſafely charge all the Material Blunders upon *Hermodactyl*; I begin to perſwade my ſelf, you think him ſo Prodigious an *Impoſtor*, that all my Levities in Concert with *Will Wildfire* will be paſt by with a gentle Animadverſion.

THERE are but two Miſtakes of any Moment hat he can lay to my Charge: One is Signing the Contract for the Knight of the *Warming-Pan's* Board; the other, *Kiſſing his Hand* in a *Drunken Frolick*, with a true *Cavalier Air*.

THESE are ſuch gay Exceſſes that every Good-natur'd Creature will paſs over with an Eye of Connivance;

nivance; and *Hermodactyl* telling me, There was no Harm in it at that Time, I had no manner of Reſerve.

SHALL I unboſom my ſelf to you, and you not take an Advantage? I had no other Way of Retrieving that Miſtake, but by Appearing as Lunatick as the *Young Knight*, and I Gad I had a Deſign of bringing Lunacy into Faſhion, that I might never have wanted Practice.

I was ſo ſure of the Prime Direction of the Stage, that I went about my Diſſections at *Greenwich* with all the Freedom and Unconcernedneſs imaginable: I had beſpoke all my Fire-works, and retain'd Half a Dozen *Blacks* with Wild-Fire in their Mouths to give a Blaze to my Entrance, but that Lady *Maura* got the Better of my dear Damn'd Confounded *Succubus Poplin*.

This curſed Incident has given ſuch a Blemiſh to my Character, and ſuch a Turn to my Proſpect, that I am forc'd to mount now in the Quality of Proxy to Dr. *Balſamicus*, who not being very Oſtentatious in his Practice, is willing I ſhould ſhow out all my Tricks.

I ſuſpect this new Doctor is an Enemy to *Hermodactyl's* Practice of *Quid pro Quo*, and reſolves to baniſh all the Precipitate Medicines out of the Surgery; the Parts being eaten down ſo low, that he thinks it's high Time to talk of Incarning, which may be fair Practice, but I'll be ſacrific'd upon the ſame Tree that our poor Stoker *Gregg* ſuffer'd, if ever he gets half the Fees by his Regular Application

as

as *Hermodactyl* did by Fretting the Sore, and running it near to a Mortification.

FOR the Future I ſhall not depend upon any thing without my Graſp. To ſee *Will Wildfire* and I ſit Penſive together taking Snuſh by way of Amuzement, and turning Tail on each other, like a ſtale marry'd Couple, begins to be notic'd by the *Regular Phyſicians* as Tokens of Guilt. To think of *Smut's* Running his Country, and *Hermodactyl's* giving Earneſt for a Boat, are ſuch Revolutions, that I cannot account for. My Brain perhaps may be better ſettled in my next.

The High-German Doctor. N° 28.

CONTINU'D

By *Harry Gambol*, Licentiate.

From Tueſday, Auguſt 3. *to* Friday, Auguſt 6. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THE Credit of our Stage being very much leſſen'd within theſe few Days by the Tricking Management of *Hermodactyl*, and I having little Buſineſs in the *Surgery*, mount in ſome obſcure Corners of the Town to diſpoſe of the few Packets he has left behind him.

ON

ON *Wedneſday* laſt I perceiv'd the Audience much thinner than ordinary, and a different Air in the Countenances of People: Whether I had loſt my uſual Vivacity, or having quitted the merry Part of *Andrew*, they thought me out of my proper Sphere, I cannot determine; but ſure I am, I had not Intereſt enough to raiſe one ſtrong Laugh in the Men, or engage ſo much as a Dimple in the Cheeks of the Young Wenches.

ALL People ſeem'd tranſported with the Approaches of one *Mirabel*, a *Regular Phyſician*, whom *Hermodactyl* and I Four Years ſince, by the Aſſiſtance of one *Bungey* a ſturdy Vagabond *Quack*, and other Tools of that Size, run down in his Practice to ſuch a degree, that even Thouſands whom that Great Phyſician had reſcu'd from the Grave, and Brink of Deſtruction, came into the Cry againſt his Preſcriptions, and ſwore our *extempore Practice* was much ſuperior to his.

I thought we had the Populace faſt in this Credulity till within this Week: But ſuch a Revolution in the Minds of the People was never ſeen but once before, for the Cry no ſooner reach'd my *Stage*, that *Mirabel* intended to Practice again, but the Audience with one Conſent, remember'd their Benefactor, and joyn'd in the Applauſes of him, with a Look that portended no good to me, ſaying, *What do we ſpend Time in hearing this impudent* Quack *prate, and he has no more Tricks to ſhow us.*

I had no Power to ſpeak, but after a Pauſe recovering my ſelf: *Great* Æſculapius, ſays I, *take Pity on the Sons of* Art: *Is this the Fruit of our Four Years*

Com-

Compaſſion to the Infirmities of poor People? I knew there was no Refuge but in a ſeeming Concern for their Good, and they were too buſy to examine the Cheat I put upon them.

WAS ever ſuch an unlucky Turn given to *Eſtabliſh'd Practice?* When we had bended the Generality to a real Belief of our Art, put them almoſt out of a Capacity of Judging whether we us'd them *Well* or *Ill*, that this damn'd doubling *Hermodactyl* ſhould quit the *Diſpenſary* in ſuch a ſcandalous manner, and leave only a few mouldy Packets behind him in the Cheſt.

WHILST *Mirabel*'s Benevolence to Mankind was ador'd, and his former Practice cry'd up to the Skies, I was curious in Examining the Countenance of my Audience, and found it in vain to beſpeak their Attention under the ſtrong Averſion I ſaw riſing in their Blood.

I therefore was very ſparing of my Inſinuations, and conſidering the hopeful Patients which were left behind, it was happy for me I came off ſo well. My ſmall Retinue conſiſted but of Four *Iriſh* Rapparees, Three *French Papiſts*, and Two Prieſts caſt in *Bungey*'s Mould.

The Acclamations for *Mirabel* were ſo hearty, that I began to reflect upon *Hermodactyl*'s Dying Words concerning the Rottenneſs of our Stage, but never thought the Planks could have decay'd in four Years Time to ſuch a Degree of Contempt.

SMUT deſerted laſt *Friday*, and dropp'd the Publication of his *Weekly Bills:* Yet I muſt have a Paſſion for that Fellow in my laſt Agonies, becauſe he

thought

never deviated, thro' the whole Courſe of his Drudgery, into *Truth*, *Good Manners*, or a *Tittle* of *Regular Practice*.

MY other Grand Support, the Monitor, being defrauded of his Weekly Subſiſtence, and ſeeing the *Stage* in Ruins, is making a Formal Recantation, and ſwears, He has been all this while encouraging you to clap up the Young Lunatick Patient *Jacob* when he comes, tho' the Falſifying Rogue has often told me in private, with a true Jeſuitical Cant, *That there was no Touching him when once he did come.*

THUS Abandon'd, I muſt e'en truſt to my own *Audacious Front:* But what I plaguily fear, is, that Impudence, without the Laugh of our Side, will not paſs; and to be plain, the World ſays, *We have but little Merrit.*

MIRABEL's Humanity to his Patients ever gave me Pain: He always had ſo Engaging an Air in his Method of Practice, and ſo Tender of the Conſtitution he was entruſted with, that I ſuſpected he would be call'd in upon any deſperate Caſe.

IT will be a wonder, henceforward, how we unſettled him at firſt in the Eſteem of the Populace, and decry'd his Practice, but now I am fully convinc'd, it was only a Critical Madneſs we took the Advantage of; and by pure Art, I have cheriſh'd the Frenzy.

THE Senſes of People being once reſtor'd, I read my Deſtiny in Capitals: To be diſabled from Handling a Launcet, or debarr'd of Mounting the Stage any more, is the leaſt part of the Puniſhment I dread: I am under ſome Apprehenſions of being

Blooded in the Jugular, which is the Vein I don't care to be prick'd in.

THE Cenſors of the *College*, and Regular Phyſicians, I am told, deſign to Vindicate their Priviledges, and Reſcue the Practice out of the Hands of we Gentlemen Itinerant, and will make a ſtrict Enquiry, how many Diſtempers have been of our Creation.

THE Ferment which continues in the Bowels of People, will be laid chiefly to *Hermodactyl*'s Charge: The Scars left upon the Conſtitution, I having the Prime Direction of the Launcet, will go near to affect my Dexterity.

HERMODACTYL has much the Advantage of me, if it only comes to a Fine, he having ſo long enjoy'd the moſt profitable Place of the Stage; and the Devil is in it if by this time he cannot go out Grand Compounder.

ALL my comfort is, that theſe Errors in Practice have ſeldom been Animadverted on to the purpoſe. Where Numbers are, there will be a Diviſion, and ſome may be tender upon the Account of what may happen to them in a Courſe of Practice.

THERE are beſides a good many Abatements for Errors committed in our way, as calling every little Diſorder in the Maſs of Blood, or Irregular Pulſation, a Caſe of Extremity; every Sore, a Tendency to Mortification, which if believ'd, will juſtify many of my bold Stroaks, and ſkreen other Operators from Reproach.

IT was my good Fortune, a few Years ſince, to make the Vulgar believe they were Languiſhing and

Dying away under the moſt Florid Complections, and the beſt State of Health they enjoy'd from their Birth: Whether this Vein of Credulity is entirely ſpent, I know not: The grateful applauſe paid to that Regular Practitioner the other Day, gives me a ſtrange Flutter at Heart, and forebodes the Final Revolt of our Old Friends of the Stage; and then we muſt not expect the leaſt Countenance from the College and Regulars.

A Perſon leſs Meritorious than *Mirabel*, would have found it difficult to have Re-Eſtabliſh'd himſelf with his Patients, after the Succeſsful Poyſon we had inſtill'd in the Bills of the Week: But it was natural to think, as the Tide againſt him ran violent, ſo the Return of Love would be as ſtrong. We have been out in our Calculations, for I find his Patients only wanted a Sight of him, to let him know, by Looks, divided between Conſcious Shame, and Love, how they had been impos'd on by Quacks and Tumblers.

I dreaded the Conſequences of his Moderation, amidſt the Perſecuting Tongues of the *Stage*; and his late Temperate Behaviour upon his Friends Welcome, has given me a Stab, and leaves the Stage under an opprobrious Style.

The High-German Doctor. N° 29.

CONTINU'D

By *Harry Gambol*, Licentiate.

From Friday, Auguſt 6. *to* Tueſday, Auguſt 10. 1714

Gentlemen and Ladies,

FROM this Moment, I proteſt againſt all Confederacies in Phyſick, and reſolve to depend upon my ſelf: The ſtrongeſt Oaths and Vows I ſee, reſign'd to the ſuperior Calls of Intereſt, and ſelf-preſervation, and Errors in Practice, tho' committed by conſent, are ſhifted from one to the other, and often charg'd upon the leſs Criminal.

AS we are ſubject to many Miſtakes in our Profeſſion, ſo whenever we apprehend a Detection, we are like ſo may Plotters: Every one haſtens to make a Diſcovery, and recommend himſelf by the earlieſt Notice.

OF this ſort we have met a Flaming Inſtance alate, in the Perſons of *Codicil* and *Hermodactyl*, who, tho' equally concern'd in the barbarous Practice of Fluſing and Purging unſeaſonably, and with improper Medicines: Yet ſince their Patients have taken the

the Alarum, are endeavouring to transfer the Guilt from one to the other, and make their Peace.

HERMODACTYL has one ſeeming Advantage in the conteſt, becauſe he quitted the Stage ſome time before the Diſcovery, and decry'd *Codicil*'s Practice as well as mine, giving out, *That there were ſome Poiſonous Drugs in Infuſion, which would have terrible Effects upon the Conſtitution.*

THIS Preſcription, he affirms, is under both our Hands, and threatens to produce it whenever the *Cenſors* of the *College* think fit to call him to an Account, and under this ſpecious concern for the Good of the Publick propoſes to make an Atonement. He has ſerv'd himſelf ſo well by this Story, that ſome of the Weakeſt amongſt the Regular Phyſicians have abated of their Rancour to him, and turn'd their chief Rage againſt *Codicil* and my ſelf; and he keeping up the ſame Flutter of Head and Eyes he us'd upon the Stage, it paſſes with ſome for a Token of unconcernedneſs, and from thence conclude him Innocent.

BUT I, that pretend to know him better, can aſſure you, it is all Affectation: I well remember, he carry'd himſelf juſt with the ſame Air, when his poor Stoker was truſs'd up for adminiſtring that Poiſon which he prepar'd, and yet did not think him the leſs Guilty for the Hardneſs of his Countenance.

HE has been Practiſing upon his Face ever ſince he came to Maturity, and formerly deceiv'd many a Saint, by his *Prim Appearance:* He *Whines, Weeps,*

Cants, *Looks Fierce*, *Serious* or *Wild*, by *Habit*, and has, if one may be allow'd to ſpeak, a *Suit of Locks* for every Circumſtance of Life.

HE is much better Gifted than *Codicil*, tho' *Codicil* was bred in the ſame good Old Way: But for Dexterity of Hand *Codicil* is a Match, and ſweeps Fees with as good a Grace.

THIS Quarrel between them will place their Vertues in a true Light, and the World will be ſtrangely enliven'd by ſuch examples of Probity, Truth, and Integrity of Practice.

I have all their common Preparations in my Cuſtody, and by that means can judge of their more ſecret Practice. *Hermodactyl*, indeed, generally writ in Characters, but the *Cenſors*, I believe, will be able to explain them.

CODICIL's Charge is ſomewhat heavy, becauſe the *Diſpenſary* was entirely under his care, and the Preparations paſſing his Hands, he is accountable for any Miſtakes in the Ingredients. The Seal'd Packets, they ſay, contain a great deal of Poiſon in them, and moſt People who have taken them have been thrown into violent Tremblings and Convulſions.

HERMODACTYL, after his Old Dodging way, will tell you, he had no Hand in Sealing them, and conſequently not chargeable with any Miſchief that has proceeded from them; but I have heard *Codicil* affirm, that the Pacifick Electuary was *Hermodactyl*'s entirely; and that he brought all the Ingredients together ready for Digeſtion, before he acquainted him with ſo choice an *Arcanum*; and that the Compliment he made him of letting it paſs his

Seal,

Seal, was only to draw him into a Share of the Cenſure, if ever it ſhould be enquir'd into.

I, no leſs ſtupid, was likewiſe taken in by *Hermodactyl* to cry up this wonderful Medicine, and was bewitch'd with it, that I undertook to propagate the Sale of it in Foreign Parts: It's true, I was no looſer by my Forwardneſs, but very much queſtion whether a Jewel will compound for the Miſchief ſome ſay I have done in propagating it.

I find *Codicil* and *Hermodactyl* are apprehenſive of a Cenſure upon that preparation, by endeavouring to fix the Scandal of it upon each other: It's pleaſant to hear them wrangle about their Innocence, which, with mine, has taken its Flight ſome Years, and give up a Medicine they have applauded to the Skies.

THE Quarrel ran ſo high the other Day, that I was afraid thoſe two Eminent Practitioners would have turn'd *Prize-Fighters*, but what was wanting in Feats of Arms, was fully ſupply'd by the Keeneſs of their Tongues: *You are a R——*, ſays one: *You are a K——*, ſays the other: The *Audience* could not well diſtinguiſh between the two Names, and ſo they concluded them *Both R——s alike.*

HERMODACTYL ungenerouſly reproach'd him with having been his Supporter, and that he could tumble him into the Duſt at Pleaſure: And, after a great deal of Unregenerate Rant, talk'd of Stripping his Skin, in the Fierceneſs of an *Almanzor.*

CODICIL was not ſo preſent to himſelf as I have ſeen him upon greater Occaſions; but whether ſurpriz'd to ſee ſo Eminent a Doctor turn'd Bully, or

being conſcious to himſelf of having thrown in ſome Baneful Ingredients into the Compoſition, he had little to ſay in his own Defence, but told him at Parting, *His Mother taught him to Pray, and not to Act the Man of this World.*

I know it has been *Hermodactyl*'s frequent Boaſt alate, that he kept the Stage in order; that he foreſaw *Codicil*'s miſchievous Brain; *Precipitate*, the *Iriſh Operator's* Raſhneſs; and my mad Pranks would ſoon bring the Stage into Contempt, and reſtore the Regular Phyſicians to full Credit with their Patients: *Lord*, ſays he, very impudently, the other Day, to one of the *Cenſors* of the *College*, *if there had not been ſuch a Revolution in the Stage, and Hot-Headed* Gambol *had gone on with his Scheme of Practice, All we Regular Phyſicians had been Ruin'd in Two Months Time.*

IT brought the Story of the *T*——and the *Apple* freſh into my Mind, and tho' I was under ſome conceal'd Pangs at that time, I could not forbear breaking a Laugh full in his Face, to ſee him claim a Relation with Scholars, and he an Ignorant Quack.

THERE is an *Impudence* peculiar to our Stage, which carries us thro' Difficulties of the largeſt Size. —— He ſtood it, unmov'd, and look'd as if he had really believ'd what he ſaid: I could have heartily bluſh'd for him, if one Spark of Grace had been left within me.

ALL that he has to value himſelf upon, or can give him the leaſt pretenſion to a favourable Cenſure, is the Backwardneſs he has expreſs'd alate to the Reception of the *Young Lunatick*, when *Codicil* and

I have preſs'd him to declare himſelf fully upon that Head.

I appeal to all that know the Noble Doctor, whether his Preparations did not look as promiſing as could be expected? And to himſelf, whether he had not earneſt given him from *Roſelle* the *French Surgeon?* And if we preſs'd a little too importunately for ſuch a gainful Patient, I am ſure at one time we did not offend his Modeſty.

THIS Squeamiſhneſs, alate, I am ſatisfy'd, was more owing to his fear of Miſcarrying in the Cure, than any averſion he had to the Entertainment of him: For it's plain, he ſuffer'd his Guardian, *Le Grand Petit*, to make his own Terms, and was ſo complaiſant as to ſend his own Man *Mat. Rummer* to confirm them.

THERE would have been no Room for theſe mutual Complaints, if we had been bleſs'd with a ſteady wicked Director, but falling in with ſuch a Double-Fac'd Quack that whin'd us into a Confidence, we could expect no better Succeſs than to be bubbled at laſt by a Malicious Sneer.

The High-German Doctor. N°. 30.

CONTINU'D

By *Harry Gambol*, Licentiate.

From Tueſday, Auguſt 10. *to* Friday, Auguſt 13. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I am no Stranger to the Heavy Mirth *Hermodactyl* makes amongſt the Brothers of the Quill, with the late Oeconomy of a Stage without any Practice belonging to it; and my Aſſuming the Character of a Licentiate, when I only preſcribe upon Courteſy, and cannot draw ſo much as a Tooth without the Inſpection of the Cenſors.

BETTER would it have been for the good People of *Britain*, if the ſame Check had been laid upon him: We ſhould not have ſeen ſo many Skeletons of real uſe Walking the Streets in Red Tatters, and ſo many Idle Pamper'd Blacks in good Broad-Cloath. But I appeal to the Impartial, whether it was not a Modeſter Step in me to make a Gradual Aſcent, from a Tumbler to a Licentiate, than in him without any Call, except the Groaning Spirit of his Family, from an Half-Starv'd Rat to commence Doctor.

THE

THE Assurance of him upon this occasion fires me to the last Degree, especially when he knows that Copies of the *Diploma*, which gives him the Title of *most Noble Doctor*, are in every Man's Hand: The surreptitious Manner of Gaining it would make any other but himself silent upon that Head; but being arriv'd to a Perfection in Front Graces, he makes it his chief Glory.

THERE's many a dull Doctor has paid an Hundred Pound for a Degree, and left his Mother Fasting in an Alms-House, for a less Flattering Character, with the Rent-Charge of Scarfs upon his Honour and Dignity.

HERMODACTYL had his very Cheap to my Knowledge, except what he gave a Mercenary Physician for his Invention upon so dry a Subject: And it might have serv'd for any Twelve Quacks in *Britain* as properly as for himself.

TO pass over the Lustre, and Antiquity of the *Hermodactyl's*, whom every *Welch Goatherd* is able to distance in Point of Genealogy; we are saluted with one of the merryest Satyrs upon the Doctor, I ever charg'd my Eyes with.

WE are told, he is form'd by Nature for great things.

NOW that any Fellow should be so vain at Fifty Four, is to impose upon the *Female Sex*, and set up for such Prodigious Talents, and Incredible Performances! I leave the World to judge, if, in the Course of my Practice, I had not a better Character than he. Eating better, Drinking less, just turn'd of 35, and form'd for Love, that Paragraph should have been

been in my Patent, but we give any Compliment to each other, *Mutatis Mutandis.*

ADIEU to thy Boasted Parts, which had not Sagacity enough to discover the Banter: All thou hast left to say in thy own Defence, is, that it was writ in *Latin*, and consequently didst not understand it.

HIS Qualification, by all kinds of Learning, for Greater Things, open a fresh Scene of Mirth to the Regular Physicians: But this was a Vanity he might fall into, thro' the Flattery of an heavy Doctor, famous for Particles and Encliticks, who, by the help of Divination, affirm'd, that he was a perfect Master of the *Chinese* Language; and, I, Gad, I am almost convinc'd he is since that time, having writ his Bills always in such unintelligible Characters, that he puzzled not only the Stage, but all the Regulars.

HIS constant employment in the Study of *Stage Practice* is another Compliment his *Diploma-Monger* bestows on him: There may be some truth in that Character, if we take in all those rare Arts of Dashing, Mixing, Confounding, and Poysoning the Constitutions of all he was concern'd with; and that Slight of Hand which ran thro' his Practice.

THE various Offices he exercis'd upon the Stage is another lively Encomium upon the Doctor; I who belong'd to the Stage at that time, pretended to know how those Offices were executed: You must understand, the Doctor always kept a double Whispering Office for the *Galenists* and *Chymists:* Over one side he threw his heavy Head, and roar'd out, *Blood*

and

and Fire: On the other, *Moderation and Comprehenſion*, fitting his Medicines to the ſeveral Gouſts. I remember we were all exercis'd at *Cups* and *Balls* twice a Day to make us perfect in Legerdemain, and when we ſhow'd a Trick well, he would burſt with Laughter, and ſwear it was more beneficial than all our Phyſick.

ANOTHER bright part of *Hermodactyl's Character* in his *Diploma*, is, that he held two places on the Stage at the ſame time, to all appearance Incompatible, yet by his admirable Dexterity brought them to agree: One of theſe Places was Trumpeter to the Stage; the other Director of the Launcet, as I am partly at this preſent Greeting: Now I would fain aſk, Where is the great Rarity to ſee a Trumpeter and Surgeon Conſolidated? Part them, and ſingly, perhaps, they are good for nothing.

THIS conſcientious *Diploma* goes on, and tells you, *Hermodactyl* underſtood the happy Secret perfectly well, of Maintaining the Privileges of the Stage, without encroaching upon the Prerogative of the College.

WELL ſaid, Doctor! Let me beſeech you, Great Artiſt, to recollect how much the Privileges of the Stage were at your Heart, when you, by the Mediation of your unfortunate Amanuenſis, was Conſigning us over to a Foreign Director; with many other pretty Pranks tranſacted between you and Mat. Rummer, *now Civilly Defunct; and how careful you were of Encroachment, when you had the Impudence to appeal to the Prerogatives of the College, to juſtify all your Innovations in Practice.*

THE

THE Noble Doctor's Penetration comes next to be handled, and he is ſaid to have found out that Dominion in the Chief Director of the Stage, and Freedom in all the Attendants may ſubſiſt together: I Greet thee upon that Diſcovery, becauſe our Stage has been under Limitations Time out of Mind, but the wicked Glance at the Regular Phyſicians, who were brought in by Head and Shoulders, to have had a deſign of Demoliſhing the Stage, is the Cream of the Jeſt.

I cannot get over the next Pharagraph without a pleaſant Dilation of my Muſcles, when we are told of *Hermodactyl*'s Clean Hands, in preventing the Plunder of the common Stage-Bank, and Reſcuing the Credit of the Stage from the Oppreſſion it lay under by former Directors.

I am entirely with the Doctor, in the firſt part of this merry Paragraph; it's Literally true, he has prevented the further Plunder, for a Man would have little to do to glean after ſuch a Rapacious Hand; and the Credit of the Stage muſt needs be in a hopeful way of Recovery, by the Superlative Wealth his Broken Fortune contributed to it.

THE languid Condition of our *Stage-Cheſt* is, in my Opinion, reliev'd much after the ſame manner as our Patients are, by taking more Blood daily from them, and opening many Veins at once for the quicker Paſſage of the Spirits.

The

The High-German Doctor. N°. 31

CONTINU'D

By *Harry Gambol*, Licentiate.

From Friday, Auguſt 13. *to* Tueſday, Auguſt 17. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Queſtion whether I ſhall ever be able to reduce the Muſcles of my Face to their former Tone, after having ſtretch'd them ſo intolerably the laſt Week, at the relation *Bungey* of *Holbourn* gave of ſome Paſſages which befell him in his late *Northern Expedition*, as he, with peculiar Arrogance, is pleas'd to dignify his Licentious Rambles:

AT his firſt Entrance the other Day, I was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd to find the Air of his Face, which, you know, was always temper'd to a true *Bridewell* Hardneſs, ſo prodigiouſly alter'd: The Fellow appear'd to me under the laſt Dejection of Mind, his Kitchen-ſtuff Complection inclining ſomewhat to a *Fillemot*, which made me conclude, upon firſt Glance, he was troubled with an Overflowing of the Gall.

BUT I being no Stranger to his Incontinence, judg'd it, upon ſecond Thoughts, to be a complicated Caſe,

Caſe, and preſently ſuſpected the Doctor had been a Maroding in his March, and caught a *Tartar*.

THESE Things, ſays I, with my uſual Frankneſs, *will happen to you, Gentlemen of lively Imaginations and pamper'd Carcaſſes*; and to ingratiate my ſelf with the *Cenſors*, under my preſent Apprehenſions, adviſ'd him to apply himſelf to a *Regular Phyſician* in time, for fear it ſhould go on to a Confirm'd One: *For you are but a* Quack, *and muſt be convinc'd, by this Time, we never were very lucky in Hitting a Caſe right.*

HE told me, I was out in my Conjectures, for that he was but Occaſionally troubled with any Symptoms of that kind, and thoſe againſt Change of Weather, for which he had Recourſe to a *Specifick* Diet-Drink of the famous *Wall*'s Preſcription: But ſomething of greater Importance ——

I foreclos'd him in his Speech, preſently Conjecturing, this Chagrin was owing to the unexpected Turn given to our Stage-Practice. *What*, ſays I, *Doctor, I preſume the Country is a little too hot for your Eminence: None of your* Banbury-Apes *have flock'd to meet you this Journey.* He acquieſc'd;—— and then proceeded to the Relation.

THIS Impoſtor, you muſt underſtand, has ſtrowl'd Yearly about the Country, in the Time of Vacation, to animate the Populace againſt the *Regular Phyſicians*, and cry up the Fallacious Methods of *Stage-Practice* above the Certainty of the *College Preſcriptions.*

THIS he has done very ſucceſsfully for Four Years paſt, always attended by his Body-Guard, making triumphant Entries, and has ſometimes been Com-

Complimented with the Formalities of *Mace* and *Furs*, and the Enormous Eloquence of a Town-Clerk.

BUNGEY leaving his Stage to be rail'd round this Summer, to keep off the vile Approaches of all Orthodox Practitioners, and to mount with double Grandeur the enſuing Winter, began his Cavalcade about Two Months ſince.

WHETHER he ſuſpected a Decay of Affection in his dear Friends of the Rabble, or had a Mind to give a *Coup d' Eclat* to his ſhort-liv'd *Impoſtures*, I cannot tell, but he took all imaginable Care to dazzle the Spectators Eyes in his Progreſs: To this End he borrow'd the ſpeckled Horſe of his Learned Brother in *Covent-Garden*, and his *Black* with a Silver Collar for the greater Oſtentation, having prefer'd his own Man to be Trumpeter to the Stage in *Holbourn*.

THE Voices which waited on him to the Town's End were ſo faint, that you would have taken them for the puny Cries of a few Pariſh-Boys upon a Day of Proceſſion, not one deep-mouth'd Note from a Marrow-Bone or Cleaver, or the hoarſe Noiſe of a Waterman, or Bailiff.

THE Doctor having baited plentifully at the firſt Stage, a Young Wag of an Apothecary's Apprentice, enrag'd to ſee an impudent *Quack* engroſs the Practice of the Town, took this Opportunity, juſt at the *Doctor's* departure to beſmear the Poſteriors of his Horſe with *Turpentine*, under the Tail of him.

BUNGEY imputing the Skittiſhneſs of the Horſe to his Mettle, and Humouring his Prances, to give the Mob an Occaſion of Commending his Horſeman-

ſhip

ſhip, at laſt, with a true *Cavalier* Air, throws himſelf into the Saddle.

THE fiery Steed not digeſting the Bum-Poſſet kindly, mounts his Hinder Legs to a ſtupendous Height, and throws the poor Doctor forward into an Horſe-Pond.

HAPPY was it for thee, unwary Boy, that the *Doctor* did not come to a Knowledge of thy Nefarious Practices againſt his faithful Steed: He would have laid thee under Mortal Curſes, and defy'd the whole World to have taken them off.

HERE I thought the Farce had been over, but it ſeems this was the leaſt Part of it: The *Doctor* proceeded, and his *Stage-Speech* was but cooly receiv'd. He willing to ſound the Populace on the Opinion of his former Practice, and the Maxims he had inſtill'd Four Years paſt, tacks one of *Jacob* the Kt. of the *Warming-Pan's* frantick *Declarations* to his Packets.

THOSE of *Bungey*'s Tribe, who follow this Stage Occupation, have as many Opportunities of Inſinuating Things out of their proper Sphere, as your *Pedlers*, who, under Pretence of Selling Lace or Muſlin, put a pernicious Book of *Ariſtotle*, or the *Nuptial Dialogues*, into their Cuſtomers Hands, to debauch their tender Minds.

WHEREVER *Bungey* ſaw an inclinable Countenance, he thruſt in a *Packet* and *Declaration* together. Two or three of the Yeomen about the Stage finding the *Declaration* run in an Imperial Style, *I* Jacob, *Emperor*, &c. began to recollect ſome broad Hints he had dropp'd about this *Lunatick* a few Years paſt

paſt. *Here muſt be a Deſign*, ſays one. *This is Foreign to Phyſick*, ſays another. *The Dog is a* Jeſuit, ſays a third.

ONE among the reſt taking the Alarum, and Eying *Bungey* very intently, —— *Come down, thou execrable Cheat*, ſays he; *this is the Dog that ran about the Country Four Years ſince, with his Drum beating up like another Devil of* Tedworth: *Whatever he has done to my Wife* Cicily *I know not, but whenever I am Offering to careſs her, ſhe turns ſhort, and tells me, I don't love the Doctor: Reconcile us*, ſays he, *or by thy Holy Mother* Rome, *I'll divide thee in the Twiſt.*

THE Rumour ſtrengthening, poor *Bungey* was ſeiz'd, his Pockets ſearch'd for a Spy, and carry'd before Mr. Juſtice *Freeborn.*

THE Juſtice, according to the Truſt repos'd in him, demanded an Account of his Abode, Calling, *&c.* and told him, according to the Repreſentation made, he appear'd to him a ſturdy Vagrant, and came within the Penalty of the late Act of Parliament.

BUNGEY, with a ſtrowling Impudence, diſputed his Juriſdiction, and told him, *That his Stage was independent of his Worſhip's Power.*

THIS Inſolence provok'd the Juſtice, and Ordering them to produce the Letters they found about him, there was one in Cyphers, with *C. St. George* at the bottom.

Who is this St. George? ſays the Juſtice. —— *One* Chriſtopher *of that Name of my Acquaintance*, ſays

ſays this hard-mouth'd Cheat. —— The Clerk ſtepping up, —— *May it pleaſe your Worſhip*, ſays he, *I am apt to think it may as well ſtand for* Chevalier ——

THE full Cry of the Hall ran again *Bungey*, and the Juſtice riſing up with a true *Britiſh* Honeſty, told him, *There were many ſuch Vagabonds as he had infeſted the Country alate, but he ſhould be more upon his Guard for the future. You are a ſuſpicious Fellow*, ſays he, *and therefore I conjure you to tell me, Whether you own our Rightful and Lawful Sovereign King* George.

THE ſhameleſs Knave, being accuſtom'd to Recantations, told him, *His Stage brought in ſix Hundred Pounds* per Annum, *and therefore he might be ſure he was for the Indefeaſable Parliamentary Right.* The Juſtice could not keep his Countenance at the *Dog's* Abſurdity, and ſo diſmiſs'd him.

The

The High-German Doctor. N° 32.

CONTINU'D

By *Harry Gambol*, Licentiate.

From Tueſday, Auguſt 17. *to* Friday, Auguſt 20. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

IT's ſcarce to be imagin'd of what ſingular uſe an exact Diſcipline of the Face is to Men of Publick Characters: No Practitioner ever arriv'd to any Degree of Eminence without the Knowledge of it, and tho' it is not as yet rank'd amongſt the Sciences I am ſatisfy'd it deſerves a Promotion.

THIS Exerciſe of Airs and Features is a great Advantage in the low parts of Life, but more abſolutely neceſſary for a Great Practitioner at his going down in the Eſteem of his Patients. To put on ſuch an Air as may make the World believe he is as well with them as ever, or, which is as reputable, to ſhow he deſpiſes Practice.

I have learn'd a tolerable good manner of looking blate, ſince the Stage has fallen into Diſ-Repute: I ſwell affectedly, and give my Head ſome agreeable Toſſes, tho' I am told by my Friends, I don't ſtare People

People ſo full in the Face as Ius'd, nor ſwear with ſo good a Grace as I us'd, when I tug the Fore-Top of my Whig.

THESE forc'd Airs, I find, are generally practis'd by the *Chymical* Men at preſent; and it overjoys me to ſee them keep up their Countenances under all the Diſcouragements they meet with, nay, *I' Faith*, and go a Point further, and tell the *Galeniſts*, with a good ſteady Front, that the *Chymical Method of Practice will be in Vogue again.*

BAR this Confidence, we ſhould be teiz'd out of our Lives, for the *Galeniſts* have got a plaguy ill-natur'd way alate of Accoſting the *Chymical Men* with a long Sneer, and aſking them, *How they do at this preſent Writing:* Then the exerciſe of the Face is very neceſſary to tell them,——*Very well*, with no viſible concern, whilſt they are Sick at Heart.

THIS Stratagem was concerted between ſome of the chief Practitioners, and has had ſo good an effect, as too keep the ignorant Admirers of the *Chymical Practice*, in hopes that the Method of preparing Medicines by Fire will be continu'd.

IT's merry to obſerve equal Tokens of Satisfaction on the Surface of Viſage amongſt the *Galeniſts* and *Chymiſts*, both Sanguine in their Hopes, both Claiming the next Director of the *Stage* for their Friend, and Grounding their expectations upon different Proſpects.

MOST of your High-German Doctors, ſay the *Chymiſts, are Men of Fire, they love to torture every Thing by the Crucible, are for Searching Medicines and won't be Preſcrib'd to, being ſo much us'd to give*

Noſtrum

Noſtrum's *of their own, and ſcorn to act in a Conſult of Phyſicians.*

THUS they flatter themſelves, and pretend to tell you, that *Mirabel*, an eminent *Galeniſt*, will be in Diſgrace, and his Method of Practice oppos'd, and that the Contingent Fees he took upon ſome extraordinary Caſes will be examin'd into, and cenſur'd as Unwarrantable.

I have ſtrove to work my ſelf up to ſuch a Confidence, but my Reaſon tells me, it's all Imaginary. I have been pretty well humbled already, being forc'd to pay my Attendance at the Door, with my Bag under my Arm, and a Diary of my Operations, and not admitted to ſpeak to the Regular Phyſicians.

IF any Foreign Caſe is ſent to the Surgery, I have not the Liberty of Opening it, but am forc'd to carry it to them, without ſeeing the Contents, which makes me in Bodily Fear, that many Errors in Practice will be diſcover'd, and I forc'd to go thro' a Steel Courſe by way of Attonement.

I have the Name, it's true, of being Chief Operator in Surgery, but am chiefly employ'd in holding the Porrenger, whilſt another who has the Repute of Bleeding more ſkilfully, runs away with the Perquiſites. This has retrench'd many a Journey to *Greenwich*, and makes me fear I ſhall be forc'd to ſhut up my *Anatomical School.*

THESE are but indifferent Preſages of the *Chymical* Method coming into freſh Repute of the Diſgrace of my proper Perſon. Beſides, one may make a ſhrewd Conjecture of the Averſion People have to all *Chymical* Preparations, by the Fires being put out in the

the *Elaboratory* for the laſt Fortnight, and not one Grain of *Mercury* diſpens'd.

THE Simples of our Growth riſe Daily in Eſteem, as is evident from the great Conſumption of them in the Neighbouring Markets of *St. James's*: Vaſt Quantities of Mollifying Plaiſters are made in all the *Diſpenſaries*, and the chief Directors of the *Galeniſts* have acted with that damn'd Popular Gravity and Moderation in all their Preſcriptions, that I and *Bungey* have often curs'd them at the Snake-Club, by our Midnight Goddeſſes.

THE Fluſters I have been in at my Office, when an extraordinary Caſe has been under debate; the *Billet-Deux* which has been mix'd with Caſes of the laſt Importance, and my Cutting into *Sinus's* without *Probe-Sciſſars* are recapituled with Aggravations, and plac'd in the ſame Light with the Sedateneſs, Accuracy, and Circumſpection of the preſent Directors, which is plaguily Malicious, and too ſevere upon Honeſt, Rattling, Inoffenſive *Harry*.

THE *Galeniſts* open way of Preſcribing, and Writing in Obvious Characters are ſtrangely moving, which they oppoſe to our Cyphers, and Myſtical Practices, firſt introduc'd by that Tricking *Hermodactyl*, under the Notion of keeping the Irregular Practice of the Stage from the Inſpection of the Vulgar.

THESE Circumſtances contribute mightily to the Reputation of the *Galeniſts*, and give them a Superiority in the Eye of the Populace, beſides what they have gain'd by their Ardent Zeal for the Health of the *Illuſtrious Hanno*, which is plac'd hig

high in the Eſteem of all honeſt *Britons*, upon the Account of his Benevolence and Humanity.

THE Contemptuous Treatment of a Letter ſent from that Great Family, about a very important Caſe, and diſpatching the Meſſenger away with all the Marks of Infamy, are heavy Charges upon me and my *Scaramouches*, tho' *Hermodactyl* was in the Spiteful part of that Secret, however he has adjuſted that Miſtake at preſent.

THIS might be gloſs'd over, perhaps, by the Exigency of the Times; but that Malicious Book in *Folio*, writ by a *Club of Chymiſts*, againſt *Hanno's* coming over for his Health, and patroniz'd by your *Humble Servant*, will go near to riſe up in Judgment againſt the Fire-Men, and give the Preference to the *Galeniſts* in the Eye of the next Director.

THE Deſertion of *Smut*, with his daily Meditations left behind him upon his Table, have adminiſtred great Jealouſies of the Chymical Practice, and I don't hear the *Hue and Cry* has reach'd him yet; ——By *St. Patrick.*

FRANK Scammony, that Heady Quack, who mounts a *Stage* in the Sanctuary at *Weſtminſter*, gives me but wretched Conſolation: He having a Talent at Speech-Making, flatters me, if things come to Extremity, he will, in Conjunction with *Bungey*, harangue the Populace into a Belief of the *Stage* being Independent of the Preſident: He owes me a Favour, having deſign'd him a Private Signet for Sealing the Packets;

I treated the Suggeſtion with Contempt, knowing them to be a Couple of Roaring Senſeleſs Bullies,

and the Artifice ſo Stale, that it would not find Credit hereafter with a Dull Pettylanon: Yet for a little ſportive Miſchief, I don't know but I may encourage them, on purpoſe to ſee their Lute-String ſlabbering Bibs embroider'd with rotten Turnips and addled Eggs: However, I wiſh I was as good a Scholar as *Frank* —— takes himſelf to be.

The High-German Doctor. N° 33.

CONTINU'D

By *Harry Gambol*, Licentiate.

From Friday, Auguſt 20 *to* Tueſday, Auguſt 24. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

BEING juſt recover'd from a ſlight Indiſpoſition, occaſion'd by the Benevolence of Olive-Colour'd *Moll* in the Hundreds of *Pall-Mall*, *Will Wildfire* and and I went to the *Snake-Club*, to drink a refreſhing Bottle of *Burgundy*. No Wit, not one happy Thought ſtarting, but a few Condoling Yawns blown over the Table to each other, we were plaguily at a loſs for ſome diverting Company.

AT length four *Scaramouches* broke in upon us beſmear'd with Soot, and long Sleeves dangling on the Ground: *Frank Scammony* of *Weſtminſter*, *Robin Tartar*

Tartar of *Greys-Inn*, little *Trapſtick* of *Oxford*, and to cloſe the bleſſed Scene, *Bungey* of *Holbourn*.

I reſign'd my ſelf up to Dullneſs that Night, from a deſpair of Improving by ſuch inſipid Society. However, I cover'd my Temper with a few Relicks of Court-Airs, and cooly aſk'd them to take their reſpective Chairs.

THE firſt part of their Converſation turn'd upon One and Three, Three and One: I that was never Maſter of an Additional Sum in my Life, was ſo plagu'd with their Whimſical Numbers, that I was juſt upon the point of Breaking up, when *Frank Scammony*, who values himſelf upon ſheer Banter, turn'd the Diſcourſe; and ſetting up for PROLOCUTOR of the Company, *Well*, ſays he, *honeſt* Bungey, *how ſtand you prepared for Oaths? For the Cenſors of the College reſolve to bind you faſt againſt Practiſing in Young* Jacob's *Name for the future.*

BUNGEY not taking the Doctor right, *By G——d*, ſays he, *I can Swear as faſt as you; and as you firſt Taught me to Forſwear my ſelf in my Speech, I am now come to an Habit of Swearing Poſitively.*

I was preſently upon the Catch, and recollecting, that the Three *Scaramouches* preſent had made the Doctor's Speech four Years paſt, when he was in Rebellion againſt the College of Regulars, I tipp'd the wink upon *Bungey*, and encourag'd him to throw out ſome of his *Billinſgate* Proprieties.

BUNGEY having always been a TOOL, took Fire at the Encouragement, and I being determin'd to pleaſe my Fancy in Low-Life that Night, addreſs'd my ſelf, with a forc'd Gravity, to the Company, and

told them, They were a little too hard upon the Doctor, for *Perjury* in a *Publick Court*, for once and away, did not prove him a *Common Swearer*.

THE Plot thicken'd, and *Bungey* roſe with a tolerable ſightly Complection after a Bumper of *Burgundy*, and a due Chafe of the Spirits.

'I'LL right my ſelf; ſays the Doctor. —— No 'Bottles, Dear Doctors, at one another's Heads, (ſays I) the weakneſs of your Sculls have been ſuffi-'ciently prov'd already, and I beg you to make no 'freſh Experiments upon the *Pia Mater*.

BUNGEY, ſomewhat cool'd by this Caution, ſat down, and began in Imitation of *Horace*'s low Raillery between *Meſſus* and *Sarmentus*, in his Fifth Satyr of his Firſt Book.

'THOU Inſolent Upſtart, ſays *Bungey*, by St. '*Bridget* that firſt gave thee ſkimm'd Milk, I'll ex-'poſe thee: You have a damn'd ſqueamiſh Eye: A 'naked Boy on a Sign-Poſt offends your *Opticks*, but 'I am ſatisfy'd that you and I, in Concert, have 'not been ſhock'd at the Sight of the Mount of '*Venus*.

'BUT how, in the Name of my Tutelar Angel '*Aſmodæus*, could you miſtake a *Bee-Hive* for *Jacob*'s '*Well*? You are bit, Doctor, and the People in *Weſt-'minſter* think you don't know a Looking-Glaſs 'from a Cloſe-Stool-Pan.

SCAMMONY, with all the Correct Impudence of Twenty Years Stage-Practice was not preſent to himſelf upon this Occaſion, but was forc'd to make uſe of the ſame Expreſſion *Codicil* return'd to *Hermodactyl*,

modactyl, when he bully'd him a Fortnight ſince, *I always hated you, but now I deſpiſe you.*

BUNGEY having the Laugh of his Side, and Swelling his Vein of Raillery with an intermediate Bumper; 'Pray, Dr. *Scammony*, ſays he, how is 'your Senſe of Smelling alate? They tell me, that 'the Scent of a Dunghill in a Sign gives your Ol-'factory Nerves an Uneaſineſs: You and I have been 'often very Facetious at the *Dunghill-Tavern*. How 'comes your Spleen to ſwell at the Poſture of a 'poor Fellow, making a Natural Diſcharge in 'Imagery?

AT this, *Robin Tartar* of *Greys Inn* interpos'd, and told *Bungey*, ſuch Language was not to be given to one of a Superiour Order in the *Stage*.

I that have been ſo fam'd for the Propagation of Miſchief, could not reſtrain my ſelf upon this Occaſion, and, by a private Hint, ſlipt *Bungey* upon *Tartar*.

BUNGEY, having lately went out *ad Eundem* in *Cambridge*, had made it his Buſineſs to trace out all the Scandal in a certain *Univerſity*, and amongſt the *Memoirs* he had Collected, was very prompt upon this Incident.

'YOU, *Tartar*, ſays he, have dreſs'd a Widow's 'Iſſue for ſome Years, and at laſt, have ſwallow'd 'the *Pea*. Come,—— I don't know but this Wine 'is as good as any you have met with at the *Three 'Tuns* at *Cambridge*.

ROBIN Recollecting his Juvenile Frolicks, and what a Jeſt he had made of himſelf, readily took the Alluſion, and making a Pauſe, had only this poor

Reply to ſuccour his Want of Preſence: *Your Tongue is no Slander, we have been even with you in the Speech we compos'd for you.*

BUNGEY was inordinately fir'd at this Diſcovery, and would have blurted out ſomething that might have given further Light to the wicked Compact between them; when little *Trapſtick* roſe juſt to the height of giving a Glyſter, *Nay, Doctor*, ſays he, *I muſt blame you now.*

'AVAUNT, little *Zany*, ſays *Bungey*, you 'ought to take your Maſter's Part Right or Wrong; 'I hir'd you firſt for little Flouriſhes, and now you'll 'pretend to make Formal Speeches amongſt us 'Wits: *Bungey* grew drunk, talk'd wild and ſtammer'd in his Speech, and juſt having an Articulate Sound left, blatter'd out,—— *By the Apoſtolical Authority committed to me by* Clement *the* XIth, *I enjoyn thee Silence. A Chair for the Doctor:* And ſo we parted.

The

The High-German Doctor. N°. 34.

CONTINU'D

By *Harry Gambol*, Licentiate.

From Tueſday, Auguſt 24. *to* Friday, Auguſt 27. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

BEING Hourly in Expectation of a New Preſident of the *College*, who is determin'd to purge out all the Abuſes which have crept into *Stage-Practice*, thro' the Corruption of the Times, I have been Weighing my late Conduct in the niceſt Scales I could purchaſe, and Scanning my paſt Life with great Acuracy, to be made ſenſible of the Errors I may be particularly charg'd with.

WHEN we come upon our Examination before the *Cenſors*, *Hermodactyl* ſhall not anſwer for the Treſpaſſes of *Gambol*, nor *Gambol* for the Crying Sins of *Hermodactyl*; neither will *Codicil* be able, with all his Sophiſtry, to remove the Charge of *Mala Praxis* from himſelf, and load us Two with it. It was, in ſhort, a *Triple League* of Miſchief, and ſince we could not agree to *Poiſon in Concert*, every one muſt make the beſt Shift he can for himſelf.

I have been ſo confus'd alate in my Thoughts,

that I could only think by Intervals; and the *Surgery* being under a Check, I have not been able to come at all the Papers and Caſes, which may be both of Uſe and Diſſervice to my Cauſe.

HOWEVER, having preſerv'd my *Diary*, amidſt the Ruins of our *Stage*, I was ſo curious to look it over the other Day, for more exact Information, but could not gain any conſiderable Light from thence: Being under no manner of Apprehenſions of ſeeing this Turn in Practice, I had not digeſted my Papers ſo Methodically as I could have wiſh'd, and find the Hiſtory of many remarkable Caſes wanting:

THERE are many Ludicrous Hints in every Page, which us'd to revive the Images of paſt Pleaſure, and often make me very happy with a Fair Lady at a Diſtance.

IN the firſt three or four Leaves, I find Recorded ſuch Momentous Caſes as theſe following, after the Laudable Method of my Friend *Smut*, in his *Coliloquies*.

BLED a young Wench of Seventeen in the *Median Vein*, at a Corporation of Love in *Great Rider-Street*, with a *Bold Pulſe*, *Velvet Skin*, and *Pouting Lip*. Return'd back of my Fees, 1*l*.——1*s*.——6*d*.

DITTO, Impos'd on by a Doctreſs that Day, who recommended a young Nymph to me, who had been too buſy with *Rochfort's* Pomatum. My Labour being ſmall, I gave it Gratis.

PAID for dividing a very Senſible and Curious *Membrane* in the *Via Infernali*, by the Intereſt of a Lady Governeſs near the *Green-Dragon*, St. *James's*,

2*l*.

2l. —— 3s. —— 0. Loſt my Credit another Day, by not being able to go thro' with an Operation in *Leiceſter-Fields*. Overcharg'd by a Bottle extraordinary. Compromis'd Matters with a large Fee.

MAN *Will* and I went Halves in an Operation; the Part Schirrous; Launcets blunted; the Patient in a Swoon; Cold Water for the Girl; a Bumper of Generoſity for *Will* and ſelf: Both poſſeſs'd, judg'd Incapable.

GOT a Thorn in my Foot by Running Naked; broke my Man's Head, for not Introducing a ſhe Patient preciſely at Seven; and then gave him a Plaiſter.

LOOKING further, I found ſomething of more Importance: A Journey to *Paris*, upon *Hermodactyl's* Perſwaſion, to improve my Hand in Amputations, under *French Surgeons* in the *Royal Hoſpital*. To learn likewiſe a Dexterous way of Cupping and Bliſtering the Good People of *Britain*, without a Groan from the Patient.

FURTHER, to Ratify a Private Contract made between *Hermodactyl*, Me, and *Roſelle* the *French Surgeon*, for the Uſe and Benefit of a Patient that ſhall be nameleſs.

SETTLED an Exchange of *French Tartar* for Ready Money *Engliſh*.

TRY'D on a Pair of *Wooden Shooes*, pinch'd me damnably, and gave me a Corn: To be lin'd in *England*, for the more Eaſe at firſt drawing on.

KISS'D Prince *Prettyman's* Hand in *Le Grand Petit's* Cloſet; —— Made a wretched Blunder in

my firſt Addreſſes to him; promis'd him my Services.

WAS juſtled out of the Box at an *Opera* that Night to make way for him; —— Lay with a Marchioneſs the ſame Night, in Recompence for the Affront, by the powerful Intereſt of Madam *Scaronia.*

CAME back Hot, and Heady: Somewhat Cool alate; —— more Temperate every Day; —— the Bad Effects of it Melancholly, and Self-Reflection:

RESOLV'D once to break all the *Regular Phyſicians*, to ſet up *Stage-Practice* in Oppoſition to the dull Rules of Art; to change ſome of my *Operators*, and put in Men of more Sanguine Complections in their Room.

MEMORANDUM; *Frank Scammony* to Seal the Private Packets. Allowance to him out of the Contingents of the *Stage*, to provide ſix *Scaramouches* in conſtant Attendance, to run about with *Wild-Fire* in their Mouths, crying out, *The Stage is in Danger.*

SIX more Supporters to theſe in *Black Liveries*, with great Cables on their Heads to be diſpers'd *pro re Nata*, to Inferior Stages of the Town at 12 *d. per Diem*, with two or three Set Harangues, with a Remnant of *Latin* to confound themſelves and the Crowd; and proper Geſtures aſſign'd them, by *Don Stromboli* of *Bettyſhanger*, Maſter of the *Ceremonies*, and Guide to the *Raw Slips.*

TO call Names Loudly, and without Meaning.

TO

TO play *Scammony* againſt the moſt *Regular Phyſician* at *Lambeth*, for Oppoſing him in his *Quackery*, and Expoſing his falſe Gloſſes about the *Stage's* Independency of the *Preſident*, and *Cenſors* of the *College*.

AN eminent Phyſician at *Sarum* to be Burleſqu'd, for having kept *Bungey's* Relations from Starving, for that Popular way of giving his Medicines Gratis to the Poor, and diligent Application to the true Dignity of his Profeſſion.

N. B. THAT Bright Witticiſm to be reviv'd amongſt the Inferior *Scaramouches*, of the Sanctify'd uſe of *Cambrick*, and the Prophane Intendment of *Scotch Cloath*. —— A *Cameronian Doctor*. —— That has a good Sound.

THE Indefeazable and Unalienable Right of *Stage Practice* deduc'd from the *High Æra*, and long Antiquity of 112 Years, to be oppos'd to that of 1500, which the *Regular Phyſicians* boaſt of.

THE whole *Stage Corporation* abſolutely enjoin'd never to Reaſon with any of the *Regulars*: Found of no uſe in Practice: *Probatum eſt.*

MANY other curious Remarks are loſt by wearing in my Pocket, and the violent Exerciſe of my Body, and ſome pick'd out when I have fallen into bad Company: Many a *Vellum* Caſe in an Advertiſement.

THESE are ſufficient to ſatisfy you, that I have always mix'd the Serious with the Looſe parts of Life; and that I have an Enterprizing Brain, but plaguy ſhort in Execution.

THERE

THERE are not, I think, many things culpable in theſe *Memoirs*, and I hope, after Dancing the ſlack Rope ſo long, there are none of you ſo cruel to wiſh poor *Harry* was Stretching it.

I have a *Diary* of *Hermodactyl*'s in my Cuſtody, which I think to publiſh in a little time; I would not have him think me a *Plagiary* for ſo doing, he having printed ſo many Copies and Schemes of others, in which he had no Hand.

THERE is a great deal of it in Coptick Characters, as the Learned tell me, but I ſhall fiſh out enough to let the World ſee I am a merry wicked Fellow, and he a whining One.

IT begins with an extempore Prayer in Form. If I don't ſpeak proper, it is becauſe my Converſation has not lain much that Way.

The

The High-German Doctor. N° 35.

CONTINU'D

By *Harry Gambol*, Licentiate.

From Friday, Auguſt 27. *to* Tueſday, Auguſt 31. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THE Apprehenſions I daily lye under from the *Cenſors* of the *College*, are very often reliev'd by ſome merry Incidents. I have feaſted an whole Week upon a merry Tale that was told me of *Bungey*.

GIVE the Dog his due, tho' he is Proverbally dull, he furniſhes great variety of Matter for the Curious; there is ſomething ſo Emphatically Ridiculous in the Fellow, above all Mankind, that he ſeems to be ſent by Providence as *a Purge for Melancholy*.

I love him for nothing but his inimitable Wickedneſs. He has a pure unrelenting Conſcience, and Zeal for Miſchief, joyn'd to thoſe Maſterly Qualifications of Arrogance and Impotence.

HIS Company is inſipid to the laſt Degree. The Stiffneſs which attends his aiming at being Arch, without Wit, gives me the Strangury. He is Lewd to an *Inch*, and no more; Prophane, without a Gloſs.

Gloſs; Meanly Inſolent, without the Senſe of Pride; Vain with the Shreds of Popularity; a Flatus of Style, without Senſe or Propriety; and ſo well vers'd in the Becoming Manner of Dreſs, that you would think his Upper Part always in Maſquerade, with a fair Peruke, and Lead-Colour Complection.

YET this vile Slave receives a noble Income from his Stage, the Poor Animals of his Audience contributing largely to the Packets of *Charcoal* and *Brimſtone*.

BUT the Inquietude this empty Tool labours under from ſuch an unmerited Fortune, is the ſportive part of the wild Scene, which brings a Story ſtuſh to my Memory.

BE it known to you therefore, that *Bungey*'s Stage lies in the *Fens* of *Holbourn*, at the Foot of that famous Hill which receives a Knot of honeſter Fellows Monthly from a Neighbouring *College* above it.

WHETHER *Bungey* diſlik'd the Situation, as having too near a Reſemblance with *Holland*, and affected the *Highlands*, out of Love to a Pretender in *Phyſick*, that has a great Intereſt there, and his Beloved Minion, I ſhall not determine; but the Fellow, it ſeems, had a Worm fretting in his Brain a few Weeks ſince, and ſwore, He would tranſplant his *Stage*.

BY Old Ely, ſays he, *I'll remove*: And immediately fell to Ripping his Wainſcot, and taking down all the Hiſtory Painting of his Tumults at the Head of the Banditti Four Years paſt, and order'd the Workmen

Workmen to proceed no further in Railing his *Stage*, and ſetting up a large *Crucifix* at the *Eaſt* End of it.

WHILST this Fit of Lunacy was upon him, he beſpeaks *Ten Ells of Lawn*, and a *Square Cap*, and getting into a Room of Glaſs Pannels, where he us'd to dally with a Nymph ſtark-naked, for the Heightning his decay'd Fancy, ſurveys the Groteſque Figure of his dear ſelf.

THE Soliloquy was very pleaſant, as the Trumpeter of the *Stage* inform'd me.

'AH, *Bungey*, ſays he, thou Coriphee of Quackery, how Amibable doeſt thou appear in this *Metamorphoſis*? How artfully do theſe Robes of Light cover thy inward Deformity, and give an Innocence to thy harden'd Complection? O thou Specious Cheat! *Dear Lucifer* permit me to ſtrengthen thy Kingdom, and out-do thee in thy Realms below. With that he began to exerciſe his Faculty, and Spying a Block in one Corner of the Room, which us'd to adjuſt his *Peruke*, and give every languid Hair a flowing Curl, he claps his Hand upon the Embeliſhing Machine, and crys out, *I bleſs thee*!

AT this juncture an Honeſt Turn-Cock of the *New-River-Water* comes in, to diſcourſe him about laying in a Pipe to ſupply him with Store of Water: The *Doctor* being of the Seed of the Circumciſion, and delighting much in Purifications, after frequent Bodily Defilements.

FROM this Moment, ſays *Bungey*, *I put a Stop to thy Work in this Low Quarter of the Town; you muſt lay me a Pipe over the way, for I deſign*

to

to remove my Stage, *to the Great Gate upon the Hill.*

THE poor Fellow aſtoniſh'd at the Order, began to think him a little poſſeſs'd. *Methinks, Doctor,* ſays he, *you are well Scituated, and you cannot change for a better Air: And Six Hundred Pounds* per Annum *is no contemptible Thing.*

THOU little Creeping, Servile, Inglorious Water-Rat, (ſays the Doctor) *doſt thou meaſure thy humble Wiſhes by the Standard of my elevated Soul? I tell thee, there is not a* Doctor *in* England *deſerves it better.*

THEN the poor Fellow was fully appriz'd of his Vanity, and being a dry Wag, told him, He fancy'd his Honour and Glory had not rightly conſider'd his Perſonal Incapacity. *For they tell me,* ſays he, *that the Spot you have pitch'd on is Conſecrated Ground, and there is a Statute in Force againſt you Strowlers, forbidding you to come within the Verge of a Sanctuary.*

BUNGEY foam'd juſt with the ſame Rage as he did in his *Stage-Speech* at *St. Paul's*; and Anathematiz'd the poor Fellow, in the Name of *Francis Spira.*

'BY *Sancta Jugunda*, the Tutelar Saint of the 'Immortal *Catalans*, (ſays the *Turn-Cock*) I inſiſt 'upon my Liberty; and thou haſt no more Power to 'Curſe me than I have to Dub thee a Saint. But 'good Words, *Bungey.*

'I would not have you ſo Hot upon Removing 'your Stage, before you are ſatisfy'd of the Firm-'neſs of the Tenure you hold at preſent, I am told, 'you are but in a tottering Condition.

IT's

'IT's *Montagio*'s Ground that your Stage is 'Built on, you have no Leaſe but what *Codicil* drew, 'and he is none of *Montagio*'s or his Friend's At-'torney, and when that Right comes to be try'd 'before the *Cenſors*, what will become of your 'Uſurpation?

'YOU have been reckon'd Lunatick by them 'already, a Tool at the third Hand, and an Impoſtor 'by all Mankind, and ſuch a Revenue is not to be 'laviſh'd upon ſo much Ignorance and Impudence, 'when honeſt Half-pay Officers are Starving.

'RETRENCH, you Varlet, from two Bottles 'to a Pint, ſays the honeſt Water-Rat, and from a 'Scarf Maker in *Cannon-Street*, to an humble 'Whore in *Moor-Fields:* No more *Turkeys* and 'Chines, or *Plump Sucking Pigs*, which the Vulgar 'us'd to offer for your Poyſonous *Pills* and *Bolus's*.

'YOU a *Doctor*, you a *Coſtermonger*, I am a 'better *Phyſician* than you: How much *Calomel* do 'you put in a Doſe for a *Simple Gonorrhœa?* How 'many Drops of *Capivy?* I have been in for it as 'often as you. *Reſponde, Digniſſime Doctor.*

BUNGEY over-talented by the Aſſurance of the Turn-Cock, was at a Pauſe, but recollecting the Impudence he ſhow'd when he was Try'd before the *Cenſors*, let fly a String of Epithets, which made the poor Fellow think he was Raiſing the Devil. '*Jack*, 'call my Apparitor; I'll put the Dog into the *Spi-'ritual Court* for Defamation, and Arraigning the 'Honour and Dignity of my Vices. Don't you know, 'Sirrah, (ſays he) that Black compounds for all Im-'moralities; and even a *Small-Coal-Man*, for Wear-

ing

' ing that Colour, has Partial Favours ſhown him
' from our Court of no Conſcience.

The High-German Doctor. N° 36.

CONTINU'D

By *Harry Gambol*, Licentiate.

From Tueſday, Auguſt 31. *to* Friday, Septem. 3. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Never was in a worſe Humour for making Speeches theſe Four Years, than I am at preſent; the florid Periods applauded by the Men, and the tender Things which us'd to pierce the Ears, and make their Way into the Ladies Hearts, have left me on a ſudden; that Rakiſh Sprightlineſs which cover'd many a Neglect is chang'd into a guilty Dejection of Countenance: I am become a perfect *Caput Mortuum*, a heavy lump of Clay, ſcarce to be Animated by *Burgundy*.

YET I muſt ſay ſomething for my ſelf at my Departure; it vexes me that I am oblig'd to Copy after the worſt Pattern in the Univerſe: *Hermodactyl*'s Farewel Speech has laid me under a neceſſity of taking my Leave in Form, tho' I ought, in good Huſbandry,

to

to have reſerv'd what I had to ſay to the World, for my Final *Exit*, which my Propitious Stars tell me is not far off.

I have nothing that preſents it ſelf to my Mind *Extempore*; my Prompter, *Smut*, is fled; I have a good mind to take up the Laudable Cuſtom of our *Scaramouches*, and Speechify by Notes; but that will look like ſome Fore-Thought, and diſgrace my Ready Wit, and Preſence of Mind.

YOU will grant I have but ſmall Encouragement to appear in Publick at this Juncture; and tho' I have been a Comical Fellow, in the Courſe of my Practice, I have juſt Cauſe for Mourning at this Juncture, without the Aſſiſtance either of *Black*, or *Weepers*.

THERE are none of you Strangers to my Diſgrace. The *Interdict* laid on my Practice this Week, by the *Regular Phyſicians*, and the Solemn Execution of it, under the Seal of the *Great Preſident of the College*, has Mortify'd my Ambition to the laſt Degree.

IF I might have been allow'd to keep up the *Stage-Practice* 'till the *Preſident* and *Regular Phyſicians* had met, it would have mitigated the Cenſures of the World. But to have my Box of Inſtruments ſeal'd up, my Launcets taken from me, and all the Caſes relating to Surgery ſecur'd, for a Day of Examination before the *Cenſors*, carry an Air of Suſpicion along with them, and makes my Audience believe now, That I never had no more Skill than a Country Barber, with much leſs Honeſty.

THE Blow, I muſt confeſs, was leſs Surpriſing, having

having liv'd in continual Apprehenſions of it the laſt Month; ſo that my Caſe has reſembled one in a Lingring Diſtemper, perceiving a Daily Waſte in his Conſtitution, and feeling all the Symptoms of his Approaching End, in much Bodily Fear, without one real Token of Contrition.

HOWEVER I think the Intervals which favour'd my Admiſſion into the *Surgery*, have not been miſemploy'd for my Safety. The Titles were kept in pretty good Order, by the Induſtry of our Menials, ſo that I could turn to moſt Caſes which fell to my Share in Practice. You may be ſure I was compaſſionate enough to clear the File of ſome Encumbrances, and give leſs trouble to the *Regular Phyſicians*, in Peruſing ſuch a variety of Caſes.

THERE was a Flaming one in Front, concerted between *Precipitate*, the *Iriſh* Operator, and my ſelf, for Reviving the Uſe of *Wild-Iriſh* Durks, and *French* Razors in our Operations of Surgery: It cannot be imagin'd of what ſingular Uſe they are in cutting off Excreſcencies which are fed by ſtubborn Humours, and run over the Body Licentiouſly. But I believe that Method of Practice would have been ſufficiently damn'd by the *Regulars*, and we reckon'd a Couple of Refin'd Butchers: But that Charge, thanks to my Stars, is ſunk.

NEXT, a *Practical Syſtem of Phyſick*, for Reſtoring a Youth, troubled with a Megrim, in Foreign Parts; with the Salary paid for his Board, out of the Contingents of the Stage, the laſt Four Years.

SOME Caſes relating to *Hans Skipper*, a *Dutchman*, about his Fullneſs of Blood, with a Reſolution to

to bleed him frequently, and at laſt reduce him to an *Atrophy*.

TO heal up all the Wounds of *Le Grand Petit*, and cloſe them ſo artfully, that the Scars may not be ſeen.

LIKEWISE, a Project for Conſolidating the *French Lilly* and our *Engliſh Saffron* into a *Pill*, with an Ingredient from *Spain* and *Sicily*, for Curing an Epidemical Diſeaſe in the *North*; and ſtrong *Antipathies* againſt the *French* Practice in the *Low Countries*.

THESE Caſes, ſome *Whimſical*, ſome *Criminal*, have eſcap'd the Eye of the *Regulars* as yet, unleſs *Hermodactyl*, to ſkreen himſelf, has reſerv'd Copies of them.

SOME few, I am afraid, ſtand yet upon Record, which give me ſome Pain, but thoſe muſt be charg'd upon my *Zanies*, as *Hermodactyl* did a Poyſonous Diſpenſation upon his *Stoker*.

MY two chief *Zanies* are Heady and Obſtinate to a Wiſh: They have been examin'd already by a grave *Phyſician*, of a tall and commanding Aſpect, and ſtand their Ground. I take *Hermodactyl*'s Method of confirming their Stubbornneſs, aſſuring them that I have Intereſt, even at the laſt Extremity, to bring them off clear. They ſeem to reliſh my Advice agreeably enough at preſent, and I hope they may be brought to do Pennance for me, between Heaven and Earth. I had once a Thought of making a Commutation, and plac'd my laſt Hopes in that powerful Oratory, but I dread the clean Hands of the *Regular Practitioners*.

BUT

BUT leaving the Iſſue of theſe heavy Charges to kind Chance, I am to thank you, *Gentlemen and Ladies*, for the large Indulgencies you have granted me in the Courſe of Practice.

THO' I ſet out raw, you never charg'd me with Inſufficiency, I have prick'd ſome of you thrice in a Place, by way of Experiment, and you never ſhrink'd under the *Launcet*.

MY Boldneſs has been ſuited to the Ferment of your Blood theſe Four Years. You have all been affected like People of Calentures, who fancy the Sea a green Meadow, and court their Deſtruction by an eager Plunge into the deep.

UNDER this decepition of ſight, our *Scaramouches* in Black have attracted your Love and Veneration. Under theſe falſe Colours, moſt of us have plaid the Solemn Cheat, and I the Wanton.

TO your good Graces, Fair Ladies, I owe my Supreme Intereſt in the *Stage*, tho' ſubordinate to *Hermodactyl*, and hope I have anſwer'd the tender Idæa's you conceiv'd of me.

NEVER were ſo much Gaiety, and Amorous Frolicks, mix'd with the Solemn Buſineſs of Life. I tranſplanted my Office to *Sommerſet-Houſe*, where you have undergone many an Operation in *Maſquerade*. The Phyſick I adminiſtred, will ſtick by you for many Years, but you muſt not complain.

THE Favours I have receiv'd at your Hands, have been faithfully repaid. If any Fair One charges me with Ingratitude, it's poſſible ſhe will be of another Mind the firſt Searching Werther.

I

I had Thought of adding ſome new Decorations to the Stage at *Greenwich*, and making every Lawn a freſh Scene of Love; but I am prevented from Cultivating the Arts of Humanity, and improving the Talents I am bleſs'd with.

THE Fears I am under at preſent, contract my Nerves, and make me unfit for ſhow, I fancy ſometimes I have given the Ladies my extream Unction. Your Prayers are deſired for *Harry Gambol* in his Extremity.

FRANK Scammony, with a true Enthuſiaſtick Vehemence, reſolves to ſucceed me next *Stage-Day*. He Swears he is doubly Gifted; and will knock People about the Head with his Keys, if they will not ſubmit to his Preſcriptions without Reſerve.

The

The High-German Doctor. Nº 37.

CONTINU'D

By *Will Bromingham*, Studient in *Phyſick* and *Aſtology*.

From Friday, Septem. 3. *to* Tueſday, Septem. 7. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

HARRY GAMBOL's Diſgrace, which he, with a true Stage Impudence, ſoftens by the Name of *Abdication*, joyn'd to the approaching Diſſolution of *Codicil*, has ſtruck the Operators of our Stage with ſuch a Pannick Fear, that I began to be in pain for the Audience this Day, and thought we ſhould have been forc'd to bury our Stage at Midnight.

FRANK Scammony, on whom we rely'd, has broke thro' his *Bonâ Fide*, and tells us, He thinks his *Tenure* is a little firmer than ours, and therefore will not put it to the Hazard, by Appearing upon ſuch a Ruinous Stage.

I am not much concern'd at the Diſappointment, for his Periods were always ſtudy'd; he was never us'd to an Extempore Speech; even *Bungey's* Harangue was a Collective Tax upon all the Top *Scaramouches*

mouches Senſe of this Great City. He never talk'd without Notes; and an unforeſeen Incident would have almoſt put him to the Bluſh.

BUT I that have been us'd to Speechify among the *Cenſors*, am riſen to an Habit of Talking Poliſh'd Improprieties, which go glibly down amongſt the inſenſible Majority.

I am perfectly Maſter of his conceal'd Reaſons, and know that Excuſe to be only a Blind. His Coach was Blazon'd too high for an Operator: The Devices upon it were too pompous for the Stage, or the humble Notions of a Speckled, or Dapple Palfrey, that he would have been taken for a Lunatick, to appear in that Vehicle; and the poor Animal was too vain to make his Entry without it.

HIS Creſt was a Faggot in Flame-Colour, with a Double-Tipp'd Ornament upon it; the Quarterings, were a Seal half ſtruck, with Young *Jacob* in Buſto; a Wax Taper in the other; a Roſary, and a String of Beads, all in a Field Gules.

THE Supporters were Two *Scaramouches* in Black, in imitation of a Diſgrac'd *Harlequin*'s Brace of Angels; the Feet repreſenting *Satyrs*, with very long Tails.

I leave you to judge of this Fantaſtick Imagery, it's what I never ſaw in my Travels; and the World ſays, I have been laviſh enough in Remarking Ridiculous Punctualities.

THE Stage, I aſſure you, was ſunk to ſo low an Ebb, that even *Bungey*, the Remnant of Senſe and Good Manners, was apply'd to upon *Harry*'s diſgrace, but being inform'd that the Fellow had been ſo mean

as to recommend Moderate Doſes in a late *Stage-Speech*, we would not truſt ſuch a Trifling Fellow with a Cauſe which requir'd a Falſe Spirit, and a Tenacious Adherence to the Chymical Method againſt the Victorious Advance of *Regular Practice*.

THE Province is now left to me, with many malignant Stars Hanging over my Head, but there is a Neceſſity for a Struggle at this Time: You all know my Avow'd Principles; but to do the *Stage* Service, I am forc'd to go under the Sneer of an Occaſional Conformiſt to the *Regulars* at preſent.

I have ſiz'd my own Talents, and know my ſelf capable of going thro' all the Fineſſe requir'd in the *Stage*: I have a taking Look for Buſineſs, ſolemn Heavineſs work'd up to a Pertneſs, when I find there is Occaſion for a Laugh upon the Run of an Argument againſt me.

I deal well enough with *Quacks*, upon a Debate. Having kept a *Stage* at *Oxford*, you muſt allow I have ſcrap'd up ſome Gleanings of Logick, eſpecially the Terms of *Barbara Celarunt*, which have been ſo neceſſary to my *Stage* the laſt Year.

I have often attempted to prove a *Galeniſt* a Mouſe, after the pert Way of our freſh Men's proving a Man a Horſe, but my Mediums are damn'd Unlucky; *Polemius* diſſects me at every Turn, and ventures to ſay, I have little Senſe with a large *Bag of Brains*.

THE *Scaramouches* in Black are to anſwer for every Defect in my *Elocution* and *Practice*: They told me, Headineſs without Thought would make my Fortunes, with a Majority on my ſide, if I could

could by falſe Oratory, prevail upon the Rabble to believe the *Regular Phyſicians Schiſmaticks in Practice.*

IOLEMIUS caught me in an inſupportable Lye at the laſt Conſult; I found my ſelf gravell'd, and look'd round for Supporters: The *Scaramouches* had told me, That any falſe Aſſertion advanc'd for the Honour and Dignity of the *Stage*, was no more than an Officious Lye, and ſo contented with their Caſuiſtry, I tann'd a little, ſat down, and play'd my *Muſcles* ſomewhat Sheepiſhly.

CAN you believe me without diffidence; I have been a Tool to the *Scaramouches* in *Black*, and am almoſt become their Enemy in point of Intereſt. Whenever I offer'd them good Clean *Port*, the Knaves have always cry'd out for *French Claret*, and *Coniack Brandy*.

IT's impoſſible to ſatiate thoſe Voracious Stomachs with the Growth of a ſingle Farm: I have been forc'd to anticipate my Rents for the empty Noiſe of being a Protector of *Stage-Practice*.

THUS a great Man pays dearly for an empty Name, but having no other way of Eſtabliſhing it, I am forc'd to bear the Impertinence of thoſe prevailing Coxcombs, rather than not make a Figure, tho' ſomewhat of the Clumſieſt: They have got my Soul, and ſo they think they have a right to my Body.

I can eaſily fill up a Gap in Converſation, when they are dull, only by Fetching a grave Sigh, and telling them, The *Stage* is in Danger. I then have Leiſure to recollect my ſelf, and ſave my Provender, by ſlipping them upon ſo agreeablet a Subject.

THEY tell me, they have a Propoſal in *Petto*, to preſent the *Preſident* of the *College* upon his Arrival, to conciliate his Friendſhip, and ſhow the Neceſſity of Entertaining ſome Scouts in Black to ſtrengthen his Practice.

I cannot give into theſe weak Expectancies, the *Preſident* knows them to a Man: I am mark'd: They have Ten Thouſand Stains upon them, which all the diſmal Colours they appear in are never able to conceal: Their Numbers are their only Boaſt, but a Colony to *Virginia* for Planting and Propagating, will, I fear, ſoon leſſen their Arithmetick.

PAMPER'D Chins for *Quacks*, I am told, ſeem to be too great a Waſte upon the Soil, whilſt the *Regular Phyſicians* of the ſame Colour work their way thro' the World, and ſtarve with honeſt Application. You ſee I am upon the Point of Recantation; my League with Brother *Harry* was but juſt commenc'd when the *Stage* was Tottering.

N. B. FRANK Scammony's *Coach is to be Sold: Enquire at the* White Hart *in* Rocheſter: *If gone from thence, come back to* Weſtminſter, *and you ſhall know further in* Dean's-Yard.

The

The High-German Doctor. N° 38.

CONTINU'D

By *Will Bromingham*, Student in *Phyſick* and *Aſtrology*.

From Tueſday, Sept. 7. *to* Friday, Sept. 10. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THE Stage being threaten'd with the ſudden Arrival of the *Preſident* of the *College*, I grow every Hour doubly Officious, and begin to Mouth the Inviolable Attach I have to his Perſon tolerably well, and I believe with much the ſame Sincerity as *Hermodactyl* ſpoke it, after he had given young *Jacob* all poſſible aſſurance of his Recovery.

I have been Practiſing upon my Face theſe five Weeks paſt, to work the Muſcles up to a good plauſible *Brunſwick* Air. You muſt underſtand, *Mum* was always plaguily offenſive to my Palate, and ſo a Grimace or two at firſt, is very pardonable in a Probationer.

AFTER I had rack'd my Brain ſome time for a proper Model of Look, by the Advice of ſome *Scaramouches* in Black, I reſolv'd to borrow a true *Engliſh* Complexion, ſuch as the famous Univerſity of

Oxford wore in *Eighty Eight*, when they laid aside their *Mahometan* Phiz of *Eighty Three*.

THIS we are reſolv'd on to a Man, and cry up Moderation in Practice, that we may not exaſperate the *Regular Phyſicians*. Nay, the *Scaramouches* that ſet Fire to ſome of the *Diſpenſaries* Four Years paſt, have got a Brace of Buckets in their Hands, ready to quench any Flame that may happen, proviſionally that they may have the chief Hand in the Adminiſtration of the *College*.

AS I ſhall have a very difficult Taſk upon me to keep my Countenance from betraying the ſtrongeſt Paſſion for Young *Jacob*, it muſt be equally painful to thoſe who have been putting their Faces under the ſame Diſcipline for ſome Time. After I have paid my graceleſs Devoirs, I ſhall have the Pleaſure of ſeeing ſeveral of our worthy Stage Friends pay their Court to the Preſident, with a Medal of *Reddite* in their Pockets to a Pretender in Phyſick.

IF I could prevail upon *Bungey* to be at the Head of the *Scaramouches* that Day to break the Way for us, with his Pioneering Impudence, we of the lower Order of *Corinth* might maintain our artificial Fronts with a tolerable good Grace.

AS this Farce works, ſo we ſhall conform our Judgments; we have plaid it once with admirable Succeſs, and gave ſufficient Uneaſineſs to the Great Preſident *William*, after we had gain'd his Confidence; neither he, or his *Cenſors*, enjoy'd one peaceable Minute during a twelve Years Diſpenſation: I aſſure you, we Stage-Practitioners have a pure Way of Teizing a Preſident, and the Regular Phyſicians, if they

they will not allow us what Privileges we demand, and ſuffer us to poyſon under their Noſe.

THE illuſtrious Preſident, they ſay, has taken ſufficient Warning from the good-natur'd Lapſes of the former, and will expect a Preſcription ſhould be follow'd, without pleading Excuſes, ſo it be exactly according to the Rules of the *Diſpenſary*: Former Indulgencies having been prov'd by the Regulars to be pernicious.

IF this Method is taken, we may only thank our ſelves: *Bungey* in every Quack-Bill he writ, or Stage-Speech he deliver'd, inſtead of Ordering Phyſick to be taken with a due Conduct as the Regulars preſcribe, he, with a Pedantick Vehemence, cries out, *Let this Pill be taken with wholeſome Severities.*

THOSE Quacks who pretend to make a Merit of their forward Services, I doubt will find themſelves ſtrangely miſtaken; it's well, I am told, if they have Admittance, but to pretend to ſhare in the Privileges of the College is downright Lunacy.

THE Preſident knows his Title is firmer than any of his Predeceſſors, he is not to be allur'd by vain Promiſes, or terrify'd by falſe Cries, tho' we have a pretty numerous, and a very clamorous Body of People.

HIS Judgment, Diſtinction, and Reſolution concur to make him the Greateſt Man alive in his Station, to obviate any Diſtempers which are Invading the Conſtituton, or, if confirm'd, to eradicate them by proper Applications.

THOSE who fancy there will be a Neceſſity of ſhowing ſome Countenance to us Stage-Practitioners,

have not much conſider'd the Steadineſs of his Conduct; and the Marks of Diſtinction he has honour'd the preſent *Regent Cenſors* with, who are, almoſt to a Man, made up of Regular Phyſicians, leave no Room to doubt of the Byaſs of his Inclinations.

UPON a Reform of the Stage, I think my ſelf a little better Circumſtantiated than my Brethren: If my Launcet is taken out of my Hand, all the World knows I am a great Traveller, and conſequently a great Hiſtorian; and as I am a perfect Maſter of all Preparations in Phyſick, I have had it upon my Mind, ſome Time, to preſent the Preſident of the *College* with an Hiſtory of *Shell-Grinding*, together with the noble Art and Myſtery of making *Black-Cherry-Water*, being the genuine Works of *Will Bromingham*, Student in Phyſick and Aſtrology, Hiſtoriographer, and a Great Speaker.

I know the Time that ſuch a pompous Title in the Front Page, without much Matter in the Book, would have gone down ſmoothly with ſome of my *Oxford* Readers; but the Regular Phyſicians are ſuch prying Criticks, that they expect to find ſomething in every Page to the Purpoſe, which, in my humble Opinion, is not the Buſineſs of an Author. If I had writ in that Way, I ſhould not, at this Time, have been comforted with the whole Impreſſion of my Travels, under my own proper Cuſtody.

BY this means, I am able to reſtore the Commonwealth of Learning out of my own Study, if there ſhould be any Symptoms of Decay; beſides ſeveral Manuſcripts of mine in Phyſick, almoſt equal to my

Travels,

Travels, which are depoſited in that Regiſtry of Sciences, the *Bodleian Library*.

I am almoſt of Opinion ſometimes, that I ſhould have been thought no wiſer than other Practitioners, if I had not kept a Stage at *Oxford*: There is ſomething in the ſound of that Name, which ſtrikes the Imagination with Awe; and if a Quack has but Conduct enough to ſupport the Impreſſion the World takes of ſuch an Education, either by profound Nods, or poſitive Aſſertions; by formal Harangues, without any Interruption given, or Calling every Thing which makes againſt our Stage-Practice, by ſome hard Terms which generally have no Meaning where they are apply'd, as *Antimo*—— *Repub*—— *Hetero*, &c. that Fellow, depend upon it, ſhall have the Hum of the Crowd.

THESE, and the like Stratagems, are eaſily learn'd, and are of good Uſe in Human Life; theſe have ſupported the falſe Grandeur, empty Chicane, and dry Pedantry of the *Scaramouches*, and command a Deference from thoſe who are weak enough to be taken with the Mechanical Operations of ſome Geſtures, Tones, and Manners, further ſuccour'd by a Flaxen-Whig, a languiſhing Look, a gloſſy Scarf, and the Heavenly Sparkle of a Brilliant.

I never had a larger Opportunity of improving my weighty Talents than at this Juncture, for I ſit all Day in my Surgery without the leaſt *Interruption*; every Fellow that us'd formerly to truſt his Neck in our Hands, grows ſhy of us alate, and pertly aſks, *What Vein we deſign to prick him in? And how many*

Ounces

Ounces we propose to take from him? None of Hermodacty*l's Purges*; ——— cry the Men. *None of* Gambol's *Launcet*; ——— say the Women. So I am forc'd to make use of a blunter Point. Such a wonderful *Influence* has the Skill and Care of the Censors had on the weak People of *Great Britain* in a Month's Time.

The High-German Doctor. N°. 39

CONTINU'D

By *Will Bromingham*, Student in *Physick* and *Astrology*.

From Friday, Sept. 10. *to* Tuesday, Sept. 14. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

AS weak as the World represents me, yet assure your selves, I have Judgment to know when I am sneer'd: Nay, I am so sensible a Creature as to guess from a Whisper what lies at your Hearts. There is a Coolness runs thro' my Audience alate, but one Remove from Disdain; and some have been so frank to let me know, I appear much below *Harry Gambol*'s Spirit and Brightness. This I place to the Levity of your Tempers: We are both of us Wits, but our Manner is different; I am a Solid Wit:

Wit: *Harry* a Mercurial One: My Wit generally comes off very Dry, and makes the Fellows at *Oxford* Laugh inordinately: *Harry*'s goes off ſmart, and with a jerk, which I own, is more adapted to a Female Audience.

I T's true, I was never Fin'd for a Jeſt; *Harry* has Paid many a Hundred Pound for his Waggery; and upon that Score, I preſume, may claim the Precedence; but a Murrain take the *Stage*, and all its Adherents, for Mounting me in this Capacity; *Men of Publick Characters, who ſhow often, I find, are ſoon diſcover'd.*

I thought the Vain of Fooling had run very low with my Audience, having been Trick'd ſo often out of their Money and Senſes: I fancy'd likewiſe that a ſolemn Air would be a ſort of Decent Epilogue to our *Legerdemain: But I find we muſt play the Fool till we are Hang'd; or Damn'd if we don't play the Fool.*

I am convinc'd, at laſt, there are more things requiſite to engage an Audience, than being a Traveller, or an *Oxford Man:* There is a Sublimity of *Caper*, and a Prancing Gate peculiar to the *Stage*, which my Tutor, *poor dull Recluſe!* Never heard of; and for want of that Embelliſhment, I am reckon'd ſomewhat Flat.

I T's own'd, *Harry* entertain'd the Audience very agreeably; His Vivacity without Learning attracted all the Country Squires who came up to ſee Tricks; and the Influence of his Thimble and Balls was very powerful over the Fair Sex.

BUT

BUT then it muſt be likewiſe allow'd he had vaſt Advantages over the reſt of his Fraternity: By his Education he was bred a *Tumbler*; which is an excellent Preparative to a *Doctor*. *Harry* could walk upon his Head and Hands, and never turn his Brains: If, by any irregular Motion, I ſhould have miſplac'd mine, God knows if they had ever return'd to their proper Situation.

HERMODACTYL himſelf would never have been ſo Great a Maſter of *Stage-Practice*, if *Harry Gambol* had not turn'd *Poſture-Maſter* ſo often at Midnight; and by ſhowing the Motion of his Muſcles, taught that Tricking Quack the Facility of Riggling his Body, and Twiſting his Eyes Nine ways at once, when he promis'd any Man a Favour; beſides that Swimming Grace in his Whiſpering an Hundred People at once, that their Cure ſhould be very ſpeedy, and they might depend upon it.

I well remember, when we kept an *October Club*, I was thought a very pretty Fellow of a Grave *Andrew*; I generally ſat at the Head of the Board; and, Faith, was heard with Attention enough, tho' I ſay it: But then my diſcourſe turn'd generally upon Travels. It would have given you a Laugh of Forty Days to have ſeen ſome of your *Weſt Country-Men* ſtare, when I talk'd to them of the *Catacombs* of *Naples*: They would cry, ſure enough, *You are a Wag*, WILL! *Thoſe Catacowbs, by your Report, are bigger than our Strong-Beer-Cellars; and that cannot well be.*

THERE is nothing, I proteſt to you, gives a Man half the Sufficiency, or lays him ſo open to Flattery

Flattery, as the large Encomiums given him for the wonderful Fraught of Knowledge he brings Home. Nay, I'll ſwear, I have been almoſt put to the Bluſh with the Complements paſs'd on me for my Home Obſervations.

AT *Chatham*, I diſcover'd a Ship lay there with three Maſts: They were by no means Equal: The *Mizen* by much ſhorter of the other Two. *Three Guns Honey-Comb'd* upon the *Plat-form*, and the *Swivel* of a *Paterero* ſomewhat *Ruſty*. For theſe; which, I muſt confeſs, are not the niceſt Indagations, I was threaten'd with a Tack to my Name of *F. R. S.*

BEING made ſo conſiderable, by the good Opinion of my Friends, I thought it beneath me to give into the Arch-Way, till I ſaw *Harry* one time pull off his *Trowſers* upon the *Stage*, and ſhake them over the Young Wenches Heads, which rais'd a louder Hum than ever *Terræ-Filius* receiv'd at *Oxford*.

I attempted that Frolickſome Geſture when I found it pleas'd; but Fumbling a little in my *Operation*, I left the Province entirely to *Harry*, and his Second *Will Wild-Fire*.

WHAT has ſet me lower than *Harry* in the Eſteem of the World, I believe is, my being look'd upon only as Curate to him in the Surgery, ſo that all my Eſſays towards Wit and Humour, are reckon'd but ſervile Imitations of that wanton Original.

THIS has gall'd me to the Reins, having always valu'd my ſelf upon a fertile Invention; and for Perſpicuity, Volubility, and peculiar Phrazes, I recommend

commend my Patients to the Speech I made to *Hermodactyl* upon his Recovery from the Handle of a Penknife.

YOU may go on to blame my Flatneſs, but muſt in Charity excuſe my Defects, when I tell you that moſt of our *Operators* have fled the *Stage*.

HARRY has retir'd with the moſt ſpecifick Air you ever met with; you all know his Sedateneſs, his Inclination to Solitude, his vaſt Application to the Secrets of Nature.

THE perfect knowledge you have of his good Qualities, leaves no room for ſurprize, when I tell you, that making a Viſit the other Day to *Roſelle*, the *French Operator* in theſe parts, and deploring the ſtrange Viciſſitude of Affairs, he accoſts him with a Penſive Air; *I am come, Dear Brother, to take my Farewel of you, and the World.*

AFTER the Fatigue of Publick Buſineſs, and many hazardous experiments for the Purchaſe of Renown, I am determin'd to follow the Example of all Great Practitioners, and retreat to ſome diſtant Villa for improving my Speculations.

ROSELLE ſmoaking the Neceſſity of *Gambol's* Retirement, reply'd with the ſame affected Sincerity, *You do well* Harry,——*Your Temper is admirably well fitted for a Philoſopher.*

IN this Diſtreſs I lay claim to Pity; eſpecially when you know my chief ſupply of matter comes from *Atty Brogue*, who, in all the Intervals he can borrow from getting his Neck-Verſe by Heart, dribbles out an *Iriſh Witticiſm*, with a *Lilly Bullero Chorus*.

HERMODACTYL

HERMODACTYL is too Intent upon fitting out a Boat, and Ballasting it with *South-Sea Pigs*, for me to expect any relief from that Quarter.

CODICIL is busy in Sealing up his last *Packet*.

FRANK Scammony is half Lunatick, and roars out continually the Supremacy of the *Stage*; the singular Use of *Gunpowder* in malignant Cases; *Smithfield Operations*; and a Word very much in use amongst the *Laplanders*, call'd *Schism*; where to apply I know not: *Assist me thou dear Genial Planet* Saturn.

The

The High-German Doctor. N° 40.

CONTINU'D

By *Will Bromingham*, Student in *Phyſick* and *Aſtrology*.

From Tueſday, Sept. 14. *to* Friday, Sept. 17. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THE ſaving Regard *Harry Gambol* had to his proper Perſon, in taking ſeveral Preſcriptions off from the File, has robb'd the World of many excellent Manuſcripts, which would have afforded great Light to ſeveral obſcure Characters of Stage-Practice.

THIS Loſs might have been in ſome Meaſure repair'd, if *Hermodactyl*'s Diary had came entirely to my Hands. The tranſcendent Beauties of that Author, are very much Eclips'd by his Writing in ſhort Hand, and the Scantineſs of the *Margin:* But there is enough left to make his *Memory* dear to us, and our Poſterity: For I talk of him as a Man not long for this World.

HIS Life is rang'd into ſeveral Claſſes.

HIS *State of Nature.* His *State of Grace.* His *Pra-*

Progreſſion in Goodneſs. His *Fall.* His *Apoſtacy.* His *Hardneſs of Heart.* And *Practice of Phyſick.*

HIS *State of Nature* ſeems to have taken up a large ſpace of ſo invaluable a Life: Under that Head I find ſtrong Corruptions, frequent Importunities from *Satan* to rob Orchards, to demoliſh Poultry, and ſuck Eggs, to buy a Pole-Cat, and knock him on the Head in the Hen-Rooſt, to take off any Suſpicion from himſelf.

CARNALITY very Encroaching; conſider'd twofold, either with one of the *Siſter-hood*, or an *Alien.* Both determin'd with much Compaſſion. Benevolence to a Siſter, call'd *Building up of the Saints:* To an *Alien*, term'd *an Eſſay towards the Converſion of a Sinner by the Half-Blood.* Sav'd the Blankets of Abomination, my pious Sire had doom'd to the Flames.

BREACHES of Faith I find very Numerous in this State, and blooming Miſchief. Reſolv'd never to keep a Servant that gives direct Anſwers to any Queſtion, that does not carry two Countenances, and ſhuffle in his Gate, with a ſmall Sprinkle of Whining.

THE Sabbath generally ill-ſpent. A great Conſtraint upon me, when invited to joyn with the Aſſembly: Narrowly watch'd the Sand in the Hour-Glaſs. Intervals of Thought employ'd on the Dairy-Maid. Short Notes painful to me; a Cock or a Bull very often put in the room of them. Repetition too long-winded.

UNDER the *State of Grace*, I find *Herefordſhire* Cyder dearer for Four Years running, than it us'd to

be

to be, the Conſequences of that —— Abſtaining from the Expences of Evil. Sober for a whole Week —— Not one Temptation worth going to the Devil for. —— An aking Head, and a qualm of Stomach, true Signs of Contrition. Not employ'd, a Token of Abſtinence, Meditating Miſchief with a double Face, confirm'd Marks of Election.

HIS *Progreſſion in Goodneſs* is very remarkable: Under the Mortification of loſing my Credit in Practice, very penſive, retrench'd one Courſe at my Table, kept my Chamber to avoid the Importunity of Duns, great Compunction: Proclaim'd a Faſt when I could not be truſted, revil'd by the Poulterer, Butcher, Herb-Woman, and Book-binder —— My Mind too full to pray —— Sigh'd much. —— More Huſbandry in throwing off thoſe Exerciſes by the Spirit. Went backward every Day in my Fortune. Forward in Grace; Poverty a great Step to Repentance.

A full Conviction, when a Coach and Horſes is to be ſold for a Pennyworth: My Harneſs very often ty'd with Pack-Thread; great Sign of Humiliation.

NOT one Gleam of Comfort from this World, the Wicked proſper for Five Years together; my *Mind* rais'd much above the Hopes of all Carnal Preferments; Croſs or Pile for Spiritual —— a Chance on my Side: The Lines of Grace ſtrong in my Face, thoſe Reprobate ones of *Burgundy* having left me thro' many Conflicts, between the Deſires of the *Inward Man*, and the Neceſſities of the *Outward*.

HIS *Fall from Grace* is dated on the 27th of *March*, 1710; *Bungey*, an excellent Tool, perform'd impudently well, carry'd beyond Expectation, made ſome

Peop

People of Diſtinction cry, Urinals being ſcarce, their Grief my Joy: From that moment,

THE Apprehenſions of a Fleet Pennance declining, wax'd ſtrong, a wide Gap in my Conſcience left open for *Satan* to enter in at. My Credit reſtor'd, thoſe ſham Tokens of Penitence caſhier'd, grew worſe and worſe every Day, clean Linnen and Change of Apparel in Enmity, with the Purity of the *Inward Man*, *Memento mori* being worn out of my Brain, *Virtute & Fide* ſubſtituted in the Room, *Anglice*, *Deſperate Enterprizes, and Confidence to ſecond them. Actual Sin* ſupplying the Place of *Original*, the World debauch'd: Loath to be out of Faſhion.

HIS *Apoſtacy*, I find, commences the Day he took up the *Divining Wand*: Never to preſcribe with Certainty: Regular Practice a ſham: *Maſquerade* is the beſt Dreſs for an eminent Practitioner: Principle runs very Low. He that will buy will ſell; the *Stage-Cheſt* a good Succour to the Needy: A Coach and ſix the beſt Formula in Phyſick, reſolv'd to bring all Regular Practice into Contempt by the Irregularity of my *Scaramouches*: *Acheronta movebo*, my new *Motto*.

I am mightily entertain'd with the Regularity of his Wickedneſs, there is a ſequel of ill Practice attends the ſeveral Stages of his Life, as if he had made a Digeſtion of all the bad Qualities, which are neceſſary to form a conſummate Knave.

THERE ſeems to be a *Diffidence* of the Succeſs of his Practice with an Obdurate Conſcience, when I find him reſolving under the Topick of Hardneſs of Heart, never to relent, tho' he ſhould mount a *Stage*

on

on *Tower-Hill:* Reſolv'd, continues he, firſt to feel the *Cenſors*. *Le Grand Petit*'s Preſent to be artfully diſtributed. Twelve of them at my Devotion, very greedy, and a Plaguy Rent-Charge upon the *Stage-Cheſt*. If I fail in that Point, all the Errors in Practice to be laid on *Codicil*, *Harry*, and *Mat. Rummer*. *Bungey* to comfort them in their laſt Extremities, by Hanging in Concord. *Holbourn* to be pav'd for the Cavalcade, with a pitch'd Coat upon *Bungey*, adorn'd with *Croſſes* and *Flower de Lys's*, as an *Herald at Arms*. *Drums beating* a *Dead March*, with the Benefit of extream Unction, if deſired, and Auricular Confeſſion from *Don Strombolo*, or *Trapſtick*, in a Cart. If I could gain a Reſpite from Juſtice, to ſee my Confederates handſomely plaid off, I did not much care if I took a Three Years Airing upon *London-Bridge*.

TO ſide with the Poyſoning Race of Quacks, and give faint Aſſurances to the *Regulars*, that the Conſtitution ſhall not be injur'd, whilſt I am plying the People with *Arſenick*.

UNDER the Practice of Phyſick, Reſolv'd never to carry one Face to my Patients, but in all its changes CLOUDY. To feel their Pulſes, in order to Bleed them. To bring the Conſtitution very low, that all the Peccant Humours may the more eaſily be maſter'd. To pick their Pockets of Fees, and make a freſh *Diſtemper* of their Purſes. To hear all their Complaints with a well conducted Indolence.

TO keep my Patients in hand Three Years; bubble them with the boaſted Vertue of my Pacifick Electuary,

Electuary; leave them worſe than I found them; and buoy them up with hopes that it will anſwer at laſt, when the Conſtitution is ruin'd.

N. B. MAT. Rummer to ſell *Le Grand Petit* a Pennyworth of *Britiſh Drugs*; or if he does not like thoſe of our Growth, to give him the Choice of ſending his own hither, with an Obligation under the Hand and Seal of *Codicil* to pay him Four times the Value in Ready Money.

TO keep my *Zany Daniel* in Half Pay; to propoſe ſeveral Schemes of Practice to the World, before they are ripe for Diſpenſation: His Stile and mine being ſo equal, that the World ſhan't be able to diſtinguiſh the *Doctor* from his *Zany*.

ITEM, To hire ſome Mercenary Quacks to write againſt the Expediency of the *Illuſtrious Hanno*'s Coming-Over, and by a private Letter of Advice, flatter him with the Sincerity of my Intentions, and the Neceſſity of changing his Native Air for this Climate, when it is not in my Power to prevent him.

The

The High-German Doctor. N° 41.

CONTINU'D

By *Will. Bromingham*, Studient in *Phyſick* and *Aſtrology*.

From Friday, Sept. 17. *to* Tueſday, Sept. 21. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THE Illuſtrious Preſident of the *College* arriving at *Greenwich* laſt *Saturday*, I edg'd with a Curioſity peculiar to Travellers, made the Tour of *Kent* on *Sunday*, a Day conſecrated to Travels amongſt us *Itinerants* of the *Stage*.

PARDON me, if I cannot forbear giving the Sublimity of a Tour, to a March from *Kent-Street* to *Greenwich*; we Travellers have always been allow'd a Pompous Manner of expreſſing mean things; without that, we ſhould differ very little from a Perſon who ſleeps Six Miles in a Coach and Six.

YOU will readily grant I had little Buſineſs with the *Preſident*, and conſequently my Mind more at large for the Contemplation of thoſe Curioſities which preſented themſelves in my View.

THERE

THERE is a noble Colony of Broom-Men in *Kent-ſtreet*, intermix'd with *Hatters* of various Textures: Some confine themſelves chiefly to the *Felt-Trade*; others deal in *Coney-Skins*, with a very ſmall Mixture of *Beaver*: Their Houſes are built with great Symmetry, the Lower Rooms have all of them Viſta's; the State-Room above, mounted either by a Rope or Wooden Ladder.

THE Road from thence to *Deptford* partly Clay and partly Gravel; abundance of Cold Baths in the High-Way, which thro' the Ignorance of the Inhabitants, ſerve for no other uſe than Watering Horſes; a thick Blewiſh Slime upon the Top of them, which betokens a Mineral, Vitriol, or Lead Ore.

AS I always take my Calculation of the Grandeur of a Place from the Number of the Inhabitants, ſo by the vaſt Concourſe of People I ſaw there, I look upon *Greenwich* to be the *Metropolis* of *Kent*.

Canterbury and *Rocheſter*, I have been told, were Cities of Renown in former Days: *Canterbury* a famous Sea-Port, and *Rocheſter* an Inland Town; but the Port of *Greenwich* has gain'd upon them to a miracle within theſe few Days.

FLAMSTEAD's Houſe upon the Hill is certainly built on the Ruins of a *Roman Arch*: That which remains is only a *Watch-Tower*. A Chanel under-ground croſs the *Thames* to the *Iſle-of-Dogs*.

THE Hoſpital there is a noble Pile, purely Antique: There is a great deal of the Dorique Order in the Pilaſters, and the Dome. The Painting on the Roof of the great Hall ſeems to reſemble the maſterly Hand

Hand of *Apelles*. The Flute-work is entirely *Zeuxis's*.

THE Refectory under the great Hall, is certainly an old *Catacomb*. The Niches in the Wall, where our Tutelar Saints *Guy Faux*, and Gun-Powder *Garnet* ſtood formerly, are prophan'd into Caſements.

THE Houſe where the Preſident lodg'd was formerly a Royal Palace, but lately dedicated to pious Uſes by Father *G.* with a large Diſcount out of the *Invalids Bread* to *Mendicant Prieſts*.

THESE, you'll ſay, are Curſory Obſervations, but what will ſerve to fill up a Gap in Hiſtory, whenever a Pen of more Leiſure ſhall attempt to give us a Natural and Political Survey of that County.

MY Obſervations being once finiſh'd, I was very ſollicitous in my Enquiries after the Brothers of the Stage.

HARRY Gambol's Houſe, I found, was to be Let; an Hatchment over the Door, with a *Motto*, *In Cala Quies*, happily adapted, as I thought, to his preſent Circumſtances, for he muſt expect no Peace upon Earth.

NOT one *Phyllis*, or a *Chloe*, in their uſual Forms: All Hunting *Matches* prohibited ſince the Firſt of *Auguſt*. The Dogs call'd off. A nobler Sport of *Wolf-Hunting* very ſhortly. A *Lurcher* now and then ſteals in privately by the Park-Wall Door.

HARRY, it ſeems, has retir'd to the *Bath*, upon the Reſtauration of the *Regular Phyſicians*; and is forc'd to take Phyſick againſt Nature: Thoſe Sulphurous Waters may be proper at this time, in our

ſenſe, to prepare his Body for a Courſe of *Brimſtone* hereafter.

BUT I heartily pity the Young Fellow for being in a Plot againſt his own Conſtitution: I look upon that *Mineral* to be a little too ſearching for the preſent Craſis of his Blood. Methinks its a little too hard upon *Harry*, to have two Plots break out at a time, one againſt the *Regular Phyſicians*, and the other againſt his own dear Perſon.

TONSENIUS, that eminent *Galeniſt*, being laſt Week appointed by the Great *Preſident* to look over the Preſcriptions upon his File, will ſoon unravel the Errors of *Harry*'s Four Years Practice, and make a ſudden Report of his Induſtry in filling up the Weekly Bills of Mortality.

I have, thanks to my Stars, been only a ſort of Dr. *Bibulus*, for the time I was in the *Surgery* I ſent away the Packets to *Mat. Rummer*, juſt as they were directed by *Harry*. I can't deny that I wiſh'd well to *Jacob*'s Recovery, but my Phlegm ſomewhat ecol'd my Vigour in the executive part of my *Diſpenſations*.

THE laſt Man I expected to meet at *Greenwich*, was *Hermodactyl*: The Flaming Inſtance of his Aſſurance are all diſtanc'd by this ſingle Act of Inſolence. I knew he had planted his Chaiſe ſome time ſince at the Door of the *Preſident's* chief Agent, and Sneak'd into a *Chocolate-Houſe*, to make the World believe he was in private Converſation with him all that time.

THESE were Airs, I ſuppos'd, which would never have ripen'd into ſuch a confirm'd Impudence:

But now I find he exceeds the Front of an Holy Sister, that has done Pennance seven times in a White Sheet.

HOW can he look the *President* in the Face? That expression I ask Pardon for, he never having been guilty of one direct Look in his whole Life time. But how can he come into the presence of that Great Man, after he has trampled upon that never to be forgotten Memorial of Physick, which the *President* recommended to the People of *Great Britain*, in order to preserve their Constitutions from the *French* Disease, whilst *Hermodactyl* was Poysoning them with his *Pacifick Electuary?*

HOW can his Knees keep a proper Distance from each other in the Sight of the President's Gallant Son, when by little Tricks and Artifices he kept him from being admitted into the College of Regular Physicians?

HOW can he with wither'd Looks, and a false Bloom, appear in the Sight of the noble *Mirabel*, after having sent him to the *Spaw* by Violence, and robb'd us of all those wholesome Prescriptions he dispens'd to the People, with such a true *English* Spirit?

I know his poor Subterfuge: He loudly proclaims the Headiness of *Gambol*, *Codicil*, and the Mantuamaking Doctress, *Poplin*; and boasts of his Preventive Physick. If Right takes place, he is more Criminal than those bold Homicides. He first poyson'd the Constitution: Work'd the Malignity into the Blood and Spirits by his Electuary, and when proper

Physick

Phyſick was going to be adminiſtred, he order'd a Ceſſation of thoſe Medicines which would have carry'd off the Malignity.

FROM thence we date all our Complaints, and ſhatter'd State of Health; and to ſay he dropp'd his Poyſonous Courſe, when the Body was Emaciated, and juſt brought to Death's Door, is telling us, He only went out of the Chamber to avoid the Melancholly Sight of ſeeing us Die, when he had put us beyond hopes of Recovery.

TO a Miracle, the People of *Great Britain* muſt, in the firſt place, owe their Deliverance; and next, to the ſeaſonable Arrival of the *Great Preſident*.

THEY begin to look back with Horrour upon the Sores and Blotches brought upon their Conſtitutions by the Irregular Practice of theſe Pretenders; and we truſt the Stains will be waſh'd out with ſome gentle Bleedings of theſe Homicides.

The High-German Doctor. N°. 42.

CONTINU'D

By *Will. Bromingham*, Studient in *Phyſick* and *Aſtrology*.

From Tueſday, Sept. 21. *to* Friday, Sept. 24. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Am ſenſible it is not the moſt becoming Geſture of a *Stage-Practitioner* to be making Complaints, eſpecially when there are ſo very few left to ſympathize with our Infirmities; but, in naked Truth, I proteſt to you, *I am Sick at Heart*, and almoſt deſpair of Mounting to the Satisfaction of my Audience this Day.

I was ſeiz'd laſt *Monday* at *Greenwich* with an unuſual Fit, I found it growing upon me Three Quarters paſt ſix on *Saturday* Evening: The firſt Symptoms were a Swimming in my Head, a violent Palpitation of Heart, and a Trembling in my Joynts attended with an acute Pain on the Side of my Neck where the *Padington* Operator generally plants his Knot in the Nooſe.

THE laſt Symptoms affected me more ſenſibly than any of the former, God ſend that it is not On[e] no[w]

nous, cries I, in that Agony, full of Bodily Fear, and bedew'd with cold Sweats.

I trace a Diſtemper with great Acuracy, tho' I cannot talk over-pertinently to the Caſe, and believe it to be owing in ſome Meaſure to a ſudden Concuſſion of the Spirits, which were thrown into that diſorder from the unexpected Firings of the Guns, and the loud Applauſes of the People at the Great *Preſident's* firſt ſetting his Foot on Shore.

THE Open and Hearty Reception of the Charming *Mirabel*, by the Illuſtrious *Preſident* at his Landing, added ſomething to the Malady: From that Moment, I dated the Overthrow of *Stage-Practice*, and the growing Reputation of the *Regular Phyſicians*.

YOU will readily believe that Night wore heavily, frequent Spaſms and Convulſions; and my Nurſe tells me, I tumbled and toſs'd too and fro in my Bed: The Starts attended with violent Howlings.

AT Midnight I order'd a Light to be brought, and took up the *Guide to Eternity*, hoping to find ſome Conſolation there, every Page ſhock'd me, and I was not preſent to my ſelf. In all ſuch Diſtreſſes we naturally fly to worſe: I ſent for *Bungey* at that unſeaſonable Hour, knowing he would not preſs too hard upon a poor Sinner; my Man found him at the *Croſs-Keys* and *Pope's-Head Tavern* Nodding, with one of his Hanging-Sleeves ſteeping in a *Chamber Convenience*. He comforted me in an Inſtant; *Ah! WILL*, ſays he, *haſt thou liv'd under our Wing ſo long, and afraid to depart? It's only a Leap in the*

Dark, and I'll warrant the good Footing at the End of thy Journey.

FORTIFY'D with the Good Doctor's Abſolution, I grew a little more compos'd, and ſlept tolerably well for a Man in my Circumſtances; but the Diſeaſe kept hankering upon me, till I heard the *Salvo's* from the *Tower* on *Monday*, then it return'd upon me to ſuch a Degree, that I could not help making ſome wry Faces, and ever ſince perceive my ſelf Waſting inwardly.

I had once Thoughts of Applying my ſelf to a Regular Phyſician, but then I conſider'd none of them care to be concern'd with a Quack, and ſo am reſolv'd to puzzle my Way thro' the Diſtemper after my own Method.

SOME of my Friends tell me, it's a Feavour upon the Spirits, and adviſe me to drink *Aſſes Milk*; I do not altogether deſpiſe that Intimation, having often thought there is ſome Analogy between my Blood, and that of an *Aſs*, for I well remember I ſuck'd an *Aſs* when I was firſt put into *Latin*.

I find this Diſtemper of mine Epidemical. All the *Chymical Men* have been ſiez'd juſt in the ſame manner; and to the very Second of a Minute, the Fit always returning Periodically at the diſcharge of the Great Guns and Small Arms.

IT is the moſt ill-natur'd Diſtemper that ever afflicted Mankind: Any one, without the Help of Spectacles, might have read the Pain of Mind and Body in our Countenances; and to be plain, we all look'd as if we had been taking Phyſick that Day.

I, with much difficulty, eſcap'd an *Hiſs* from the *Galeniſts*

Galeniſts, having conſtrain'd my Muſcles into a *Degagee Air*, during the Solemnity of the *Preſident's Entry*. We had all prepar'd our Bottles of *Sal Volatile*, by Combination, the Night before, in Caſes of extremity. At every *Huzza*, of *Long live the* PRESIDENT, I perceiv'd the Fumes flew up into the Brain with unuſual Violence, even to a Suffocation: We who had *White Gloves* on, wanted nothing but a *Noſe-Gay* to give the Reſemblance of an *Exit*.

WHAT pain'd us moſt was, That we could not conceal our diſtreſſes from the Ladies. Whenever we lifted the *Chryſtal* to our Noſes, the *Galenical Females*, dreſs'd out with all the Triumphs of Art, with Free Airs, and Killing Eyes, rally'd us as we paſs'd; —— *Alaſs! Poor Gentlemen, they have robb'd us of our Propriety, and have got the Vapours.* You muſt know the Handſome Women of *Great Britain* are entirely in the *Galenical Intereſt*; that Free Principle in the Souls of them ſparkles in their Behaviour, and adds wonderful Charms to the other Attractions of their Perſons.

SUNDARIA is a lively Proof of this Power over the Souls of the Spectators: Her very Enemies are forc'd to be her Admirers; and whilſt they are diſcharging their Noiſy Paſſions againſt the Benevolence and Humanity of *Mirabel*, ſecretly adore him in the Divine Image of his fair Progeny.

ALL the Comfort we receiv'd in the Parade, was from two or three lamentable Countenances in a Balcony thinly ſpread, with Hoods Lowring over their Faces, and *Bungey's* Remarkable large Patch

on their Foreheads, a uſeful Cover for ſome Scars they had contracted by a free Converſation at the *Lady Abbeſſes* in *Sherard*, *Berwick*, and *Rider-Streets*.

UPON the whole, it muſt be allow'd the Regular Phyſicians had much the Advantage of us in the Air of their Countenance: You might read ſincere Joy at Heart, and a Serenity without Affectation, as if all their Labour'd Wiſhes had been compleated in the Fruition of that Happy Day.

THERE is a Cloudineſs belongs to our Clan of Quacks that I cannot account for, and which is very hard to diſguiſe: In Proſperity we Rage in Tumultuous Mirth, and are a ſort of *Morris-Dancers*, which makes all ſober People ſhun us, whilſt the Regular Phyſicians maintain an Evenneſs of Temper, and diſplay a Complacency of Soul in all their Actions of Life.

THE Superiority of their Behaviour, joyn'd to a thinking Faculty, to which moſt of us are Strangers, has diſtanc'd us in the Eye of the *Preſident*, and works ſtrongly upon his Imagination in their Favour, eſpecially when he conſiders, that in the moſt Trying Conjunctures, and when the *Stage* was at the moſt domineering Height, they look'd upon his Preſcriptions as Sacred, and aſſerted his Undoubted Right to the Chair of the *College*.

BUT to return; I could not forbear giving way to a Smile, under all the Acuteneſs of Pain, to ſee ſo many *Quacks* amongſt the Venerable *Cenſors* of the *College*, and Regular Phyſicians. I muſt own we were a very Motley Sight, and I have been thinking ſince,

ſince, we were order'd into our Ranks, as ſo many Foils to the Regulars.

WE had, after our cunning manner of laying Plots, planted ſome looſe *Vagabonds* and *Scaramouches* in Black to Hiſs the Beloved *Mirabel*. But we loſt our Aim two Ways: The Indignity was ſo fooliſhly Manag'd, that they expos'd themſelves to the laſt degree of Contempt; for the ſtrong Acclamations of his Friends drowned the faint Clamours of our *Snake-Club*; and the ſteady deportment of *Mirabel* was the moſt ſpiteful Revenge that Great Man could think of.

THE Incidents, you muſt imagine, in ſo long a Proceſſion to be various, and ſomething remarkable, from ſuch a Collection of Humours: In the *Strand* my Eyes wery merrily Feaſted.

SOME Arch Wags of the *Galemiſts*, had, in Imitation of Burning the *Pope* on *Queen Elizabeth's* Day, hung out *Bungey* in Effigies, as the *Martyr* of that day, in Commemoration of the mannerly expreſſions he had frequently vented againſt the preſent Illuſtrious *Preſident* of the *College*.

A ſhe Diſciple, who had the Charge of rubbing *Bungey's* Back with a Double-Clout, after the Fatigue of a *Stage Speech*, ſeeing *Bungey Petit* ty'd up to a Tenter-Hook, could not forget the Gratitude ſhe ow'd to the warm Fleſh and Blood of the Original, and falling down, Reverently, before the Image, beg'd it to ſhow a particular token of its diſpleaſure againſt thoſe Profaners of that dear Saint he repreſented.

BUNGEY Petit hung as cleverly as his Princi-

pal is likely to do very ſhortly, till the Populace, divided betwixt the Idolatry of the poor ſhe Diſciple, and a Reſentment work'd up by a *Pert Scaramouch* in Black, from a Neighbouring *Stage*, who had been Pimp to *Bungey*, diſcharg'd the *Alabaſter Baby* with a Volley of Stones.

N. B. HAVING ſlipp'd thro' a Plank of my *Stage* laſt *Wedneſday*, and broken a Veſſel, I ſhall not be able to Mount any more, ſo ſhall leave the Deſperate Cataſtrophe to *Atty Brogue*, who is forming himſelf againſt next *Tueſday* to ſpeak *Engliſh*, if he lives ſo long.

The High-German Doctor. N° 43.

CONTINU'D

By *Atty Brogue*, Phyſick-Broker.

From Friday, Sept. 24. *to* Tueſday, Sept. 28. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

IT muſt be allow'd, that we Brothers of the *Stage* are the cleverеſt Projectors in Nature, to ſet forth at firſt with *Welch* Inſufficiency, and conclude our Practice with *Iriſh* Impudence.

OUR People have quitted ſo abruptly alate, that no

no Man has had Time to prepare himſelf for the Audience: I have gone but half Way thro' the *Engliſh* Grammar, and am pitch'd upon for an Orator in the moſt trying Exigencies of the Stage.

I was prick'd down by a Cabal of broken *Quacks* and *Scaramouches*, without my Privity, and a ſhort Letter ſent me on *Saturday* Night by *Will Bromingham*. *For Charity ſake, dear* Atty, *mount next* Tueſday, *you have heard of my Misfortune; you are the ſoundeſt Man of our Retinue, your* Iriſh *Dialect will do with a good* Engliſh *Prompter.*

IT would be a vain Attempt to conceal our Diſtreſſes any longer from the Publick. If Deſpair was not viſibly impreſs'd on our Countenances, you would conclude from the many new Faces we have mounted alate, That there is a great Mortality amongſt the Operators of the *Stage.*

IT's true we have been pretty artful in Diſguiſing the Diſtempers our Practitioners have dy'd of, and given in different Symptoms to the *Searchers of the Stage*; *Hermodactyl*, we put amongſt the Chriſoms of the Week, as being never baptiz'd; *Harry Gambol*, amongſt the Agues, as having gone off with a trembling Fit; and *Will Bromingham*, amongſt the Caſualties of the Week, having ſlipp'd thro' a Plank of the *Stage.*

WHILE we were Burying our Dead, we ſtill gave out, The *Great Preſident* was in the Intereſt of the *Stage*; being reſolv'd to die hard, like *Confederate High-Way-Men*, who ſeldom ſqueak at the Gallows. But we have been ſomewhat check'd in our Con-

Confidence the laſt Week, by the open and firm Declaration of Young *Auguſtus*, That it was an inviolable Maxim in the Preſident's Illuſtrious Houſe to reward their Friends of the College, do Juſtice to their Enemies of the *Stage*, and fear none but the Almighty.

THIS Coming from a Perſon who never Determines but from a full Perſwaſion of the Juſtice of that Cauſe he eſpouſes, has produc'd a violent Suffocation of the Spirits amongſt the Leaders of the *Stage*, thrown ſeveral into *Epilepſies*, and I have ſwoon'd away ſix Times in a Morning.

I ſhould certainly have went off in one of theſe Fits, if I had not been reſerv'd for a more ſolemn *Exit*. I am plaguily afflicted at Home, they burn Feathers under my Noſe, and would ſmoak me out of the World, but that has fail'd.

I little thought of Mounting in this Capacity, when I was firſt retain'd as *Hermodactyl*'s Phyſick-Broker: But I find few Competitors for any Preferment in the *Stage-Gift*; and, without much Flattery, believe mine an unenvy'd Province.

BROMINGHAM's Head lay ſo much to Travels, that I have few Materials left me to work upon in *Phyſick*. The four Specificks of Practice, as I find them minuted down in his Diary, are to roar out the Threadbare Cry of the *Stage's Danger*, till we are knock'd down by the Audience. Never to trouble our ſelves with the Preparations of any Medicines, but take them implicitly from *Roſelle*, the *French* Surgeon, and our own *Scaramouches* in Concert. To calumniate the Great *Preſident* by ſly Inſinuations.

tions. And to uſe *Roman Vitriol* in all our Dreſſings, whilſt the Regular Phyſicians apply their healing Balſams.

IF by theſe Amuſements, and irrational Practice, we can deceive the Populace ſo far as to gain the Admiſſion of ſome Leading *Quacks* into the College of *Regulars*, we hope yet to make a Stand, or at leaſt embaraſs the Rational Practice to ſuch a Degree, that the poor Patient ſhall not be able to know where to place his chiefeſt Confidence.

SPIRITED with this Scheme, I have been tempted to mount, tho' I begg'd I might have the Liberty of Haranguing in a Maſque, upon the Score of ſome very unpromiſing Lines in my Countenance.

I was over-rul'd, when they told me, I had as honeſt and as handſome a Phiz as *Hermodactyl*; and then having a Faculty of Rubbing my Eyes often when they don't itch, I conceal ſome Defects, as *Hermodactyl* did with his Ground-Look.

ONE Thing, I was told, they could depend on, of my never being put to the Bluſh, of having a large Fund of *Iriſh* Jeſts which would pleaſe the Rabble, and never Blemiſhing my *Stage-Speeches* with a Word of Truth.

ALL this I am Conſcions to, but being under the Laſh of the *Cenſors*, I fear I ſhall be forc'd to draw in ſome Stock which is the Growth of my Country.

MY private Sentiments, I own, will not permit me to think I am equal to this Work, after *Hermodactyl* and the reſt of our Operators have loſt their Footing. There are ſeveral reputable Callings I have been bred to, which ſeem more adapted to my preſent

preſent Circumſtances, as *Japanning of Shooes, Whetting Knives, Carrying a Cloak*, or being an *honeſt Jaylor.*

THE laſt of theſe Profeſſions, I aſſure you, has gain'd more than ordinary Eſteem in the World within theſe few Weeks, ſince *Frank Scammony* has laid Claim to that Dignity at *Rocheſter*, but if that ſhould happen to be my Station, I hope to have more Grace than to defraud a poor *Turn-Key* of 400 *l.*

But to return; I have been mightily ſollicited by ſome of our *Stage* Retinue, to mount the firſt Day with an Air in Blue, with Silver Trimming; I told them, with a borrow'd Simplicity, That I always ſtudy'd Plainefs of Dreſs; but could they have open'd my Heart, they would have found a ſtrong Averſion to *Lac'd Coats*, from the ridiculous Penſion Coat that was given to *Smut's Aid du Chart.* Beſides, it looks ſo much like a Livery, that I ſhould always have carry'd about me a ſure and certain Evidence of my firſt Occupation, which the Wags amongſt the Regulars would not have fail'd to improve.

SHALL I gain your Belief, when I tell you, That all the cheriſhing Aſſurances I had from the *Stage* ſhould not have prevail'd upon me to mount, if I had not been fortify'd by three Precedents of Impudence I obſerv'd the laſt Week. One was *Hermodactyl's* Appearance at the Preſident's Entry, in a Sledge Poſture. The other, was *Bungey's* matchleſs Front in Prophaning the Preſident's Apartment with his Preſence, and ſtaying till he was hiſs'd out by the Regular Phyſicians, and hunted like a blown Deer. The Third, was a Sight of ſome *Scaramouches* in Black wi

with old *Diacodium* at the Head of them, Congratulating the Preſident's happy Acceſſion to the Chair of the *College*, after they had been Poyſoning the People's Affections to him in all their Stage-Speeches for four Years paſt, and their open Struggles to invalidate his Title.

IT has gall'd me to the Quick, to ſee the mutual Confidence between the Great Preſident and the moſt Venerable Phyſician of *Lambeth*: To ſee a ſecond Spring in the hoary Head of that honeſt and indefatigable Practitioner of *Sarum*: To ſee the learned Doctor of St. *Aſaph*'s undiſguis'd Behaviour.

THE polite *Oxford* Phyſician's winning Sincerity; and the *Norwich* Practitioner's flowing Zeal to the Preſident, with many more Names of Merit.

I ſay, to ſee ſuch a Regular Band, who had always oppos'd *Roman Treacle* and *French Tartar* in their Preſcriptions, and encourag'd the ſalutary Courſe of *Brunſwick* Mum, gave me a Chagrin ſcarce to be ballanc'd with the falſe Airs of the *Quacks* and *Scaramouches*.

The

The High-German Doctor. N° 44.

By *Atty Brogue*, Physick-Broker.

From Tuesday, Sept. 28. *to* Friday, October 1. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

BY my Shoul Trade runs very low at the Dispensary: For the last Week I have Sold but half an Ounce of *Irish Slat* to *Will. Bromingham*, for the Bruise he got in his Fall from the *Stage*; but being concern'd in the Plantations, and by that means having an Opportunity of Smuggling a few Drugs out of the *South-Sea* Dispensary, I make a shift to support my self.

BUNGEY now and then steps in for a little *Mastick*, to dry up a Defluxion of *Rheum*, contracted, as he says, by lying rough in a Saw-Pit without a Night-Cap, the *Wench* being so uncharitable as not to throw her Apron over his Head, but I know it is to relieve some Qualms which rise from his Stomach, ever since that memorable Defeat of his Impudence last Week in the Great *President's* Apartment.

YOU must know, I constantly size *Bungey*'s Impudence

pudence by my own, ſtill giving him the Preference, on the account of his Black Garb and Hanging Sleeves; and, by *St. Patrick*, I think it was the worſe Conducted Piece of Effrontery I ever met with: The Fool, if I judge Right, ſhould never have preſum'd to appear; but having once brought himſelf into that Scrape, he ſhould have ſupported that inimitable Step, with the ſame Front I did the Breach of Truſt, before the *Cenſors* of the *College*.

I foreſee the approaching diſſolution of Impudence thro' *Great Britain*, in the tender Skin of poor *Bungey*. I once rever'd that inflexible Countenance, but having perceiv'd a Gleam of ſelf Conſciouſneſs break thro' that harden'd Buff Caſe, I begin to think Modeſty will come in Faſhion, and conſequently an end of *Stage Practice*.

I deplore the loſs of ſo valuable a Twin-Brother of mine, with regard to my own Character. I ſhall have the whole Load of his Perfections reſt on me now, which *Bungey* and I us'd to ſhare very amicably. Whenever any thing monſtrouſly Impudent and Ignorant was to be Illuſtrated, the *Galeniſts* us'd to Quote *Bungey* and me by Turns; but a Plague on his deſertion, I muſt now anſwer for all in *Propriâ Perſona*.

I have an excellent Second in *Ireland*, if the Juſtice of the Kingdom does not overtake him: You are fully acquainted with the Character of *Precipitate* the *Iriſh* Operator; the Populace impatiently wait for a Diſſection of his Body; and it muſt be a narrow Eſcape if he files off clear.

IF

IF I loſe him, my laſt Reſort is in *Tom Megrim*, the Celebrated Quack of *Armagh:* That's the Loveliest Babe of the *Stage*; *Bungey* is a Sneaker to him; He only Roars and Tears his Lungs to ſhew his Zeal to Young *Jacob*, and ſqueaks when he is pinch'd; but *Tom* is of an unſhaken Character in his Attach to that Spurious Brat.

IT's below him to conceal his Syſtem of Practice. *Tom* ſays, *Hermodactyl* was a Bungler in Phyſick; inſtead of ſending Young *Jacob Engliſh Saffron* every Poſt to comfort his Spirits, he ſhould have preſcrib'd the *Jeſuits Bark* in large Doſes, which would have ſoon render'd him capable of taking a Journey to *Britain.*

TO give *Tom* his due, he made a full diſcovery of his Paſſion for the Welfare of the Young Knight of the *Warming-Pan*, a little before the Death of *Fontanelle.*

NONE of you can be Strangers to the Deſign we had in View, of bringing Young *Jacob* over to better his Conſtitution, and poyſon yours: This Preſcription being ſo openly abetted by the leading Quacks, who had the Conduct of the *Stage* at that Time, encourag'd ſome enterprizing Spirits amongſt our Brother *Teagues*, to make a bold Puſh for his Recovery.

THESE Poor Fellows not having a Licence to Practice, were ſeiz'd by order of the *College*, and being interrogated upon the bold Method they had taken, were very Pert, as all *Quacks* are, being likewiſe ſtrengthen'd in their Impudence, by having *Tom*'s Preſcriptions in their Pockets.

TO

TOM who had always been the Vileſt Quack in *Ralpho*, and had his Equipage made ready for a *Mad-Houſe* ſeveral times, by a ſtrange Malignity of Stars, was admitted amongſt the *Cenſors*.

THE Caſe being diſcuſs'd amongſt them, *Tom* endeavour'd to alleviate the Crime of *Mala Praxis*, with all the heavy Oratory he was Maſter of: But being over-rul'd, and a Cenſure lodg'd upon the Criminals, there was no time to be loſt.

TOM then, with undiſguis'd aſſurance, told the *Cenſors*, That the under Operators had the Secret for the Recovery of Young *Jacob* from him, and as Young *Jacob* was their Right *Preſident*, he could not give his Hand to the Sentence againſt ſuch Faithful Aſſiſtants.

THE times were very Favourable, you may imagine, for ſo bold a Declaration; how *Tom*'s mixture of Knavery and Lunacy will go down with our Good *Preſident* now in Being, I am at a loſs to determine; but if *Tom* be ſuffer'd to Practice any longer at *Armagh*, Guard, ye Faithful *Galeniſts* of *Ireland*, againſt the Launcets and Cauſticks of the Accurſed *Scaramouches* of *Doway* and St. *Omers*.

SHOALS of thoſe Locuſts will viſit you under his Protection, ſo that no Bed will be free, no Property ſacred, no Man allow'd to be a free Agent, no Woman permitted to reſiſt.

YOU that have conſider'd him only in his Phyſical Capacity, may think his Morals unblemiſh'd, and ſo did I, by my Shoul, till I had a Toaſt given me the other Night to *Whoring Tom*.

I was flying into an Affected Paſſion with the Company, when one Wag amongſt them produc'd a Regiſtry of two Baſtards at *Killaloo*, one Still-Born at *Ralpho*, and two or three Provincial Miſcarriages.

TOM has a peculiar way of Feeling the Ladies Pulſes in a Coach, which he prophanely calls Confeſſing them, and then Abſolves them with a Syringe.

HE has writ a ſmall Treatiſe of Azure Veins, in Honour to a certain *Medonna* of his: And the Mount of *Venus* is deſcrib'd ſo Luſciouſly, that one would ſwear *Tom* had taken up his Station there, as long as *Jupiter* did upon *Alcmena*.

THIS Tract is written for the Uſe and Improvement of the *Scaramouches* of *Armagh*: Dedicated to a Great Doctor of *Waterford*.

I could fire the Imagination of *Bungey*'s ſhe-Audience with *Tom*'s natural Vein; and ſupply the Defect of his ſmall Talents with enlargements upon *Tom*'s.

BUT I ſpare your Ears, what is look'd upon as Orthodox Advice in them, would be an Indecency from my Chaſter Lips.

YOU will pardon me, I am ſure, for Introducing a Foreign Caſe into my Weekly Bills: There are many Malignant Diſtempers of the Growth of *Ireland*, which bear an exact Analogy to thoſe of this Climate, which will convince you that the Plague has been Epidemical for Four Years paſt.

AS I have ſettled a Correſpondence with all the

the County Goals there, I ſhall have the beſt Intelligence of all deſperate Caſes which happen in that Kingdom; and tho' I am no great Conjurer, yet if any Perſon has loſt a Watch or a Pocket Book, I ſhall over-reach the Stars by my acquaintance with the Principal *Thief-Catchers* there, of which Family I own my ſelf an Unworthy Branch.

N. B. A large Spaniel, call'd *Bungey*, having been hiſs'd out of St. *James*'s-Court laſt Week, and never heard of ſince, if any Perſon finds him, he is deſir'd to carry him to the Beadle of St. *Andrew*'s, and he ſhall be rewarded proportionably to his Trouble: He has a ſhort Snout, a Fillemot Complection, Barks very Loud, without Biting, and carries his Tail very much between his Legs alate.

The

The High-German Doctor. N° 45.

By *Atty Brogue*, Physick-Broker.

From Friday, October 1. *to* Tuesday, October 5. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

MY Bog-Impudence will not permit me to oppose Demonstration: The Complection of *Great Britain*, I must confess, is chang'd to a Miracle within these two Months: The Men look more vigorous and chearful: The Women with fresh Bloom, and more Engaging.

TO this wonderful Revolution in *Stage-Practice*, the honest Regulars, in Pudding-Sleeves, have given their hearty Assent, and differ as much from the *Scaramouches*, who wear the same Garb, as sound Sheep from the rotten Part of the Flock.

THESE Regulars have been prov'd, during the late Malignity, to have had generous Circulations in their Blood, good-natur'd Muscles in their Faces, always Vindicating a free, open, and ingenuous Practice, explaining their Principles by their Prescriptions, never coveting more than their due Fees, submitting

mitting to the Title of the Great Preſident, and heartily Congratulating his Arrival amongſt us.

THE *Scaramouches* in Hanging-Sleeves, are the only afflicted Countenances of *Great Britain* at preſent. The Tumult of their Souls is horribly repreſented in their Features, a lowring Deſpondency on their Foreheads. Thoſe who ought to rejoyce moſt at this Change, from their frequent Vows to the Preſident's Family, ſeem moſt deeply mortify'd with the Regulations he has already made.

I cannot perceive they waſte much in Fleſh, their Double-Chins meaſuring as deep upon their Ruffs as ever; and they keep up the ſame Diet of Chocolate and Gravey, every Morning before they riſe.

THESE Indulgences, you may be ſure, are highly neceſſary to the Support of ſuch laborious Animals, who take violent Pains to ſpread impious and incoherent Stories of the Preſident's unblemiſh'd Behaviour all the Week, and mount on Stage-Days, Dreaming over a few borrow'd Pages for a Quarter of an Hour, with a Face in Purple.

OF a wicked Scene, it's ſomewhat merry to ſee a Covey of theſe *Scaramouches* in Black at a Conſult, under an Arch adjoining to St. *Paul's*, Canvaſſing the Great Affairs of the *Preſident*, and Arraigning his exact Meaſures.

ONE, in penſive Tone, cries out, *I miſs'd my Promotion but a Day.* A Second, *I was prick'd down for the next.* A Third, *The Firſt of* Auguſt *was fatal to us and Young* Jacob. *Frank Scammony* climb'd over the Wall in good Time. Old *Diacodium* juſt nick'd it. And *George Smallage* might have ſat down for

Life

Life in the broad Way, and assisted Don *Strombolo* of *Bettyshanger*, in Syringing People's Ears in the last Article of Life, if he had not seiz'd the critical Minute of his Promotion.

A small Interval being allow'd for Meditating on the Vanity of all Carnal Hopes, One bellows out, *Sure the* President *is too hasty in his Regulations. So sudden a Rout in Stage-Practice must needs give Offence. Our Friends remov'd. We have, generally speaking, good Lungs, and must not be disoblig'd. The Lady's Woman is always on our Side, and supplies us with Gellies.*

AMONGST this Venerable Tribe of *Medicasters*, a pert *Scaramouch* starts up, and tells them, *That as he was but an under Operator to a Stage, his Income short, and his Friends out of Favour, he must fall upon the old Cry of* the Stage being in Danger under the *Regular Physicians. You see, my Brethren*, says he, holding up his Robe, *this is but* Crape, *vile tatter'd* Crape; *you know that* Crape *hangs lank upon the Posteriors of us* Scaramouches, *whilst the full Plaits in a* Prunello, *or* Broad-Cloth, *give a Grace to our Brawn. I am forc'd to wear Shams on my Neck, Cheats on my Wrists, not so much as a Brilliant on my little Finger, to dazzle the Eyes of my Female Audience, whilst I am Reading the languishing Cases of the Week; I'Gad, I expect a better Equipage, a Bottle extraordinary every Night, a first Floor in an airy Part of the Town, little Duty, Pluralities, and a* Nameless *at Night.*

IF I cannot be furnish'd with these Moral Necessaries,

ries, I am ſatisfy'd you will agree with me, the Stage is in eminent Danger.

YOU are living Witneſſes how we fir'd the Rabble with this Falſe Cry Four Years paſt: I appeal to you, whether you were not forc'd to bite your Lips to reſtrain a Laugh, when we topp'd this Banter upon the Vulgar?

I am pretty well aſſur'd this Cry was to be open'd by the *Bowmans* of the Pack laſt Stage-Day, *Wittall*, *Cauſtick*, *Trapſtick*, *Bungey*, *Ferret*, and a few other Names of Infamy, had been Dieted for a Fortnight paſt, ever ſince the *Illuſtrious Preſident's* Regulation of Practice, with *Yolks of Eggs*, *Garlick*, *Iſing-Glaſs*, and *Liquorice*, to Yelp Loud, and kept under Ground to Rave and Foam when they came into the Light.

THESE Poor Inſects have not prov'd ſo heady as was expected from their Brother Lunaticks: They are almoſt ſatisfy'd, it's a Poor Batter'd Topick, and the *Galeniſts* would pull them down from the Stage, if they ſhould dare to inſinuate, that any Irregular Practice can be committed, after thoſe open and undiſguis'd Aſſurances from the Great *Preſident*.

I congratulate the good People of *Great Britain*, againſt my Will, upon the Recovery of their Senſes: They were always a good natur'd Race, and a Deluſion at Second Hand, plac'd ſo ridiculouſly, will never work upon the wildeſt Imagination.

THE *Stage* may be in Danger, and muſt for ever be, as far as I can Divine: The *College* Preſcriptions will take place for the Future, they being founded upon Reaſon: The *Regulars* talk to the

Point more clearly: Leave their Preſcriptions to to the Teſt: Have cleaner Looks: More engaging Addreſſes.

OUR Set of Fellows were ſuch a Complex of Nations, Groteſque Figures, Amphibious Natures, *French*, *Spaniſh*, *Sicilians*, *Swedes*, and *Teagues*; and all ſuch Enemies to *Engliſh* Practice, that I am not any ways ſtartled at this Revolution in the *Stage*.

OUR Tumblers firſt engag'd the Practice by their Tricks, and thoſe Tricks confirm'd our Practice. The *Scaramouches* in Black, ſtill playing the *Puppets* with their Wires.

N. B. A Great *Iriſh* Wolf Dog, big Bon'd, full in Fleſh, with a Black Shag, and a long Tail, call'd by the Name of *Bull-Neck*, having Slipp'd his Collar ſome time ſince, and run to his Kennel in *Ireland*, if any one finds him, he is deſired to ſend him to the Lord *Santry's* Porter in *Dublin* to receive Correction, and he ſhall be rewarded in proportion to the Merit of the Dog.

The

The High-German Doctor. N° 46.

By *Atty Brogue*, Physick-Broker.

From Tuesday, Octob. 5. *to* Friday, Octob. 8. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

BY this time you have seen *Hermodactyl*'s Secret History of the *Conjuring Wand:* If ever he means any thing, it was design'd, I presume, as an Apology for his Murders, Plunders, taking of double Fees, Dodging, Juggling, and Tricking, with the like: But by a strange Fatality, he has mistaken the End of his Writing, and plung'd himself deeper, in the judgment of the *Regulars*, than before.

IT's true, he makes us a Set of very Wicked Fellows, and in that he does not much Err: But his Vindication of himself, is as Bitter a Satyr upon his Actions, as his Countenance is upon his Person.

HE pretends he was oblig'd to Work with such Tools as we are, and more from the Exigencies of the Time, than Inclination: But I affirm he could get no other Operators to joyn with him, and it was a Scandal for a *Regular Practitioner* to be seen in his Company.

HE Boasts much of his being for Gentle Doses, Temperate Decoctions, and Lenitive Electuaries; I having been *Physick-Broker* from the first Day of his Practice, must be allow'd to know something, and I never saw any Ingredient made use of in the several Offices, but what was Rough, Resinous, and Corrosive, and fitter for a *French Ass* then an *English Constitution.*

TO convince you of his disposition to Gentle Physick, I need name to you but one *Operator* of his particular choice, *Frank Scammony*, the Lunatick: You may guess at the harmless Prescriptions of the one, by the fiery Operations of the other: *Codicil* was his Creature from the first Minute, and so was *Harry*, of merry Mention: And neither of them were fam'd for Moderation in the *Dispensary*, or the *Surgery.*

THERE was one moderate Tool amongst our *Operators*, as I recollect, call'd *Cæsius*, who had the Insolence to Reflect on the Adorable *Mirabel*, in the Presence of the *Censors*; but then his Moderation consisted in an Incapacity for Projecting, and want of Spirit to execute any glorious Mischief to the *Regulars* of *Great Britain.*

HE talks of being forc'd to purge sometimes a little too severely for the Constitution; as Cramming down Twelve Bolus's into a Body at one time, and then giving Way to that *Occasional Styptick Pill.*

THESE have left such Stains and Blotches on the Constitution, as can never be forgiven, and

for

for that Reaſon, I ſuppoſe, he would have them forgotten.

HOW, in the Name of Wonder, had he the Impudence to mount the *Stage* at firſt, and put the whole Animal Oeconomy into diſorder, or infer a Neceſſity from the Miſchief he did, by his Ignorance, of running it to the laſt extremity by worſer Applications?

THE Conſtitutions of People were admirably well Temper'd, and Thriving Daily under the care of the *Regular Phyſicians:* There was no want of his Mountebank Rarities of *Brick-Duſt Powder*, and *Sheep's Pellets:* He might have Practis'd in the Skirts of the Town, and gratify'd his Poyſoning Appetite where the Poor's Rates run high, without Advancing his *Stage* to St. *James's*, with *Bungey's* Rabble, and Firing the Nation into an Opinion of his *Univerſal Pill.*

AND what was the bleſſed Fruit of this Pill? Why, only Plundering the People's Pockets for Four Years together, for the wonderful Benefit of Spoiling their Complections, Griping their Bowels, Giving them the *French Diſeaſe*, making the Name of *Britons* a Word of Scorn and Reproach to all Nations under the Sun, who had ever heard of the Comelineſs of their Perſons, the Activity and Energy of their Muſcles, the uninterrupted State of Health and Vigour they enjoy'd for Nine Years together under the Care and Conduct of the ſagacious *Mirabel.*

YOU ſee I am upon the Point of Recantation, and a ſmall Aſſurance, that my Breach of Truſt in

the *Weſt-India Diſpenſary* ſhall not riſe up in Judgment againſt me, would tempt me to make ſome diſcoveries in Brokerage between *Roſelle* and *Hermodactyl*, with regard to the Exchange of *French Drugs* for Ready Money *Engliſh*.

I am an Evidence, you know, from the Impulſe of my Native Air; and I long to be Trafficking in my proper Calling. As Artful as *Hermodactyl* has contriv'd his Apology, I pretend to ſay, It's a downright Begging of all your Senſes to believe him, and I think I ſhould know as much of that Secret as ever his chief *Zany*.

TO hear *Hermodactyl* boaſt of laying Reſtraints on the furious Methods of his *Operators*, is not a little diverting: In the firſt conteſt between him and the *Regulars*, I aver, He was the moſt Heady Quack of our whole *Stage*, encouraging Tumults againſt the Venerable Body of *Cenſors:* Conniving at all the Outrages committed: Setting Fire to two or three Inoffenſive *Stages*, to which he formerly belong'd; and then offering a Sum of Money, which he had gull'd out of poor deluded *Fontanelle*, to rebuild them.

BY theſe execrable Methods, all Diſcipline in Practice was Relax'd; and after his *Operators* were fleſh'd by his example, no wonder we all run Mad. The moſt violent Applications, to my knowledge, were us'd, till his Revenge on *Mirabel*, *Fiſcaria*, *Sundarius*, and the eloquent *Hortenſius* was ſatiated, and after the Conſtitution was broken by theſe Precipitate Meaſures, it would have been abſolute Madneſs

Madneſs in him, to pretend to Reſtore it by Lenitives.

HE ſaw his Danger, and, perhaps, was more apprehenſive of it than *Gambol*, or *Codicil*; but this Forecaſt was more owing to his Puſillanimity, than an Averſion to Miſchief.

HE ſaw the Bold Stands which were made to his frequent Errors in Practice; he found the *Cenſors* continually proteſting againſt his Palliative Cures, and Daily expoſing his Frauds and Colluſions to the Publick.

THE Noble *Hortenſius* firſt in the Higher Rank of *Cenſors*, could not ſit Tamely down under the impending Plague of *Great Britain*; he found Malignant Specks upon the Liver, the Vitals oppreſſed, and all the Signs of Mortification over the whole Body. He was Vigilant in his Attendance, exploring the cauſe of each Symptom, and very ſucceſsful in his Reſtoratives.

THE Perſwaſive *Euphemius*, amongſt the lower Rank of *Cenſors*, ſtill trac'd his Blunders in Practice; and the bold *Polemius*, always oppos'd the leaſt Deviation from the *Regulars*; the unblemiſh'd *Devonius* employ'd all the Strength of a great Genius, and a true *Engliſh* Spirit, againſt all the Chicane of his *French* and *Spaniſh* Preſcriptions.

THE Penetrating *Argilius* would not be impos'd on by the Gilded Pill, and choſe rather to abandon all the Profits of the Stage, than ſee the Conſtitution Min'd by his deſperate Specifick.

AMONGST this Regular Band, we cannot refuſe due Honour to the Noble *Celſus*, who always

took fire at the leaſt Innovation in Practice, and having reſcu'd the Honour of the *College* once at a Criſis in making their Fees due Sterling, was Inflexible to any baſe Alloy, and knew the Conſtitution of this Climate too well, to admit of any Foreign Mixtures in his Preſcriptions.

THESE, with many other Illuſtrious Names, kept the whole Frame from being diſſolv'd, and check'd *Hermodactyl* in his pernicious Courſes. To ſay, he kept the Conjuring-Wand in his Power ſo long, with an Eye to the Publick Good, whilſt ſo many Black Conſpiracies were carried on againſt the *Illuſtrious Preſident* and the *Cenſors*, reflects no great Honour either upon his Honeſt, or Phyſical Capacity.

IF he was in the Secret, and really abhor'd their Nefarious Practices, why did he not unravel the Scheme, expoſe the Parricides to publick Reſentment, make his Recantation and their Crimes appear publick to the *Cenſors?*

BUT ſince ſo much is allow'd by him, or his *Zanies*, by way of Apology, there is room to fear, that the Day is not very diſtant when the *Mock-Stage* will be confounded, and a Real one ſet up in the *Tower-Hamlets*, whereon ſome of theſe ſkilful *Operators* may Act their laſt part, and ſhow Tricks without an Head.

The

The High-German Doctor. N° 47.

By *Atty Brogue*, Phyſick-Broker.

From Friday, Oct. 8. *to* Tueſday, Oct. 12. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THE Epidemical Diſtemper amongſt the Brothers of the Stage increaſes daily, and begins to break out in violent Symptoms: The moſt uſual Symptoms are; Hanging down their Heads, like the Sick Cows in the Out-Pariſhes; Very Penſive for an Hour; Taking Snuſh with an affected Toſs; dark Hints; and concluding their Grimace with an old Proverb, *Fair and Softly goes far.*

THE *Scaramouches*, who are too happy in their boaſted Tenures; and Wanton with Luxury; inſtead of applying proper Opiates, are continually Feeding this Malignity, and working the Blood into a Feavour by talking too Loud, and Diſcompoſing the poor People's Heads, with the Cry of the poor *languiſhing State of the Stage.*

THE Security they have in their Wages heightens their Inſolence, and tranſports them often into

Fits:

Fits of Madneſs; which, if not cur'd in Time, may endanger the *Regulars*; and bring a laſting Contempt upon all Rational Practice.

TOM Megrim, of *Armagh*, continues to roar out in a Deluge of Punch, *That the Preſident will allow no Linnen to the* Scaramouches *of the Stage*; *that their Hanging-Sleeves are to be ſhorten'd, and Cloak, are to become the faſhionable Dreſs.*

IT would raiſe Indignation in a Man of leſs Phlegm than my ſelf, to hear that profligate Quack, who has to anſwer for the Diſſection of a *Clarinda* in *Dublin*, for Mangling her Reputation and Perſon firſt, and then Conſigning her over to a Young *Scaramouch*, ſigh over the Danger of the Stage, when he claims a Stone from every Hand for his flagrant Immoralities.

OF this Race are moſt of theſe pretty Gentlemen in Hanging-Sleeves; who, whenever they are crying out *the Danger of the Stage*, you may be ſure it is a Blind, only to get an Opportunity of Delivering a Packet into one of your Wives or Daughters Hands.

I proteſt to you, I think we whom the *Scaramouches* call the *Younger Brothers of the Stage*, have very unequal Uſage from the *Regulars*. If we chance to Poyſon a few Spare People, as Heaven knows we always do, whenever we are entruſted with a Conſtitution, the Clamour inſtantly bears us down, and we are turn'd off the *Stage* without any Ceremony.

IF the ſame Rigour was in force againſt the *Scaramouches*, that Incontinence of Tongue would ſoon be cur'd; and rather than Travel with a *Staff* and *Brogue's*,

Brogue's, they would dam up their Mouths, and foam inwardly.

TO ſee a *College* of *Regular Phyſicians* embarraſs'd every Four Years, by *Trickſters*, *Deſperadoes*, *French Operators*, *Rakes*, and the very Dregs of Mankind, is ſomewhat amazing; and conſidering upon what a firm Bottom the *Regulars* are, and the ſlender one we poor Vagrants are, tempts me to think ſometimes, that either the *Regulars* are not ſufficiently upon their Guard, or that they are ſcar'd at the *Scaramouches* ſhowing Tricks with live Coals in their Mouths.

IF their Frauds, their Legerdemains, their Enormities, their *Roman* Packets, and Diſaffection to the Great Preſident, were once diſplay'd in a proper Light, the Audience would ſoon diſtinguiſh between the empty Noiſe of the Stage, and their real Impieties, which make that Cry ſo neceſſary to be kept up.

SHOULD I recapitulate the ſpecifick Lewdneſs of *Bungey*, his Execrations againſt that bleſſed Antidote left us by the Great Preſident *William*, of Immortal Memory, for the Cure of all *Italian* Poyſon, all true *Britons* in the Intereſt of the illuſtrious Preſident, would bury him in the Ruins of the Stage at St. *Andrew's*: But the Wretch has the Mercy of *Tuthill Fields* to hope for, amongſt the *Salt-ſpinſters* of his Communion.

THAT infamous and ignorant Corn-Cutter of *White-Chappel*, would be forc'd to carry the Offals of his Precinct, to relieve the more ſenſible Creatures, who walk the Streets with a Ring in their *Muzzle*, and a Shagg'd Coat.

SUCH

SUCH Creatures are quite out of their Element, when they mount the Stage: Had not the Indulgence of their *Mothers* ſpoil'd their proper Talents, by teaching them to Write and Read, and Genius might have taken place, it would have lain chiefly to the *Bear-Garden*, *Toſſing the Bar*, *Playing at Cudgels for an Edg'd Hat*, and *Morris-Dancing*.

I well remember, before the Preſident's happy Arrival among us, the *Scaramouches* and *Fire-Men* of the Stage confidently gave out, That there was a great Analogy between his Preſcriptions and theirs; that his Bills were pretty near a *Roman* Hand; that he was always for High Cordials in his Practice; and warn'd the *Galeniſts* againſt being too warm in their Expectations.

IT's pleaſant to obſerve the Mutability of theſe Animals; no ſooner had the Preſident recompenc'd the *Galeniſts* for their Fidelity, and Religious Adherence to his Right of being plac'd in the Chair of the *College*, but with an unanimous Bellow, they ſpread a Jealouſy of his giving into the *Leyden* and *Geneva* methods of Practice.

THE Inconſiſtencies of theſe Wretches are more nauſeous than their *Murders*, their *Perjuries*, and *Plunders*. The Great Preſident will always Govern according to the Eſtabliſh'd Rules of the *College*; is not to be perverted by a ſpecious Commendation of *Roman Noſtrums*, or *French Cauſticks*. He never was addicted to *Phlebotomy* abroad; and knows the Temperament of *Great Britain* too well, to admit of it frequently in his Practice.

IF the *Scaramouches* affect to be ſawcy, and will

offend

offend that dread Power lodg'd in the Great Preſident, they may be the Firſt, perhaps, who will experience a neceſſary Severity of Practice.

THE Robe, upon which the *Scaramouches* value themſelves ſo much, if once it becomes Infamous, by repeated Oppoſition to the Great Preſident's Title, and generous Declarations upon his being plac'd in the Chair, I hope their *Skins* will pay for the continu'd Cheat of the Robe, and one be ſtript after the other.

IF the Merits of the *Scaramouches* Lamentations were to be curiouſly enquir'd into, we ſhould find them Centre in the following Articles: *The Stage is in Danger.* ———

IMPRIMIS, *Becauſe the Preſident is rather for Encouraging the Conſumption of Faggots in a Baker's Oven than at* Smithfield.

BECAUSE he thinks burning Matches at the Ends of People's Fingers, has ſomething too cruel in its Operation.

BECAUSE he does not approve of Diſſecting People's Fleſh, to know the Inſide of their Hearts.

BECAUSE he does not allow Cramming down a Medicine, which he knows will not work kindly, and he is ſure the Patient will throw it up again.

BECAUSE the Great Preſident is not for Purging roughly, when Lenitives have been experienc'd to agree beſt with the Conſtitution.

BECAUSE he hates a Separation of Parts, where the Texture may be conveniently Preſerv'd.

IN fine, *Becauſe the Preſident is a mortal Enemy to Man-Hunting.*

THESE are the chief Reaſons for the *Scaramouches*

mouches Complaints amongſt their ſanguinary Crew; but I could add one more out of my Head, *viz.* Their Friends ſo unexpectedly, and ſuddenly diſplac'd, and they diſappointed.

WHY, poor *Harlequins*, Is the Preſident to be Govern'd by the ſhuffling Tricks and Artifices of the deſpicable *Hermodactyl?* That Quack, upon his firſt Mounting, had tore up the very Foundations of Regular Practice; and put both Body and Mind into Confuſion. He was oblig'd at that Juncture to gain Proſelytes to the Stage at the laſt Expence of Words, of Oaths, and Money; and wheedle in a few Regulars to countenance his execrable Practice, to patch up Cures; and ſtill pretend he was going on upon the *College* Preſcriptions, whilſt he was laying Trains for Blowing up the Conſtitution.

BUT be it known to you, ye Blazing-Stars, and Portenders of all Miſchief, the Great Preſident is upon another Bottom: He comes to retrieve the languiſhing Honour of Regular Practice; to ſtrike Terror into Rebellious Quacks; and ſupport the Fair and Honeſt Practitioner. It's the Indubitate Right of the Preſident, to Place, and Diſplace, *pro re natâ*, and make Examples of thoſe who reſiſt his Authority.

The High-German Doctor. N° 48.

By *Atty Brogue*, Phyſick-Broker.

From Tueſday, Octob. 12. *to* Friday, Octob. 15. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THE Pen-Rencounters between *Hermodactyl* and *Harry Gambol* have been ſo warm alate, and entertaining withall, that I cannot, with any Colour of Juſtice, deny the Publick a ſhare in the Pleaſure I receiv'd from the Peruſal of *Harry*'s laſt Letter to *Hermodactyl*.

I never knew two Confederates in Miſchief furniſh out ſo many Materials for their Enemies to work on. They are every Day drawing up their own Indictments, and making ſuch diſcoveries of Errors in Practice, by Transferring their Guilt from one to the other, that the *Cenſors* will have little to do, than to wiſh them a good Journey to the laſt *Stage*.

IT's a great Mercy they have ſo much time allow'd them for Repentance; *Harry* ſeems to make the beſt uſe of that Opportunity by his Retirement: Whilſt the preſumptive Hope of *Hermodactyl*, makes him careleſs in his Preparations, and affect to Live.

HARRY

HARRY is offended beyond Compoſition, at *Hermodactyl's* Secret Hiſtory of the *White Conjuring Wand*, he ſays, it's ſuch a Poor Sneaking Confeſſion, that the Fellow ought to be Hang'd more for his Meaneſs than his Roguery: But not to detain you any longer, take *Harry's* Letter.

'THERE is not ſo Abject a Wretch as *Hermodactyl* walks the Earth: Thou haſt more Tricks 'than a Juggler, more Meaneſs than a Slave, leſs 'Shame than a Common Proſtitute, and juſt as much 'Senſe as a *Scaramouch*, when he talks of a Conſti-'tution.

'I have curs'd my ſelf a Thouſand times, for ſerv-'ing thee in the Quality of a *Tumbler*, when I could 'have ſet forth Doctor at firſt, with as much Skill, 'and much better Graces, thy Looks ſtill foreboding 'Miſchief.

'HAD I Mounted, I would, by this time, have 'been above Writing Apologies for Errors in Practice, 'or Arraigning any of my *Operators*: The World 'always knew you to be the Doctor, our Skill to be 'pretty equal, but your Malice ſuperiour; and there-'fore Transferring the Blame, is ſo far from Extenuating your Crimes, that they are rather magni-'fy'd by it, and looks like the laſt Refuge of a 'Malefactor.

'BUT we know your drift, dear Doctor, you 'would fain raiſe a Blind before the Eyes, and 'divert our Thoughts from dwelling upon your 'particular Errors by a few Amuzements, and

'many

'many Broad-Hints at the Wickedneſs of your 'Operators.

'I can trace you to the Original; and as much 'as you affect to act behind the Scenes, can bring 'you upon the *Stage* at Pleaſure. You know there 'are many things to account for to the World, 'whilſt you was in the *Surgery:* The Life of your 'poor Stoker ſeems to call for a little further En-'quiry: And a few Packets that you have dropp'd 'careleſly, have been laid up very carefully.

'BUT ſetting aſide theſe, and ſome other Me-'morandums of Practice, it would do me good in 'my Solitude, to know one ſingle Preſcription, 'whereby you have aſſiſted the Conſtitution of *Great 'Britain*, or prevented the Ruin of it.

'THE *Pacifick Draught* you will allow to be 'entirely your own, which has thrown all the People 'of *Europe* into a Lethargy, till within theſe few 'Months, and interrupted the Circulation of *Great 'Britain*, to ſuch a degree, that all the Juices by 'this time would have ſtagnated, if the *Preſident* 'had not preſcrib'd ſome opening Medicines.

'THE Check that was laid upon one of your *Operators* abroad, for Purging *Le Grand Petit* at a time when the Seaſon was very kindly, and the Phyſick would have work'd to Admiration, claims you for its Author, the Powder of Dragon's Blood, which was ſent to the *Barcelonians*, I hope was purely by your direction, and how many poor Peo-ple were Murder'd after you had Sworn ſo often to take care of them in their Extremities, I leave you to Reflect on, if ſuch a Puny Breach of Faith

'can

'can find room in a Brain ſo Crowded with Wicked-'neſs of the firſt Magnitude.

'AFTER all theſe are allow'd to be your own 'moſt Ingenious Noſtrums, and diſpens'd with great 'diligence by *Mat. Rummer*, that Truſty Diſpoſer of 'your Packets in Foreign Parts, how have you, 'Dear Doctor, conſulted our Conſtitutions?

'YOUR Method, I own, has been very parti-'cular, you have impoveriſh'd our Blood, to better 'our Complections; reduc'd us to a low Diet, in 'order to look Plumper; and had almoſt brought us 'to eat *Dandelion*, as Natural as a *French-Man*, and 'yet all the while conſulted the Health of *Great Britain*.

'BUT you were forc'd, good Doctor, to com-'ply with this *French Practice*, to keep ſome of your 'Heady Operators in Humour: I am ſure without 'we had kept up to an equal Pace with you in 'that Fiery Method, you had been Plaguily out of 'Humour.

'WHEN you ſent me upon one of your Fool's 'Errands to Ratify a Contract your Friend *Mat* 'had made with *Le Grand Petit*, I can aſſure you 'that all the Hoſpitals and Accademy of *Paris* rang 'with your Fame; and tho' you diſguis'd your ſelf 'under the Title of a *High-German*, or a *Welch* 'Doctor here, you was reckon'd there, the trueſt '*French Practitioner* in *Great Britain*.

'WHAT have you gain'd by your Recantation? 'Only this: That as you was never Belov'd by any 'Man, ſo now you are Hated by all.

'THE *Regulars* deſpiſe you, and, *I'Gad*, cla-

'the

'their Hands on their Pockets when you are in 'Company. The *Chymical Men* wait for a Calci-'nation of you. The *Scaramouches* curſe you in 'their Way.

'*FRANK Scammony* vows he will never pardon 'you, for expoſing him ſo publickly about his Love 'to Young *Jacob*, and the *French Practice*, and for 'Proclaiming a chance Oath dropp'd upon the *Con-'juring Wand's* being diſpos'd of: From one of his 'Fire, joyn'd to ſo great a diſappointment, I ex-'pected a Volley.

'I muſt not forget, in the Cloſe, to Congratulate 'you upon the new acquir'd Magick of your Tongue, 'and the Irreſiſtible Force of Five Words upon the 'Ear, which you, or your *Zany*, aſſures the World 'of, very confidently: It might have charm'd one 'Perſon, or rather poſſeſs'd her, for all that I know, 'but Twenty would not have charm'd another, be-'cauſe neither I, nor any Man alive, could ever 'apprehend you: I that know the Power of thy Elo-'quence, am ſatisfy'd, had there been no more Ma-'gick in thy Wand, than in thy Tongue, the *Cenſors* would ſoon have ſpoil'd thy Mounting.

Gambol.

The

The High-German Doctor. N° 49.

By *Atty Brogue*, Phyſick-Broker.

From Friday, Octob. 15. *to* Tueſday, Octob. 19. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THE *Stage* alate is become ſuch a perfect Farce, that all People fly to the *College Diſpenſary* upon the firſt ill Sympton that appears: A dry Fellow now and then ſteps into my Office, and aſks me, in a queer Tone, If I have any *Poppy-Water* of the laſt Four Years leſt?

I have been frequently impos'd on by theſe Arch Knaves; and no ſooner am preparing to Meaſure it out to them, but they turn ſhort with —— *A Plague on your* Iriſh *Underſtanding*; —— *we have been bliſter'd too often for your ſleeping Doſes theſe Four Years, ever to take the moſt Gentle Opiate from your Hands for the Future.*

I am ſo jealous of a Warrant in the Rear of the Maledictions, that I am glad to drop the Controverſy, and ſneak off in Peace: Nay, the leaſt Jarr of one Bottle againſt the other gives me an Idea of a different Sound, and makes me think, a Detachment of Marrow-Bones and Cleavers are coming to make a Slovenly Diſſection of my frail Carcaſe.

THESE

THESE added to ſome other Apprehenſions I lye under, have put me upon a fix'd Reſolution of Quitting the *Stage*, and Slipping down to *Wapping* in a *Tar Jacket*, after the Laudable example of Brother *Jefferies*, if the Rumour thickens.

I have Forty Tongues upon me at once, in the Satyrical Clack of my dear good natur'd Spouſe at Home; ſo that an *Iriſh Cabin* ſeems the propereſt Retreat for me in theſe Circumſtances, and from a Walking, I purpoſe to turn Running Footman.

I have often thought of my dear Parents Advice, never to aſpire beyond *Butter-Milk* and *Potatoes*; but once getting into a Gang of *Stage Highway-Men*, who liv'd Prodigally upon the Spoils of the Nation, I ſoon found the Sweets of Plunder, and, by degrees, brought my Palate to reliſh *French Ragoo's*, and Forc'd Meats.

IT will be a Laborious Taſk to Diſhabit my ſelf of this Luxury; but finding *Will Wildfire* is gone down to do Pennance with *Harry*, I muſt not be ſingular in Vanity, when all the *Stage* is in Mourning.

THIS ſhows you my Impudence is under Reſtrictions, and that a Man may be brought to a State of Humiliation, without either Grace or Conſcience.

THERE ſeems to be a Vacancy left for me in *Teague-Land*, ſince *Precipitate*, the *Iriſh Operator*, is Landed in *Great Britain:* His narrow Eſcape from the Anatomiſts in thoſe Parts, flatters me with the ſame good Fortune here; and I am ſometimes tempted to think, the *College* of *Regulars* have forbidden all

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all

all Diſſections upon Malefactors, his Body having been beg'd ſo long.

I know the Young Studients in Phyſick impatiently wait for a Courſe of Anatomy, and expect to furniſh themſelves with ſome very curious Obſervations on the ſeveral Parts of our *Stage-Practitioners*. It will take up the longeſt Day in the whole Year to examine *Hermodactyl*'s Heart: The Structure of it, perhaps, will be found the moſt extraordinary in Nature.

FIRST, The Poſition of it, if I have any Skill, is much lower than it was Three Months ſince; it's the ſtrongeſt Muſcle that ever was heard of, ſuch frequent Palpitations as he is exercis'd with, never diſtending it beyond its Proportion; it will be found hollower than any Hypocrite's in *Great Britain*.

THE Cone of it, indeed, in Situation, is ſtrictly adapted to his Principles, always inclining to the *Left-Side*, never to the *Right*: And the Auricles, one would think were ſhut down cloſe, never Permitting a Bluſh to aſcend to that Cloudy Region of his Face.

CODICIL's Brain will afford wonderful Speculations: His *Pia Mater* is ruffled like a Parchment with the Steams of a Boiling Brain: The Cortical Part abounding with an Acid Juice perfectly Corroſive. The *Glandula Pincalis* Tumify'd with Rage and Deſpair; and the Optick Nerves obſtructed to a Prodigy.

THE *Abdomen* of wanton *Harry* will be a Diſſection of General Entertainment: His Brain

will be found Situated at the Head of the *Os Pubis*: His Animal Spirits Acting more vigorouſly in that Part, than in the Upper Region. I beg his Body may not be Mangled; and that the Executive Part of it may be Conſecrated to *Priapus*.

BUNGEY's Cheſt will be found too narrow for the large Pair of Bellows within, by his late difficulty in Breathing; and the Largeneſs of his Spleen will even exceed your Belief: It has been Swelling Daily, ſince the Æra of his being put out of Countenance at St. *James*'s: If it continues, he may go near to reverſe the Fate of his Brother *Judas*, and burſt aſunder before he is Hang'd.

THERE are many other *Operators* I could name, who, by the Beat of their Pulſes, exterior Actions, and Lineaments of their Faces, plainly ſhow what Paſſions they wear, and how the ſeveral Parts within are affected at this Critical Juncture.

I ſhall ſay little of my ſelf, being no ways inclin'd to give you a Survey of my Entrails, or tempt your Curioſity to ſearch for any Thing beyond my *Searſ-ſkin*: You will find nothing in me but what is common to all *Mankind*, and therefore the *College* may as well let me Die unmoleſted in my Native Soil, as ſtuff my Skin with Straw in a ſtrange Land, without an *Iriſh* Lamentation over me.

I have ſome in my Eye at this Time, who a few Months ſince were reckon'd Men much of my Character; and had as little to hope for as my ſelf: But I find a viſible Change in their Countenances alate, and all the Diſorder gone off from their Spirits; nay, they make themſelves ſo unreaſonably merry with my

my Fate, as to tell me, They'll ſtand by me in my laſt Minutes, and aſk me, Whether I eat a Spare Diet alate, that my Muſcles may appear full upon Diſſection.

THE wicked Dogs know I ſwoon at the Name of an *Inciſion-Knife*, and do it on purpoſe to make me die a Thouſand Deaths before my Final *Exit*: I think it not Humane in them to inſult one who has devoted himſelf to ſave them: But if I ſhould chance to leave a Limb or ſo in Pawn for my paſt Frauds, I ſhall be reckon'd the better Man in Falling a Sacrifice for a Firmneſs in Wickedneſs, than thoſe who Recant to the Faces of the *Regulars*, and ſtill retain the ſame Rancour againſt them.

SOME of theſe I find admitted to a Fellowſhip with the *Regulars*, and boaſt confidently of their always having an Eye to the Conſtitution, amidſt the Sanguine Preparations they were making up Daily in Conſult with the Triumvirate of Poyſoners I was Maſter of all the Ingredients; and for the laſt Two Years, when our Preſcriptions run chiefly on *Salt Petre* and *Brimſtone*, I obſerv'd thoſe New Converts in Phyſick as buſy in Grinding, and Laying the Trains, as any of the Deſperadoes.

THE *Regulars*, no doubt, have unanſwerable Reaſons for their tender Regard to theſe *Fire-Men*; but I have not Sagacity enough to pick them out. We have moſt of us Inclinations to be Knaves, and Encouragement, I know, will make us worſe.

IF I had been but two Removes of Wickedneſs ſhort of the Pitch I am arriv'd to, I would have put in for a Sweeper of the *College*, but I own I never

heard one Example of ſuch Tranſcendent Roguery encourag'd.

I ſhould be apt to hope for ſome Indulgence to my Crimes, if that Popular Rumour could be made Real, That the Friends of the *Regulars* are Neglected, and a Compromize going on betwixt the *College* and the Brothers of the *Stage*.

IMPUNITY granted to theſe Men, makes them ſecretly contemn that Power by which they live; Remiſſion of Puniſhment ſoon raiſes them to a Confidence; that Confidence ſoon ſtrengthens to a deſire of Rule; and then an Uſurpation over the Rights of the *College*, Fury and Fire being their diſtinguiſhing Badge in Power.

FRANK Scammony has begg'd of me to ſhow his Parts at the Concluſion.

The High-German Doctor. N° 50.

By *Atty Brogue*, Phyſick-Broker.

From Tueſday, Octob. 19. *to* Friday, Octob. 22. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

MAY the Curſe of Impotence, Modeſty, and Self-Denial; Nay one equal to that, Stinging Diſappointment, of not having a *Privy Signet*, light upon *Frank Scammony*, for not Compoſing my laſt *Stage Speech*. From this Moment I am reſolv'd

never to pin my Faith upon a *Scaramouch*. If a Man takes one of theſe Lazy Fellows out of the beaten Road of a formal Harangue once a Week, he muſt give him a Fortnight's Notice, to Mount with a tolerable Grace, and then be forc'd to tip him a Guinea, at leaſt, for a clumſey Panegyrick, which very often proves a laſting Satyr upon the Family.

I promis'd my ſelf better Uſage from this Mercenary, as being a Brother of the *Stage*; and he having the Reputation of a *Period Doctor*, thought of making my *Exit* with the *Falſe Sublime*.

WITH what Vows did he bind himſelf to me the laſt *Stage-Day?* By my Shoul, I fancy he has got a knack of Swearing and Abjuring, either for Spleen or Diverſion, according to the laudable Method of his Brother *Scaramouches*.

HIS Gay Coach being Sold; his Conſcience made over to *Lucifer*, with a Promiſe of never being diſturb'd in that Quarter, he told me, with an Incommunicable Confidence, That he would bring me off Clean, and Fire the Audience up to the ſame Blaze as he and his Fellow-Labourers did, in that Speech they Compos'd for *Bungey*.

I, with a true *Iriſh* Simplicity, believ'd this aſſuming Quack, and reſign'd up to him all the Notes I could Steal out of the Private Office, within *Harry*'s Surgery; but when I came for Inſtructions, I found him counting over Groats, and Sixpences with a Coin commonly call'd, *the Hangman's Wages*.

GREAT *Eſculapius*, ſays I, is this *Scaramouch* turn'd Uſurer? How came you by theſe Fees, good

Doctor

Doctor? Not the result of your Skill, I presume: It should be Poor's Money, by the Small Pieces.

MY Curiosity led me further, and I saw an Account of *Stage Prices*, and *Items* for Places on Scaffolds, from Twelve to Four Deep, no Money return'd to the *Invalids*, who broke either Leg or Arm in the Fall.

THIS was entirely out of my Element, and I began to Query with him about my Stage Speech when he, with a stiffer Air than what he Mounts in the little Sanctuary, told me, That a certain Patient of his, call'd *Mammon*, must be prefer'd to all other Obligations, Sacred or Civil.

YOU will believe I had just reason to usher in my Resentments with an *Ara G———d*, &c. But Checking my self, I told him, very mildly, That I could, upon second Thoughts, in some measure, forgive him for Non-performance, considering how much he was troubled with an Overflowing of the Gall last *Wednesday*.

I pity'd thee, poor *Frank*, in that uneasy Station, says I, it was worse than a Sweating-Tub, to be oblig'd to give those Ensigns of Dignity to another, which thou hadst reserv'd for young *Jacob*.

HERE I was interrupted; and *Frank* lowering his Crest a little, told me, I was an incompetent Judge of his Heart; That he own'd what had pass'd between us, when the *Stage* was in its full Glory, should always be the Standard of his Judgment. But there are such Unsanctity'd Things, as *Premunires*, (says he) which I don't much care for Incurring: I have been a little busy heretofore, and am

narrowly Watch'd by Twelve *Regulars*, who Preſcribe all Term-Time in *Weſtminſter-Hall*. I don't much care for Forfeiting Perſon, Goods, and Chattels to the *Preſident*, unleſs upon an extraordinary Call.

YOU know, in my private Thoughts, I own no Juriſdiction Superior to my Cloath, and Colour: But Doctors differ.

DEAR Honey now, Reply'd I, Was not you Piqu'd to the Quick laſt *Wedneſday*? Prethee, *Frank*, be plain with me; How did you like the moſt Polite and Learned Phyſician of *Oxford* on that Day?

DOES not he ſtick pretty cloſe to the Region of your Spleen? That Harangue of his to the *Preſident* and *Cenſors*, has work'd up all the Furies in your Breaſt. I know, honeſt *Frank*, you are not ſo good at Laying, as Raiſing a Devil.

TO be ſo far out-done upon your own Ground, muſt be very Mortifying. Where are your *Periods* now? Your fine *Diction*, *Proprieties*, and a Thouſand other Graces of Language you boaſted of? Faith, *Frank*, I think we muſt e'en keep thee to School at *Weſtminſter* the whole Year, inſtead of going three Days in the Month of *May*, according to Cuſtom. The *Oxford* Doctor has Diſtanc'd you, beyond ever coming in with him.

THE tendereſt Arraignment of *Frank Scammony*'s Parts, you muſt underſtand, Fiers him beyond the blackeſt Charge of *Atheiſm*: And if poor *Bungey*'s Anathema's had not been expos'd to the laſt Degree of Contempt, I am perſwaided he would have taken

up

up a Couple of large Keys, and flouriſh'd them about my Ears.

FRANK, to make ſhort, was very cleverly daſh'd, and my *Iriſh* Impudence weigh'd down the Scale. By my Shoul, I find if one ſtrips a *Scaramouch* of his aſſum'd and ſtiff Airs, and brings him to Talk up to the Standard of us Modern Gentlemen, he has little to ſay for himſelf, or ſupport him, but a Forked Tongue, and a Fund of Venom in the Gums.

IF *Frank* had been ſuffer'd to Harangue the *Preſident*, the Scene would have been Diverting enough. To have heard him cry up the *Supreme Power* of the *Scaramouches*, above the Great *Preſident*, had prov'd a good Farce; and nothing but his own Book, of the *Scaramouches* Authority of Riding a Wife or a Daughter, could be a better.

YOU will not wonder at my being ſo much incens'd againſt *Scammony*, when you have the Graſp of the Secret: Before my Departure, I thought it proper to give you a ſhort Hiſtory of the *Riſe, Progreſs, and Conſumation of Stage-Practice.* This *Frank* undertook, in order to give a *Coup d' Eclat* to the *Operators*, and make the *Stage* Bright in its Declenſion.

UPON his Failure, the Brothers of the *Stage* left it to me; ſure Sign of an Abandon'd Cauſe, when a notorious Juggle of Four Years is to be ſupported by *Iriſh* Blunders. If I may be allow'd to give my confus'd Notions of the *Stage* in Epitome, take theſe.

WE, in the firſt Place, ſet forth upon the Nar-

rowest Bottom, scarce known to each other, but by a Sympathetick Wickedness, divided in all Principles, but that of *Publick Robbery*. In short, the most Motley Confederacy that ever United: The Chief of us from the *Bogs*, and the *Highlands*; our Proselytes made up of Renegado *Regulars*, Roman *Operators*, *Scaramouches*, and *Fire-Men* of the same Complection; the Leader of this Blessed Society a Creature so despicable, that nothing but Fate could ever have given us up to his Direction; always Fearful, and Watching the Turn of the Scale; the Bravoe *Harry* ever Drinking, ever Melting; *Rub* always Bowling; *Casius* affecting Wickedness, for the sake of Blue Leading-Strings; *Wildfire* always dividing Legs, from whence his Fruitful Brains struck on Schism; *Scammony* making Gun-Powder; *Bungey*, and his Brother Stokers, filling up the Stage Rockets, and Firing them. From such a Union, great Father of Cheats deliver us.

N B. The *Stage* being Dismantled, and *Operators* Disbanded, upon the Score of Insufficiency and Infamy, I determine to Mount others less Obnoxious; go into more General Life in my next Volume, and only take in the Brothers of the Past Stage occasionally, as they offend.

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Nay the Scaramouches that set Fire, &c. The High-Pr———ests who blew the Coals.
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Exactly according to the Rules of the Dispensa According to the Letter of the Law.
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But to pretend to share. To expect Places in t Government.

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I am a great Traveller. Alluding to an heavy Book of Travels he wrote.

Have been comforted with the whole Impreſſion. Unſaleable Lumber.

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There is ſomething in the ſound of that Name, &c. The two enſuing Paragraphs arraign the Weakneſs of thoſe who are poſſeſs'd with too high an Opinion of Univer——ty Learning, expoſe the wretched Cant, Sophiſtry, and mean Arts of the Tory Pr——ſts to eſtabliſh a Reputation.

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I am forc'd to make uſe of a blunter Point. Altogether indolent.

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Harry has paid many a Hundred Pound, &c. Compoſitions for breaking into other Men's Encloſures.

His Thimble and Balls. Implements he always carry'd about him.

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Poſture-Maſter. Stripping out of a Frolick.

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Catacombs. Vaults under Ground.

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At Chatham, &c. Ridiculous Remarks upon obvious things.

Curate to him in the Surgery. Directed what to do in the Office.

Page 230.

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Sealing up his laſt Packet. Reſigning the Se——ls.
Half Lunatick. With diſappointment for the loſs of the P———y Se———l.

Page 232.

This whole Paper of Number Forty, Contains a Deſcription of the E——— of O———'s Fantaſtick Courſe of Life, with a Train of Frauds and Hypocriſy from his Childhood, to an Age of Conſummmate Wickedneſs.

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This Paper Contains very ſevere and ſolid Remarks upon Domeſtick Trifles, much of the ſame Piece, with his Foreign Travels, to Page 240.

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A Nobler Sport of Wolf-Hunting. Imp——chin the Publick Robbers of their Country.

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